Saturday Review

July 15, 1967 35¢

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President Jacqueline Grennan of Webster College: Making It In the Real World (See Education)

EDUCATION

EDUCATION IN VIETNAM—AMERICA'S DIEN BIEN PHU?
By John Naisbitt

THE QUIET CAMPAIGN TO REWRITE THE CONSTITUTION
By Theodore C. Sorensen

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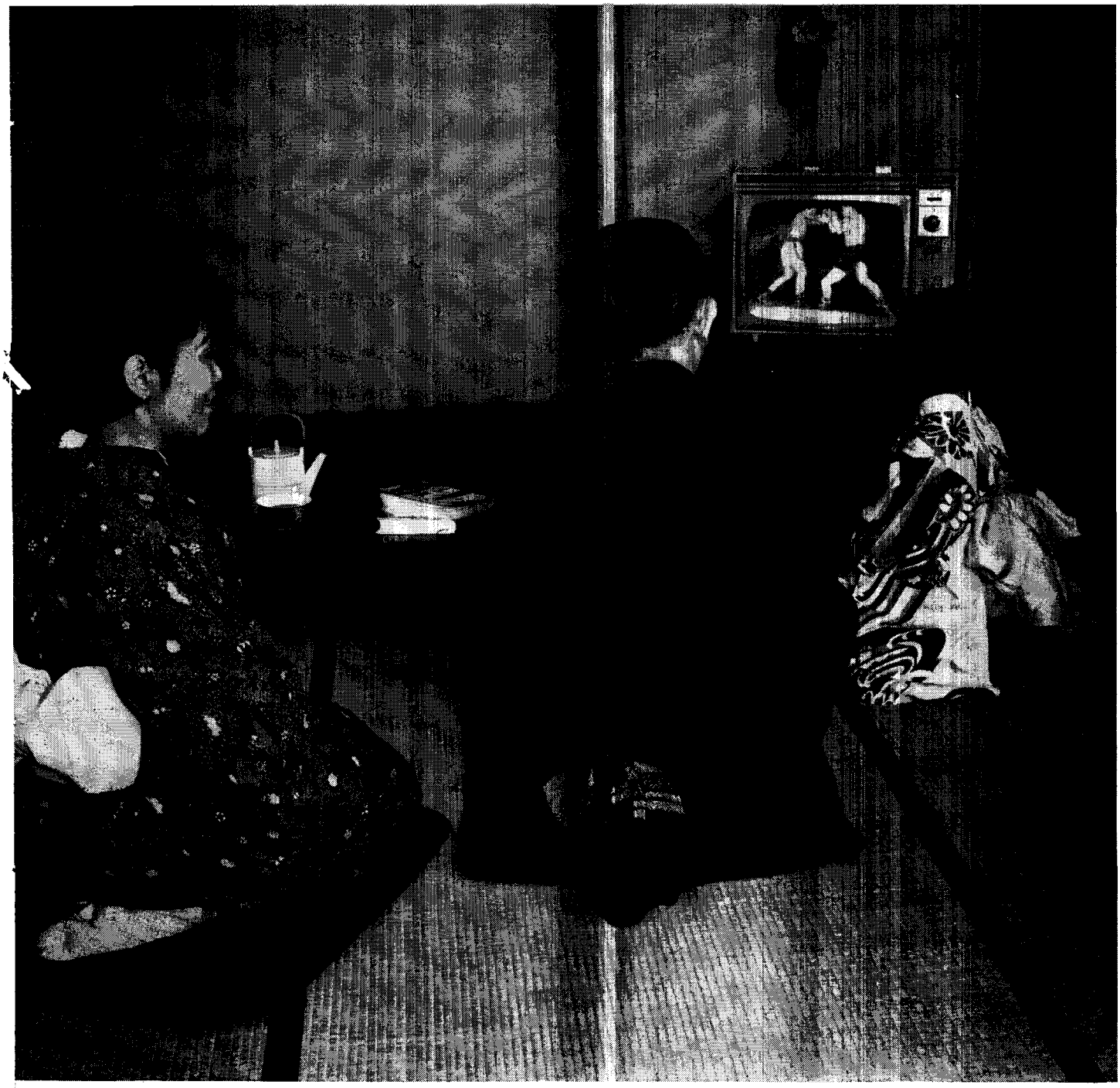

A championship bout in Mexico City and half the audience is here in Japan.

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(*Advertisement*)

There is a cheerful, charming and surprising book just out by a struggling writer named Dwight D. Eisenhower. It is called AT EASE, a title which sets the tone of the book beautifully. As one of the editors who has had the immense privilege of working with President Eisenhower on his writings, I thought it might be useful to set forth a few of the recurring questions:

"Who does his writing for him?" He likes to write, has a low opinion of himself as stylist, humorist, or anything else literary, and yet he has turned out four books of real stature. (*The Chicago Tribune* has called AT EASE "the most readable Presidential autobiography ever published, and with the exception of Jefferson's, the best.")

"How does he write?" The President writes by almost every method known to man. He has dictated to his secretary, the very able Lillian Brown; to a variety of machines; he writes longhand on yellow pads; he "talks" part of his books, while his editors snatch wonderful stories and phrases out of the air.

"Does he know anything about writing?" As a man who once wrote for Generals Pershing and MacArthur, a man who turned out *Crusade in Europe* in a prodigious burst of work, who did two substantial volumes of memoirs of his *White House Years*, and now the engaging AT EASE, it can be said, despite his opinion, that he knows something about it. His grammar is better than his editors', he is widely read, admires style but respects facts more, has no patience with either the purple or the glib.

"What is the new book?" It is the most relaxed of his books, the most entertaining to read, and in its own way, extremely valuable. It is a book of anecdote and "small" events which shows how and why one young man from a town in Kansas could find his way into the Army by applying to the Navy, fight off a career as a football coach, become locked in grade with no future rank higher than colonel, and then become the head of a great military alliance, a great university, and a great nation. It illuminates or dispels some of the puzzle and paradox, rumor and speculation that always go with greatness.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

At Ease: Stories I Tell to Friends ($6.95), by Dwight D. Eisenhower, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, the newest of which is located at The Fashion Center, Paramus, New Jersey 07652.

Saturday Review

July 15, 1967

Cover photo by Morris Warman

SR: Ideas

17 The Quiet Campaign to Rewrite the Constitution, by Theodore C. Sorensen
20 The Quiet Campaign: One State's Story, by Paul Simon
21 The Cybernetic Age: An Optimist's View, by Glenn T. Seaborg
24 Seven Years of Hope: An Editorial
26 Amy Loveman Awards: Who Says Books are Dying? by James F. Fixx

SR: Education

53 Education in Vietnam: America's Dien Bien Phu? by John Naisbitt
58 The Real World of Jacqueline Grennan, by Patricia Jansen Doyle

SR: Books

27 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks
27 Index of books reviewed

SR: Departments

3 Phoenix Nest: Martin Levin
6 Top of My Head: Goodman Ace
10 Trade Winds: Herbert R. Mayes
11 Chess Corner: Al Horowitz
14 State of Affairs: Henry Brandon
15 Literary Crypt
25 Letters to the Editor
34 Literary I.Q.
39 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin
40 World of Dance: Walter Terry
42 Booked for Travel: Horace Sutton
44 Movies: Arthur Knight
45 The Theater: Henry Hewes
46 Mid-Month Recordings
50 TV-Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon
71 Wit Twister No. 16
79 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1736

Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Harry T. Morris; Director of Advertising Services, Robert A. Burghardt; Director of Promotion and Research, Stephen E. Silver; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. L, No. 28, July 15, 1967. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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Heldenleben—II

When I was young, there was a
word they used:
Evening was called "at the small
end of day."
I didn't know they meant that it was
small,
Not slow and easy, as I liked to say.

Now small is small, and ever grows
more tight.
Dreams, arteries, all narrow in
intent;
The heart is scarcely bigger than a
sigh,
Hope but a mousehole in the firm-
ament,

And only love is wider, as the sky
At sunset has more color . . . and
less light.

—Robert Nathan.

No Thanks for the Memory

I WAS WATCHING the Mike Douglas TV show recently, when Bob Hope was his guest. Mike asked Hope about his theme song. What picture was it in? My insides began to shrivel. Bob answered, *The Big Broadcast of 1938*. The subject was changed and my moment of panic passed.

Hope could have gone on to say the picture had been written, according to the screen credits, by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. And he might have added that in its review, *Variety* offered $10,000 to anyone who, after seeing the picture, could tell its story.

The relation of the story to the script Crouse and I handed in was accidental. We were not in Hollywood when the picture was made. The story we had been given to dramatize was laid on an ocean liner, owned by W. C. Fields, on its maiden voyage; and it was out to break the transatlantic speed record. I shall at this time point out only one element that led to confusion in the minds of the audience.

After they had been shooting for a week or ten days, Mr. Fields went on strike. His reason seems perfectly valid, although he arrived at it somewhat late. He went to the heads of Paramount and said, "See here, I have always played a poor man. In this picture I am playing a rich man and I am not comfortable. Goodbye for now." And he went home.

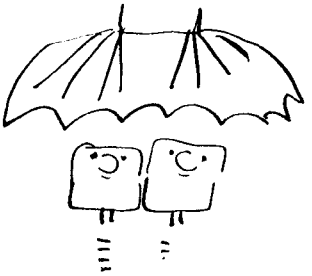
Holding up a picture in the process of shooting is a very expensive affair. After two or three frantic days Paramount came up with a brilliant solution. They sent for Mr. Fields and they said to him, "Bill, we have *your* problem solved. You are going to play twin brothers—one rich and one poor. We'll open with a double shot of the two of you in the shipping line's office, with the poor brother denouncing the rich brother. And there'll be a couple of other double shots of the two of you on shipboard." This satisfied Fields and the making of the picture was resumed.

Paramount had had a miniature model of an ocean liner built which could be photographed sailing across choppy waters. It looked very real. Then it occurred to someone that racing to break a record was rather undramatic. Some suspense could be built up toward the end, but sometime someone would have to look at his watch and say, "We've broken the record—hurrah!"—a rather feeble climax. What would really be dramatic would be to have two ocean liners racing against each other as well as against the record. They could be photographed with first one going ahead and then with the other going ahead, leading up to a close finish. This was decided upon. And this new idea gave them a chance to intensify the rivalry between the twin brothers, because the rich brother owned one ocean liner and the poor brother owned the other ocean liner.

This picture has been run once on the late-night show. It might possibly be run again. I would advise you to see it, as I believe *Variety*'s offer still stands.

—Howard Lindsay.

Star Crossing



Today's Horoscope

Aquarius: This is an excellent day for getting married or taking your clothes to the cleaners. Stay out of quarrels with Scorpios. You will lose.

Pisces: Sell your home between noon and 5 p.m. Try to make personal contacts with high-ranking officials. Important: Do not eat pizzas.

Aries: Try to think inspirational thoughts until 10:30 a.m. It is wiser not to play Ping-Pong, but if you do, serve gently. Avoid contact with insects. Smile.

Taurus: Don't buy enormous blocks of stocks and bonds in the afternoon. Seek in the right place in the evening and you will find romance. Think small.

Gemini: Lead a normal life today. Do not eat lunch. Post no bills. Consider carefully before accepting any invitations to attend carnivals.

Moon Children: You will mislay something. A fine day to buy clothing or precious gems except sapphires. Urgent: Check the air in your tires.

Leo: Clean out your dresser drawers —you may be surprised. Don't write checks for over $11,582 or less than 72 cents. This is an unusually good day for washing your hair unless you are a blonde, and if you are you're probably not a Leo, anyway.

Virgo: You have been sticking too closely to a schedule—chuck it. Don't be surprised if you receive a letter. Laugh at your boss's jokes without fail.

Libra: Try to resist temptation to work more than twelve hours today. Radical changes are in order. You Libras cannot lose weight today if you overeat.

Scorpio: Burn all letters you receive, unopened. You will win all quarrels with people born under sign of Aquarius. Check your spouse's horoscope.

Sagittarius: Be daring and modern in your actions today. Do not file your nails. Warning: Beware of people with bushy eyebrows.

Capricorn: This will be a dull, drab day for you. Better just rest quietly in your bed. —S.W. Loerke.

Forbidden Fringe

Greek Junta Bars Bearded Tourists
—*Headline,*
The New York Times.

Odysseus, old voyager, stay abroad,
You're just not welcome any more
at home.
You'll do far better, fighting in the
Troad
Than coming back according to the
poem.

Stay out of sight, beyond the Attic
pale.
Remember — our Athenian laws are
strict.
And letters home would be to no
avail:
Penelope says you're a derelict.

Give Scylla, Circe, and the Sirens
joy —
Don't be so wily and so Zeus-
damned brave.
Your Odyssey is doomed to Hell,
my boy,
Unless—*unless* . . . you get yourself
a shave.

—David M. Glixon.

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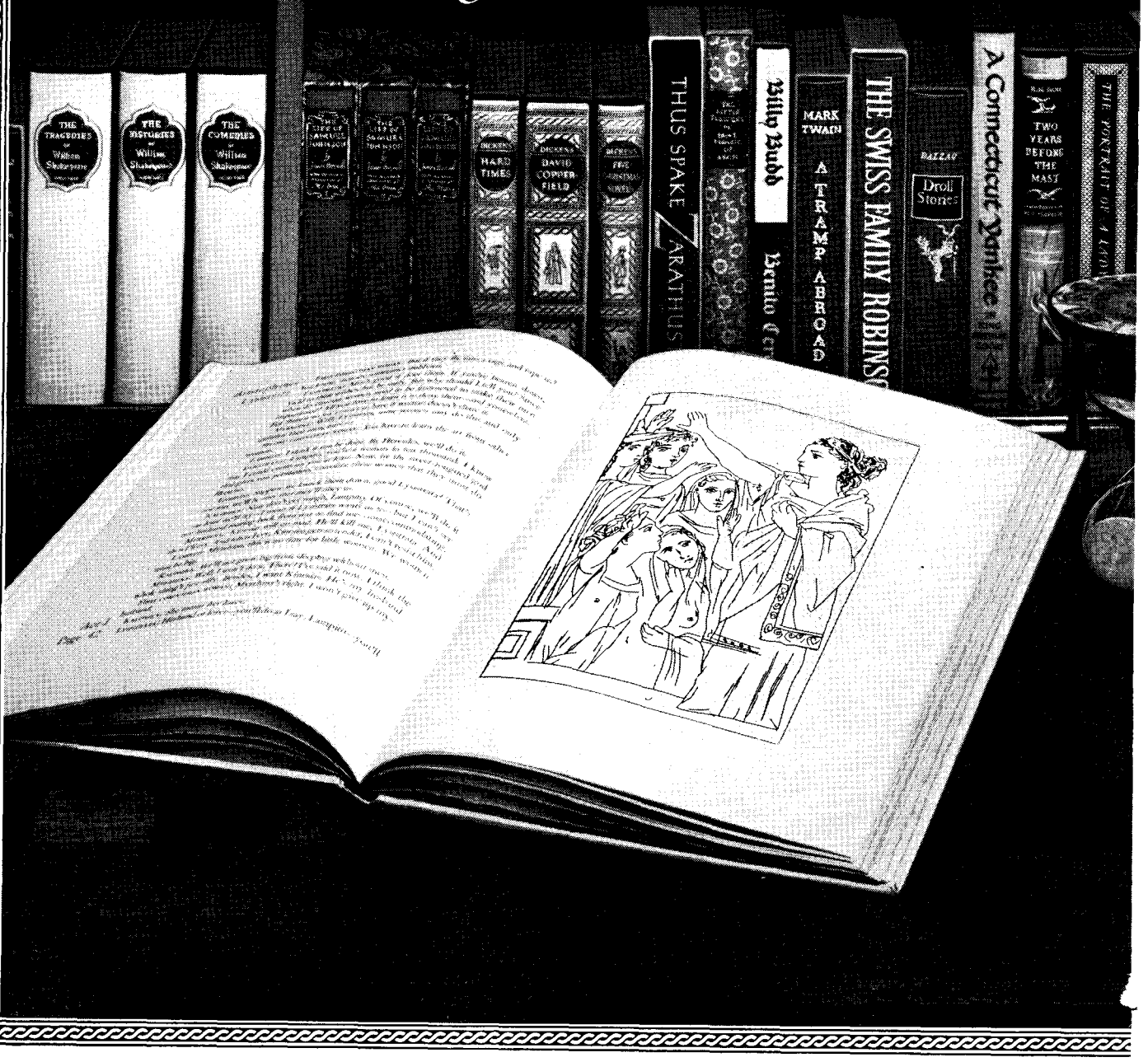

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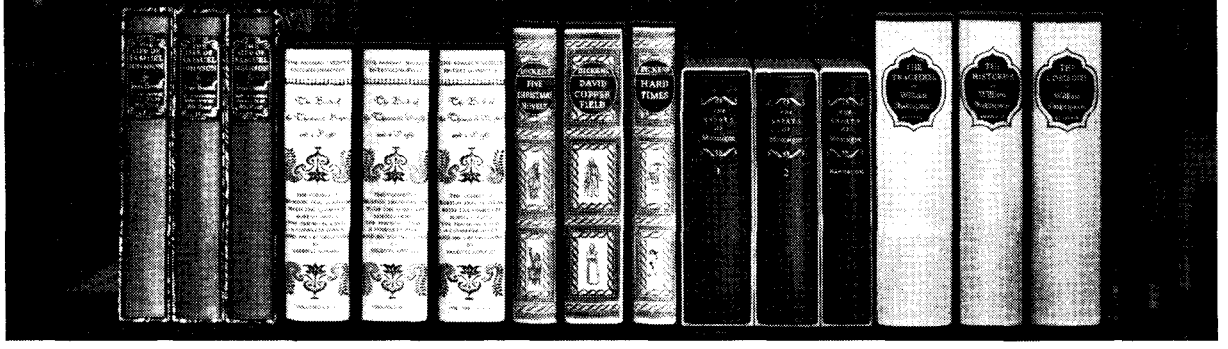

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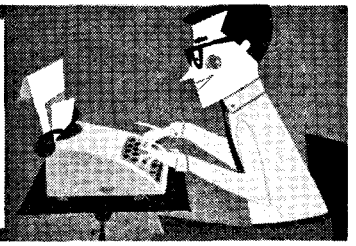
Top of My Head



Take a Letter—Part II

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DEAR SIR:

I DON'T KNOW your Zip Code number. Maybe that's why my first letter to you was not answered. It was the letter in which I put in my bid for the *Queen Mary*—one of the boats that you are selling. Remember?

In case my letter went astray—or off course, as you fellows say—let me recap: I was telling you about a dentist who ten years ago charged me $3,500 to rehabilitate my mouth. The following week he bought himself a boat on which he went sailing on long weekends.

Since then—this past week, in fact—another dentist told me that four of my teeth would have to be pulled and he sent me to an extraction expert. This expert sent me a bill for $400—$100 a tooth. I enclose a photostatic copy of the bill in case you think I am making this up. I've asked for a settlement, but so far we are miles apart. Or knots, as you say.

Anyway, I'm sure this extractionist is out to buy a boat. And I have reason to believe that with that price scale he has his eye on the *Queen Mary*. Well, at this point in my life I am not buying any more dentists any more boats. And it will be a personal satisfaction to me if I can beat him to it.

When I first saw the bill I was pretty mad. Or stern, as you say. I said I would not pay it. But cooler heads prevailed. My lawyer and son. They pointed out to me that the bill said: "Oral surgery . . . $400." I said yes, it was oral surgery. The dentist talked all the way through it. He said, "That's one down . . . that's two down . . . that's three . . . that's four."

I cited a case of a niece of mine living in Kansas City who had three teeth removed recently. The bill was only $24. Of course, Kansas City is an inland city—no seacoast. And, of course, her dentist does not have his eye on a boat. But think of it—only $8 a tooth as compared to $100 a tooth! That's highway robbery. Or piracy, as you say.

The whole operation, I told them, took eight minutes. They replied that you mustn't forget that he went to dental schools for twelve years to be an expert. I reminded them that it took more than fifty years to get my teeth in this deplorable condition. "Doesn't that count for anything?" I asked.

They asked if he had taken any X-rays of my teeth before extraction. I said yes. He put two little X-ray pads in my mouth and asked me to put my finger on them, which I did. Then he ran behind a thick zinc plate or something and pressed a button because he was afraid of those roentgen rays. He didn't want to be defoliated before he got the *Queen Mary*. All that happened to me was that my wristwatch stopped.

I won't bore you any longer with more of these gory details. I have not paid the bill and do not intend paying that amount. I filed it away in my vault. Or Davy Jones's locker.

So, if you get a bid from this extractionist remember he is bidding because he expects $400 from me. My bid is bona fide. I have the money to pay for it. You will notice I did not ask the price of the *Queen Mary*. I remember J. P. Morgan once said, "If you have to ask the price of a boat, you can't afford it." Somewhere in our Great Society I figure there must be a boat for me.

I do have one practical question to ask. How many does the boat sleep? Or asleep in the deep, as you say. Also how many in help would I have to hire? Most of the servicing on the boat will be done by my wife. My first mate. Hors d'oeuvres and things like that. I intend hiring a lad to batten down the hatches and windows when it rains. As you see, I will operate this boat as frugally as possible. What is known as a tight ship.

You may rest assured that this is not a commercial project. I would not desecrate the Queen of the Sea with a lot of weekend excursionists sitting on her deck eating King of the Sea tuna sandwiches.

Incidentally, if it will help my cause, I have a captain's cap which I got on the boardwalk at Atlantic City years ago. All I need is this boat to go with it.

Full of hope and Novocain, I await your answer. When the boat is delivered I will be there proudly on the prow to christen her with a bottle of champagne. Or port.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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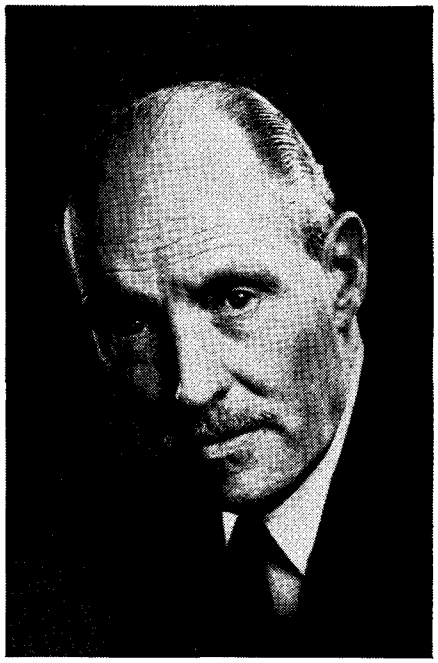

Gordon Carroll has spent a lifetime helping writers break into print. He is a former editor of the *Reader's Digest, Time, Inc.* and *Coronet* — and has been Director of the Famous Writers School since its founding in 1960.

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William W. Blanks of Los Angeles, Cal., who enrolled with virtually no writing experience reports, "Recently, I've sold three more articles, which means that I've sold everything I've written since enrolling in your School."

Doris Agee of San Mateo, Cal., says, "The view from this part of the world — the top — is indescribable. I've just received a big, beautiful check from the *Reader's Digest* for a 'Most Unforgettable Character' piece. There's no question about it, without the Famous Writers School, the article would never have been written."

"Thanks to your training," writes Arthur Emerson of Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., "I was able to leave my job as a gas station attendant and become a writer for a large company in my area."

Robert Lory of Richmond, Virginia, sold a short story to *Fantasy and Science Fiction* only a few months after he started his training. He had tried to "crack" this market for two years.

"After your criticism of my last assignment, I rewrote the article and it was accepted by *Nation's Business,*" writes Don Jones of Whittier, California.

Beyond the thrill of receiving that first check, our students find great intangible rewards in writing for publication. As Faith Baldwin says, "If one sentence you write opens a door for another human being . . . makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart, you'll gain a sense of fulfillment no other work can bring you."

Writing Aptitude Test offered

To find other men and women with ability worth developing, my colleagues and I have devised a revealing writing Aptitude Test. The attached postpaid card will bring you a copy, along with a 48-page illustrated brochure describing the School.

When you return the Test, it will be graded without charge by a member of our staff. If you do well on the Test — or offer other evidence of writing aptitude — you may enroll for professional training. However, you are under no obligation to do so. (If card is missing, write to Famous Writers School, Dept. 6367, Westport, Conn. 06880. Give your name, address, age, and ask for writing Aptitude Test.)

Seated, l. to r.:
Bennett Cerf
Faith Baldwin
Bergen Evans
Bruce Catton
Mignon G. Eberhart
John Caples
J. D. Ratcliff

Standing:
Mark Wiseman
Max Shulman
Rudolf Flesch
Red Smith
Rod Serling

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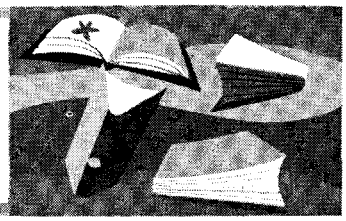
Trade Winds



Two of the extremely popular novels of the 1930s were *Young Man of Manhattan* and *Red Headed Woman*. Last week, at a meeting in Dallas, only two women out of a group of twenty recognized the name of Katharine Brush, who wrote them.

Katharine Brush lived alone in a sumptuous duplex apartment on East 57th

Street. There one evening, while we were discussing a magazine serial on which she was to work for me ("Charm Bracelet"), Kay—the only name by which her friends called her—was in a depressed mood. "I work so damned hard," she said, "every word I put down has some of my blood in it. The critics are kind to me; I make a good deal of money; and nobody knows better than I that I'll never win a Pulitzer Prize, and that, except on an old library reference card, names like mine and Mary Roberts Rinehart's won't be remembered by anybody."

There was truth in the observation, though I imagine Mrs. Rinehart is still being read, if only when elders take out of their precious collections such once-successful volumes as *Lost Ecstasy, Tish, The Circular Staircase,* and *The Amazing Interlude* and insist that their offspring delve into them.

"Just look at my files," Kay Brush said. "I keep a record of every popular song and who sang it, of every slang and other popular saying and who said it, of every sporting event and who was part of it, of every fad and who started it, of every play and movie and who was in it. See what trouble I go to to be sure every time and place I mention is exactly right, and that what my characters say and do is in proper order? Does anybody care? Except me? Next time I'm born, I'm not going to be a 'popular' writer—just a *writer.*"

I remember, in the early 1940s, when Margaret Ayer Barnes wrote *Years of Grace,* a delightful first novel that *was* awarded the Pulitzer Prize. "At least I'll always be listed among the winners," she said once, "but will anybody remember the book?"

It is a fairly common complaint among popular writers that what they are, and what they do, will be quickly forgotten. I don't think I ever knew one who was completely happy. Except, perhaps, Evelyn Waugh, and he was a thoroughly nasty, pompous little man and the only writer I'd just as soon never have met.

Probably all creative people have a streak of despair in them, though I know of one who, though his fame has not altogether gone, seemed content with what he had in his lifetime. That was Thoreau, and he never made any best-seller list. "I have now a library of nearly 900 volumes," he said in his diary, "over 700 of which I wrote myself. Is it not well that the author should behold the fruits of his labor? Nevertheless, in spite of this result [his *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers* had just been a big bust], sitting beside the inert mass of my works, I take up my pen tonight to record what thought or experience I may have had with as much satisfaction as ever. Indeed, I believe that this result is more inspiriting and better for me than if a thousand had bought my wares. It affects my privacy less and leaves me freer."

I guess Thoreau meant it. Anyway, by now he and Katharine Brush have had plenty of time to talk it over.

Though it is a cardinal principle of Oblivion Press that the well-bred publishing house gets its name in the papers only twice, on its birth and when it goes public, I think the many readers who have asked for more information about Oblivion are entitled to it. Thus I quote from a letter submitted by Robert A. Carter, director of advertising and publicity for Doubleday and one of the original board members of Oblivion:

"While it is true that Oblivion Press was organized around 1961, it is not true that the Press was sponsored largely by editors of *Publishers' Weekly.* In fact, it would have to be honestly said that, by the time the editors of *PW* took us up, we were about to perish because of too much public attention. Oblivion began as a luncheon club at the American Booksellers Association convention in Washington. A group of us sat down one day in the dining room of Ted Lewis's restaurant, with the stipulated purpose of having as lively and ribald a lunch as possible.

"Out of this, Oblivion was born. From it came our colophon, O.P., our slogan 'Our salesmen take orders from nobody,' and the basic Oblivion policies, which were to subvert conventional publishing as far as we possibly could. Our most triumphant moment, a year or so later, was when our announcement was carried over the loudspeaker system of the ABA convention floor, without the director of ABA being aware precisely what Oblivion Press was, and reported as a serious announcement."

By hook and by crook, mostly both, I have got my hands on the minutes of one of Oblivion's meetings. Present were Brother Nefarious (C. Boutell); Brother Mendacious (E. Delafield); Brother Salacious (P. Erickson); Brother Lugubrious (F. Boardman); Brother Lascivious (G. Wieser); Brother Repetitious (G. Meyers); Brother Invidious (D. Hatch); Brother Impecunious (R. Carter); Brother Pretentious (L. Simmons); Brother Delirious (R. Fetridge); Brother Ignominious (R. Snyder); and Brother Atrocious (G. Lovitt).

At that clandestine meeting, certain editorial projects were put in the works, including *Puerto Rico on $1,000 a Day* by Adam Clayton Powell; *Creative Cremation,* or *How to Turn Your Ashes to Profit* (a Burning Issues book); a new line, Spineless Books (preprints of reprints, with imperfect bindings); a "Restrooms of America" series (whose titles, out of sheer fear of the Post Office Department, I am obliged to omit); and another series which, out of sheer fear of N.C., I also am obliged to omit. One book commissioned that ought to be finished by now carried the title *Anti-Semitism in the Model Railroad Business,* by Roy Cohn.

I regret I may divulge nothing more about it. Only that the chaplain delivered the usual malediction before the meeting adjourned.

By all means read *At Ease: Stories I Tell to Friends.* It is a *treat,* the best book by far that Dwight Eisenhower has put together. For me it made that normally interminable trip back from Dallas a speedy one. I smiled, chuckled, reached over and drank my neighboring passenger's drink by mistake, and was asked, "Hey, what are you—a Republican or something?"

—Herbert R. Mayes.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1735)

B(ernard) de Voto:

MARK TWAIN'S AMERICA

Our* laughing at Mark Twain—so far undiminished—testifies to his* inexhaustible invention and imagination, a creative ferment more various and extensive than any other in the whole extent of American literature.

* Two words inserted to preserve the meaning of the passage.

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Chess Corner—No. 116

ARTHUR BISGUIER, the Westchester Grandmaster and a former United States champion, is a stylist with a flair for charming combinations. During the Manhattan Chess Club Championship, he abandoned a Rook and a Knight to force checkmate against Paul Brandts, a former Club champion.

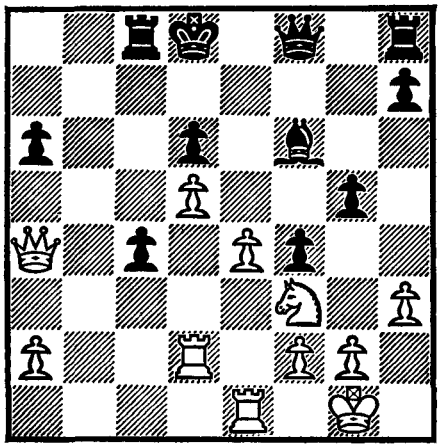
As Black in a Ruy Lopez, Brandts early seizes the initiative and hopes for a King-side assault. His basic plan fails because his own King is insecure. White's key move, mandatory and thoroughly upsetting, is 17 Q-R5. This blockader stops Black's Pawn-storm and endangers Black's King wing and center.

Thus foiled, Black plays the desperado 22 . . . NxP. He reasons this to be superior to a supine defense. But pertinent is 31 Q-R4ch, driving the hostile King to the first rank before playing 32 QxRP.

With 34 R-N7, White threatens mate in four, beginning with 35 Q-N6ch. And, as the game goes, after 36 NxP, the Knight is immune. For, if 36 . . . QxN, White mates in three.

RUY LOPEZ

Bisguier White	Brandts Black	Bisguier White	Brandts Black
1 P-K4	P-K4	17 Q-R5	Q-N3
2 N-KB3	N-QB3	18 QR-Q1	N-K4
3 B-N5	P-QR3	19 P-Q4	PxP
4 B-R4	N-B3	20 PxP	R-QB1
5 O-O	B-K2	21 B-N3	N-B5
6 Q-K2	P-QN4	22 N-R2	NxP
7 B-N3	P-Q3	23 QxPch	K-Q1
8 P-B3	B-N5	24 R-Q2	N-B5
9 P-Q3	N-QR4	25 BxN	PxB
10 B-B2	P-B4	26 N-B3	Q-N4
11 R-K1	N-B3	27 P-Q5	Q-K1
12 QN-Q2	N-KR4	28 Q-N7	Q-B1
13 N-B1	P-N4	29 Q-B3	B-B3
14 P-KR3	N-B5	30 Q-R5ch	K-Q2
15 BxN	BxN	31 Q-R4ch	K-Q1
16 QxB	KPxB		



32 QxRP	B-B6	36 NxP	K-K1
33 R-N1	BxR	37 N-K6	QxN
34 R-N7	Q-B3	38 PxQ	Resigns
35 P-K5	Q-N3		

—AL HOROWITZ.

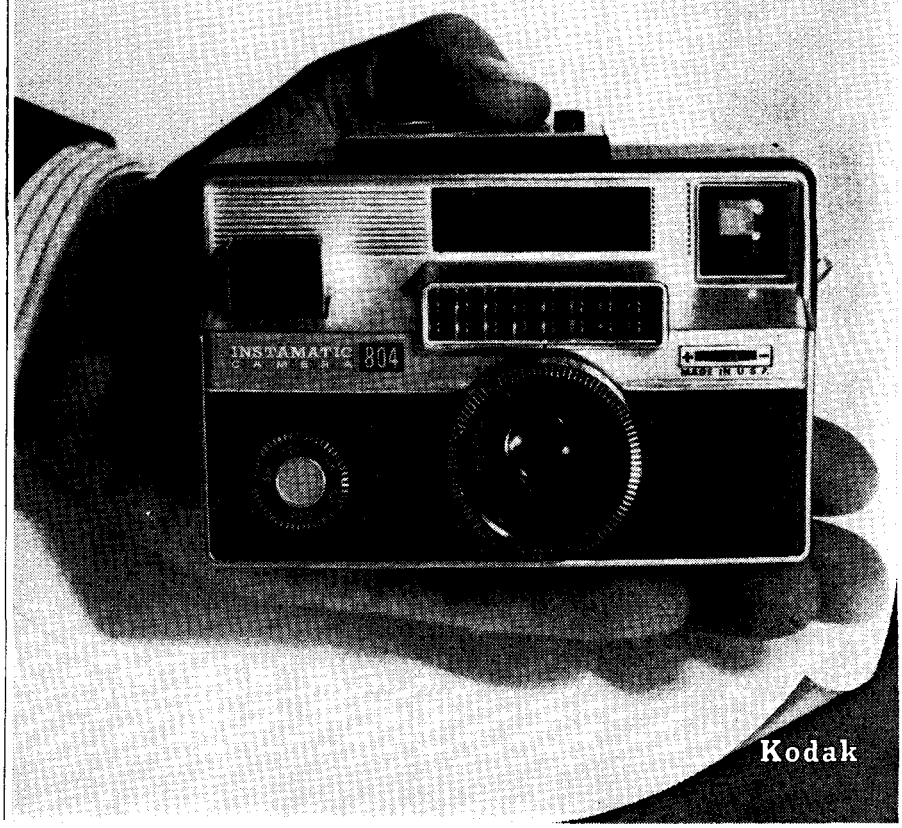
Don't fiddle while you roam.

The KODAK INSTAMATIC 804 Camera lets you pay attention to the sights you're seeing instead of the camera. Drop in the film cartridge. Then wind the spring motor—and the film will advance automatically after each shot.

Your 804 adjusts itself for the speed of the film; makes the correct outdoor exposure setting for each picture; warns you when to use flash; switches to flash speed as you pop on a flashcube; tells you whether flash is ready; adjusts for flash exposure as you focus; and turns the cube for the next flash. All automatically. The lens is a sharp, fast *f*/2.8, the viewing bright, the range-finding accurate.

See how good the world looks when you have total automation and Kodak dependability going for you. The KODAK INSTAMATIC 804 Camera is less than $130 at your Kodak dealer's. *Price subject to change without notice.*

Kodak Instamatic® 804 Camera



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A PROPOSITION

A wild new thing is about to happen: the mad, mod scene is about to witness the birth of a fantastic new magazine destined for greatness. Its name is **Avant-Garde.**

As its name implies, **Avant-Garde** will be a forward-directed, daring, and wildly hedonistic magazine. It will report on every aspect of the ebullient new life-style now emerging in America, and it will do so with no put-ons and no inhibitions.

The pages of **Avant-Garde** will explode with biting satire, incisive profiles, audacious reportage, lush graphic art, consciousness-expanding fiction, and poetry that *speaks.* **Avant-Garde** will cover Art, Politics, Science, and every other subject of interest to readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste. It will be a bimonthly of:

—*beauty,* bringing to graphic art a transcendental new kind of high;

—*truth,* eschewing platitudes and really telling it like it is; and

—*love,* unabashedly reveling in the One Universal Ultimate Good.

In short, **Avant-Garde** will be a hip, joyous, beautiful new magazine. It will be the *voice* of the Turned-On Generation.

Perhaps the best way to describe **Avant-Garde** for you is to list the kinds of articles it will print:

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The Dead-Serious Movement to Run Allen Ginsberg for Congress

Homage to Muhammad Ali—35 Celebrities (including Marlon Brando, Jackie Robinson, and Woody Allen) in praise of Cassius Clay.

Coming: Synthetic (and Therefore Legal) Marijuana

Radio Free America—A professor's plan (already in motion) to establish a pirate radio station off the coast of California.

The "Bust" of Charlotte Moorman—The gifted young cellist describes her arrest for giving a concert hall recital "topless."

The CIA's Super-Salaried "Super-Spook"—An exposé of an operative who is paid $1 million a year to fink for Big Brother.

The Intellectual Companions of Jacqueline Kennedy

Bob Dylan's Suppressed—and Pithiest—Song Lyrics

Salvador Dali: A New Dimension in Erotic Art—Drawings created especially to celebrate the launching of **Avant-Garde.**

George Romney's Bizarre Religious Beliefs

Toward the Elimination of War—A little-known exchange of correspondence between Einstein and Freud.

Understanding Zowie—A glossary of Switched-On Generation jargon.

The Fugs—New York's most way-out electronic raga-rock nerve-thrill company.

A Gastronomical Guide to the Year 2000

The Writing on the Wall—The emergence of graffiti as a medium of social protest.

Move Over, Lady Chatterley—A preview of several erotic classics soon to be published in this country for the first time.

The Prison Poems of Ho Chi Minh

Mixed-Media Art: The Pop World's Newest "Scrambled Oeuvre"

My Love for You Is Stronger than Dirt—The Madison Avenue dating scene as observed by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.

Poets at War—Bitter anti-war verse by GI's in Vietnam.

John Lennon as a Master of Prose

Ingenious—and Perfectly Legal—New Ways Around Abortion Laws

Everett Dirksen as "The Wizard of Ooze"—A Pop Impression.

The Emergence of Abstract Expressionist Journalism—As exemplified by the **L.A. Free Press, N.Y. East Village Other,** and Berkeley **Barb.**

Group Psychotherapy on TV

Aubrey Beardsley's Suppressed Erotic Works—A portfolio.

A Geneticist's Plea for State-Sponsored Breeding of Supermen

***Pornographic* Film Festivals at Lincoln Center by 1970**—Predictions by an underground film-maker.

In sum, **Avant-Garde** will be a feast of gourmet food-for-thought prepared by the avant-garde for the avant-garde. It will be the quintessence of intellectual sophistication.

The creative director of **Avant-Garde** is one of the most fertile minds in American publishing today: Herb Lubalin, the country's foremost art director (it was he who designed the elegant—and cruelly suppressed—quarterly *Eros*). In addition, the staff of **Avant-Garde** includes several of the most gifted artists, writers, and photographers of our time.

In format, **Avant-Garde** will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. It will be printed by costly offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers. It will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards. It will carry *no advertising whatsoever.*

Avant-Garde will be available by subscription only. It will cost $10 per year. This is not inexpensive, *but* we have a proposition:

If you will enter your subscription *right now*—before **Avant-Garde**'s first issue is sold out—we will send you a whole year for *only $5.* This is *half price!*

As a Charter Subscriber, you will also be entitled to:

—Buy gift subscriptions for only $5.

—Renew your own subscription for $5 *forever,* despite any subsequent price increases.

—Begin your own subscription with Volume I, Number 1. *This is not to be taken lightly since first issues of high-quality magazines invariably become valuable collectors' items.*

Since this spectacular offer will be withdrawn as soon as **Avant-Garde**'s first issue is sold out, we urge you to act *at once.* To enter your subscription, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with $5 to **Avant-Garde,** 200 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Then sit back and prepare to enjoy a completely uninhibited new magazine that really blows the mind.

AVANT GARDE

Avant-Garde, Suite 303E, 200 Park Ave., New York 10017

I enclose $5 for a one-year subscription to the magnificent new magazine **Avant-Garde.** I understand that I will be entitled to all Charter Subscriber privileges and that *I am paying only half price!*

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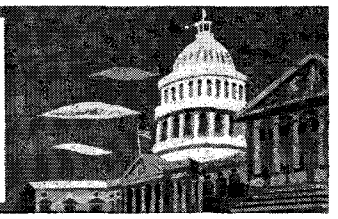
State of Affairs



Beyond the Summit

WASHINGTON.

IT WAS NOT too long ago that American statesmen, meeting with their Soviet counterparts, were warned to beware of the "bear hug." Such warnings, judging by President Johnson's performance in Glassboro, have become out of date, for there it was Mr. Kosygin who got the "eagle wing's embrace." The President gave the impression of having quickly established good personal relations with the Soviet leader, of having a "better understanding," of seeing "lessened difficulties" and even "progress"—though, of course, "one meeting does not make peace." The tone of his toasts and public remarks was encouraging, and full of hopeful beginnings. It all sounded as if these were his own words, spoken from the heart.

Mr. Kosygin, at least after the first meeting, joined in his own restrained way in confirming this unexpected conviviality. But he was not in a very comfortable situation. He had to play on at least two different instruments. He could not refuse to go some distance with President Johnson, yet he had to be careful not to create the wrong impression among his Arab protégés, or in Hanoi, or to give the Red Chinese too much ammunition. And he could never let the world forget that the war in Vietnam remained a major obstacle between Moscow and the United States. He therefore brushed off rigorously the eagle wing's embrace at his farewell press conference. He plucked hard at most of the feathers, pulling them out one by one and, in the end, hardly any were left.

Still, for President Johnson it was a very good two weeks. The Israeli victory, the appointment of Thurgood Marshall to the Supreme Court, Mr. Johnson's statesmanlike speech about a long-term settlement in the Middle East, and finally the summit with Mr. Kosygin are all bound to give his Gallup rating a lift. In spite of their differences, people get a certain sense of assurance from seeing their President conferring with his biggest adversary in such a friendly fashion. The fact that he spent so much time alone with Mr. Kosygin was bound to impress people. It made them feel that he knew his stuff and was running his own show. In the end, the hawks had no complaints because the President did not give anything away, and the doves could not coo anymore for a meeting with the Russians. It was all quite a triumph for the President, but he was careful enough not to show it—except for an occasional twinkle of delight in his eyes.

Mr. Kosygin did not come out so well. He was not as free of dilemmas as was the President. Nor is he as much his own master as President Johnson is. Government by committee is government by compromise. And there were a good many indications that Soviet miscalculations in the Middle East caused serious disagreements in the Kremlin.

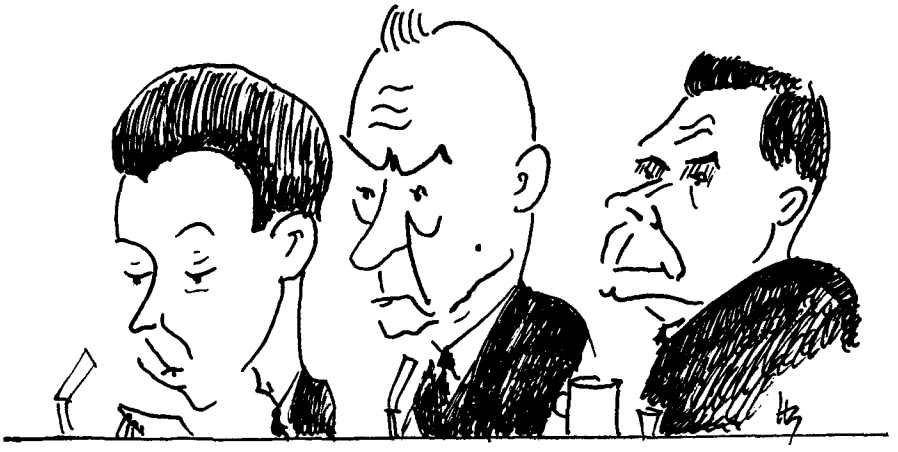
It was certainly no sign of strength that the Politburo decided to elevate the new head of the Secret Police, Yuri Andropov, to its Council—the first time that this has happened since Lavrenti Beria. It does not necessarily mean that more power will be given to the Secret Police. It may simply be a cautionary move to insure unity at the top. The hawks in the Kremlin most probably advocated the rearming of Egypt and the calling of the emergency meeting of the United Nations General Assembly. The more dovelike claimed the need for a meeting with President Johnson to reassure themselves and their own public following at home that the basis for the policy of peaceful coexistence remains unchanged.

This wasn't an easy hand for Kosygin to play. How his mission will look in the perspective of history is another matter. It was a bad time for a summit and the wrong moment for an emergency General Assembly, though it may have been absolutely necessary in terms of the Kremlin's immediate policy needs. It was obvious that on the big issues—the Middle East crisis and the Vietnam war—nothing positive could be achieved.

In my last column I suggested that after all the propaganda noises had been made, informal contacts should be established to find out what the prospects are of avoiding another big-power confrontation in the Middle East. This was written before the Soviet Union called for an emergency United Nations General Assembly, and before it was known that Mr. Kosygin himself would lead the Soviet delegation. At a time when the wounds are still fresh and bleeding it is impossible to expect compromise. It is just as impossible for an Arab government at this stage to recognize the existence of Israel without courting overthrow as it is for the Israelis to give up hard-won territory when hospitals are crowded with war casualties.

Like overloaded electric wiring, it is most likely that the United Nations circuits will prove to have been so overloaded that the fuses, as a consequence, blew, causing a breakdown. And if the Soviet Union rearms Egypt in the same indiscriminate way that it did before the Arab-Israeli clash, then all Mr. Kosygin's assertions that the Soviet Union does not want to risk a big-power confrontation will simply not be believed.

Meanwhile, Mr. Kosygin accomplished no minor feat. He succeeded in being negative without being forbidding. With his modest, shy manner and old-fashioned courteous behavior, he engendered some sympathy. But it is indicative of the relative position of the United States and the Soviet Union that President Johnson was able to frame whatever he said about the meeting with a silver lining. He could afford to appear more positive, more flexible than Mr. Kosygin: First, because the United States and President Johnson are clearly in a stronger position and, second, because



(Left to right) Interpreter Viktor Sukhodrev, Premier Kosygin, and Foreign Minister Gromyko, sketched by Henry Brandon at press conference.

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American public opinion has become more mature and more flexible in its outlook on Soviet-American relations. Mr. Johnson did not feel he had to play up to anti-Communist feelings, because relations with the Soviet Union have moved far enough from ideological considerations to those of statecraft and the cultivation of international relations. He knew that Mr. Kosygin was in a bind, and wisely did not overplay his hand.

President Johnson's experience, in many ways, was a much less disturbing one than President Kennedy's first encounter with Mr. Khrushchev. This time it was the Soviet Union which overreacted when Mr. Kosygin activated the "hot line." The Soviets were afraid that the United States might intervene in the Israeli-Arab war. The Kremlin realized that, while the United States could have intervened at a moment's notice, the Soviet Union did not have the military capacity and strategic mobility to retaliate. What the Soviet Union has is nuclear striking power and the possibility of retaliating with conventional forces in Europe. But, as a global military power, it cannot match the United States.

Mr. Kosygin, only a few months ago, burned his fingers in London by giving at least the impression of trying to assist communications between Washington and Hanoi. Then came the defection of Stalin's daughter and the debacle in the Middle East. Quite obviously, at this stage, the Soviet Union had to be unyielding. It had to mask the overriding fact that it is now leading from weakness, trying desperately to overcome its current crisis of influence in the world.

—Henry Brandon.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1249

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1249 will be found in the next issue.

BM WMYB XGMXNG R YRZ-

RUG DRBOMD OY MDG BFRB

TMGYD'B AGRL KDQMWPMLBR-

HNG QNMBFGY.

—PODNGS XGBGL TKDDG

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1248

The highest condition of art is artlessness. —Henry David Thoreau.

IT DOESN'T LOOK like it takes much effort to build a hard maple rick at Jack Daniel's. But our ricker will tell you different.

He says it takes him a full day of doing nothing else. He lays down a rick layer by layer (east to west, then north to south), until it reaches five feet. And he has to raise up the corners so the burning charcoal falls inward. But, he doesn't mind all the detail work. For he knows that the charcoal that results keeps our whiskey sippin' smooth. Just a taste of Jack Daniel's, we feel, and you'll know too.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
DROP
BY DROP

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DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.

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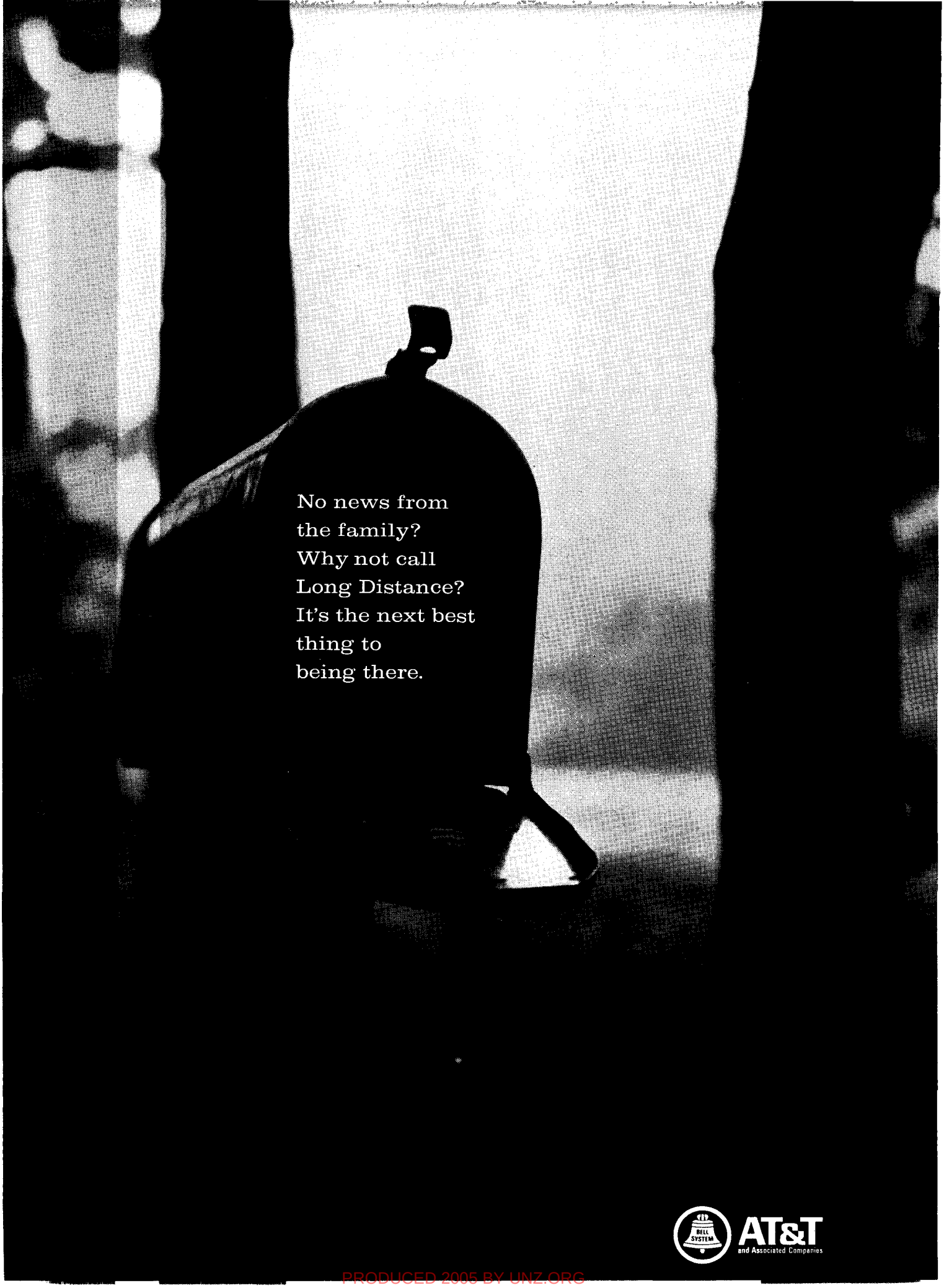

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Saturday Review
July 15, 1967

THE QUIET CAMPAIGN TO REWRITE THE CONSTITUTION

By THEODORE C. SORENSEN

THIS NATION is nearing a crisis—a crisis of which most Americans are not yet aware and for which our leaders are not yet prepared—a *constitutional* crisis, potentially the most serious since our Civil War.

Already thirty-two state legislatures have called for a new Federal Constitutional Convention, presumably to reverse the Supreme Court's "one-man—one-vote" doctrine on reapportionment. If only two more state legislatures so petition the Congress, it will be faced for the first time in history with implementing the provision in Article V of the Constitution specifying that it call such a convention upon application of two-thirds of the states.

Then whatever follows is likely to be a constitutional nightmare: whether the Congress in fact calls a new convention, whose final product no man can predict—or whether the Congress refuses to honor thirty-four state applications which have powerful support; whether a state then brings suit in the Supreme Court to force the Congress to act—and whether in fact the Court so orders the Congress or is compelled to seek enforcement of that order; and whether a convention, once held, proposes one or a series of amendments and whether they are in turn ratified or rejected by the states.

Theodore C. Sorensen, former Special Counsel to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, is an *SR* editor-at-large.

While the sudden realization that we were nearing a national Constitutional Convention took many by surprise, it is not really so surprising. In most state legislatures it is not difficult to petition the Congress for anything, including a Federal Constitutional Convention. A joint resolution, regarded as no more than a passing opinion, can—unlike an amendment to a state law or particularly a state constitution—be brushed through both houses in a matter of minutes. Most state legislators voting for these petitions did not seriously believe that a new Federal Constitutional Convention would really be held or that anything more than reapportionment was at stake. They simply used this means of voicing their displeasure on the "one-man—one-vote" doctrine and pressuring the Congress for a change. Most of these legislatures, moreover, were, at the time of their petition, still not reapportioned and were ruled by a majority of legislators representing a minority of voters.

The fact that this seemingly extreme step was taken by thirty-two legislatures is not only not surprising; it is not improper or illegal. Alarmed opponents have called it a "sneak attack," a "back-door method" of changing the Constitution, an attempt to "usurp the Congressional function of proposing specific amendments." But it is none of these. It is true that its backers are trying to use this threat of a convention to frighten the Congress into undoing "one-man—one-vote" by the usual means of amending the Constitution—that is, by obtaining a two-thirds vote in both the House and Senate to send the Dirksen Amendment to the states for ratification. It is also true that the convention route has never been undertaken before. But the fact remains that the convention procedure for proposing Constitutional amendments is as much a part of Article V as the Congressional procedure; and the fact that it has never been utilized in twenty-five amendments does not make its use any less valid today.

SOME convention opponents openly hope that, if thirty-four valid legislative applications for a Constitutional Convention are filed, Congress will find some way to circumvent its obligation under Article V—that it will refuse to call a *general* convention on the grounds that the petitions speak only of one specific subject, or that it will simply fail to pass the necessary implementing legislation, or that the measure will be filibustered or bottled up in committee, or that the petitions will be returned to the states for further action or reconsideration, or that they will be rejected as an attempt by the states to take over a Congressional function, or that they will be ignored as the hasty, careless actions of state legislatures not really serious about a convention. But the mandate of Article V is clear; and the Congress cannot place itself above the Constitution.

Hamilton, in Federalist Paper 85, stated:

> The words of this article are peremptory. The Congress "shall call a

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convention." Nothing in this particular is left to the discretion of that body.

The Congress can and must judge the legal validity of these applications—but it has no right to judge their merit. And if the Congress refused to act on thirty-four valid petitions, surely one or more states would seek a writ of mandamus in the U.S. Supreme Court, arguing that only a ministerial act by the Congress was then required. Long before that theory or its enforcement could be tested, I would hope that the Congress would either call the convention or disprove the legal validity of the state petitions.

It is this latter approach which has thus far been ably pursued by Senator Tydings of Maryland, aided by Senator Proxmire of Wisconsin and a handful of others. The wisdom of this approach lies in its avoidance of the position that the Congress should refuse to do its duty by the Constitution. But the weakness of this approach lies in its dependence upon standards and interpretations so strict and rigid as to contradict the very spirit of the Constitution.

The language of Article V is both simple and broad. It was intended to be a safeguard against unfair federal action; and if that purpose is to have any meaning at all, Congress cannot invent harsh new rules for this one situation after thirty-four applications have been filed.

At best the law is unclear; and if these petitions cannot be successfully or legally rescinded, and if legal challenges to their validity cannot stand up, and if two more applications do come in, Congress will be required to call a convention.

Then Pandora's Box will be opened wide. For no matter how these state applications are worded, no matter what limitations are given by the Congress on its convention call, there is no possible way by which such a convention can be required to confine itself to reapportionment or any other issue. A national Constitutional Convention, by definition, would represent the highest power in our system. Like its single predecessor in 1787, which had in its day been specifically told by a cautious Congress to confine itself to the "sole and express purpose of revising the Articles of Confederation," this new convention could ignore any instruction, tackle any subject, and propose any amendments or revisions that it sees fit.

If it wishes to tinker with the Bill of Rights, to halt supposed pampering of the criminally accused, to stop so-called abuses of the Fifth Amendment, to limit free speech for the disloyal, to reopen the wars between church and state, to limit the Supreme Court's jurisdiction or the President's veto power or the Congress's war-making authority, it would be free to do so.

The kind of amendments likely to be considered are reflected in those introduced in the Congress this year, including those that would abolish the income tax, require a balanced budget, permit prayers in public schools, elect the Supreme Court, regulate pornography, limit social security taxes, restore to the states certain rights taken away by the Court, require the advice and consent of the House to treaty-making, allow each state to enact its own legislation on questions of decency and morality, preserve our nation's spiritual heritage, and establish the paramount right of society and the individual to be protected from crime.

Reversing the Court's reapportionment decisions alone would be bad enough, permitting a return to the minority rule in our state legislatures which made them too unrepresentative and unresponsive to halt the drift of power to Washington. But whatever one's view of "one-man—one-vote," no thoughtful citizen can look forward with equanimity to this kind of wide-open, unpredictable dabbling with our historic charter.

But, o ye of little faith, Senator Dirksen and his backers reply, with both effectiveness and logic, a convention can only do what the Congress can do—namely, *propose* amendments for ratification by the states; the Congress also could pass wild amendments, but it has not done so; and neither a Congress nor a convention could be reckless successfully, because at least thirty-eight states must ratify any amendments which are proposed.

There are three basic answers to this argument:

► *First*, the convention route is completely dominated by the state legislatures which, by this route, can bypass the Congress, force the calling of a convention, ratify its proposals, and, according

—*Reproduced by courtesy of Herblock.*

"By the way, what are we in line for?"

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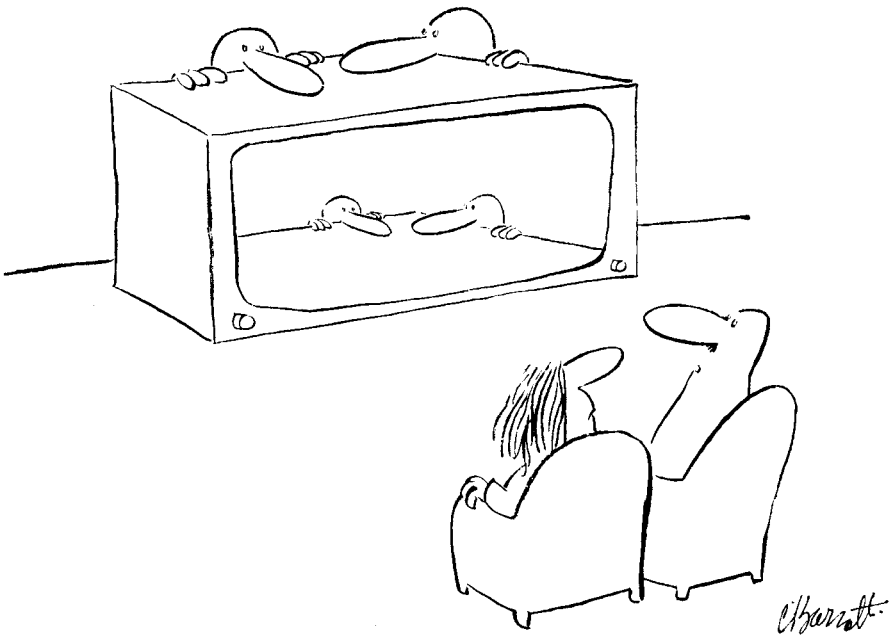
to Senator Dirksen, control the selection of delegates. But it is the Congress who will bear the burden of implementing these proposals. When the Congress exercises its jurisdiction under Article V, it does not merely *propose* amendments. It first *approves* them on the basis of its own insight into federal Constitutional problems. Neither the members of a new convention, nor the state legislatures (or state conventions) which ratify their proposals, could possibly have the same knowledge of federal problems as the Congress or the same degree of responsibility for meeting them. Nor could a temporary convention, whose members are not required to present their records to the voters for re-election, possibly represent the national interest and long-range perspectives as ably as a continuing national body.

The necessity for ratification by the state legislatures is no safeguard in the absence of a two-thirds vote in the Congress to recommend such amendments. Seven state legislatures, for example, have officially endorsed the so-called Liberty Amendment—which would repeal all federal income, gift, and estate taxes, liquidate most federal programs and necessitate a national sales tax. But few if any of the Congressmen and Senators from those seven states would ever vote for such a proposal.

► *Second,* there is a mathematical difference between amendments proposed by the Congress and those proposed by a convention. Any amendment submitted by the Congress has first been approved by not only two-thirds of the Senate—which means at least thirty-four states and possibly all of them—but also two-thirds of the House, which means at least 290 members who, even if they came from the smallest constituencies, would still represent roughly two-thirds of the population. But when an amendment is forced via the convention route —particularly if such a convention, like its predecessor, should make its decisions by a majority unit vote with one vote per state—then thirty-four states representing 30 per cent of the population could call the convention, twenty-six states representing one-sixth of the population could propose new amendments, and thirty-eight states representing less than 40 per cent of the population could ratify them. The convention route, by omitting Congressional participation, is not the voice of the people, as its backers claim.

► *Third,* a Constitutional Convention is a unique and potent instrument to be used with extreme rarity when the time is right. In 1787 the time was right. The mood, the men, the need were all right. In 1967 the time is not right. There is no nationwide need or demand for such a Convention. There are no flaws in our system requiring so radical a step, no difficulty (as is true of some state constitutions) in invoking the usual amendment route.



"They come on every day from four to six."

Instead there seems to be a growing mood of ugly irresponsibility and reaction—reaction against the Supreme Court, the federal government, civil rights, and civil liberties. This mood helped give rise to the forces calling for this convention; and those same forces would seek to dominate the selection of delegates, the actions of the convention, and their ratification by the state legislatures, where their power has always been greatest.

IN short, both in composition and spirit the proposed convention might well resemble the so-called (but unofficial) General Assembly of States which first recommended it in 1962. The flavor of that distinguished body is indicated by its simultaneous proposal for another Constitutional amendment under which any Supreme Court decision "relating to the rights reserved to the states or to the people" could, upon demand of five state legislatures, be reviewed and reversed by a "Court of the Union" composed of all the state court Chief Justices. If that kind of proposal could be adopted by an Assembly of States composed of state government delegates from forty-six states, what can we expect from a national Constitutional Convention, especially if it is dominated by Western and Southern state legislatures (including those which have endorsed the "Liberty" Amendment)? Even a convention dominated by liberals could not be expected to adjourn without trying its hand at improving on the classic work of 1787—and that, too, could only lead to catastrophe.

What can be done? Obviously the first line of defense is comprised of those state legislatures which have not yet passed an application for a convention. The possibilities of rescission should be further explored in the other thirty-two. But the Congress, in the absence of thirty-four valid petitions, is not as helpless in this matter as some would have us believe. I suggest that it *would be timely, appropriate, and reasonable for the Congress to enact this year a general statute for the implementation of Article V,* aimed not simply at this one effort but at all such efforts, now and in the future. Such a statute could properly specify:

1) That applications from at least two-thirds of the states under Article V must be received in the same Congress, just as the votes of two-thirds of the House and two-thirds of the Senate must be obtained in the same Congress before the other Article V procedure can be initiated.

2) That such applications be the product of the same legislative processes at the state level as such state requires for the enactment of a state law, including approval by the Governor (unless his veto is overridden).

3) That no action be taken by the Congress upon receipt of the thirty-fourth valid application until at least one regular session of the Congress has elapsed.

4) That such a convention, when called, shall be apportioned by the Con-

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gress in its call according to population, with each delegate (not each state) having one convention vote.

5) That all such applications shall be officially transmitted to the Vice President and Speaker, who shall regularly report on their progress to avoid any future surprise developments.

6) Such other requirements as to the form and wording of such applications, the selection of delegates, and the time, place, voting, and financing of such conventions, as the Congress may deem suitable.

I see no reason to believe that the Courts would upset such a statute. It is not *ex post facto* as applied to the present petitions so long as they have not yet reached thirty-four. *Ad hoc* rules which might be unfair if pulled out of nowhere to reject a specific application are not arbitrary if contained in a generalized statute which fulfills Congress's duty to implement Article V. Nor do I believe that such a statute would encourage the state legislatures to seek the convention route—indeed, they may well be discouraged.

But unless Article V itself is amended to eliminate this state legislative route—a possibility which I neither favor nor forecast—it is only through some such statute as this that we can prevent the confusion and conflict of a constitutional crisis if and when that day ever does come when thirty-four state legislative convention applications are presented to the Congress. The urgent need for reason and for a regular procedure then require action by the Congress now.

The Quiet Campaign: One State's Story

By PAUL SIMON

WITHOUT fanfare, the legislative body of Senator Everett Dirksen's home state in March passed a resolution calling for a precedent-shattering convention to amend the Constitution of the United States. No Illinois legislator—including those of us who opposed the resolution—then knew the full significance of our action.

About the time Illinois was "considering" the resolution, Chicago's *American* published a story indicating that as many as twenty-seven states had passed resolutions calling for such a convention, but the weekend after the Illinois action *The New York Times* reported that thirty-two states had taken action—only two short of the thirty-four needed to mandate Congress to call a convention.

Illinois's action was swift and silent.

On March 1 the resolution was introduced by the Republican leadership of the House, at the specific request of Senator Dirksen. The next day it passed that body without committee hearings and without much discussion. The Senate received it on March 6, and the resolution was given a Committee-of-the-Whole hearing—which, because the Committee of the Whole is the Senate itself, may sound impressive to the uninitiated, but actually means no committee action. There was one witness: John Alesia, an officer of the United Steelworkers Union, who testified against it. No one testified for it, yet it carried by a straight party vote—despite the fact that the Supreme Court's reapportionment decision had given the suburbs a big increase in power and therefore meant that Republicans from the suburbs in effect were voting against their districts. In less than two weeks, with only a handful of us discussing the matter, Illinois had called for a convention which could alter the structure of government.

To illustrate the relative ease of changing the U.S. Constitution, and the indifference of the states on the matter, I asked the legislature's bill-drafting agency to prepare a dummy measure to appropriate $5 to the Department of Children and Family Services for the purchase of a new wastebasket. While a resolution of the utmost importance to the nation breezed through without even semi-serious attention, my measure for the wastebasket would have to go through four committees (two in each House), six readings, two separate roll calls requiring a favorable vote by a majority of legislators, and even then might be vetoed by the Governor. If I wanted to give the $5 to the department before the next biennium, a two-thirds majority would be required. Almost no such safeguards are present for a resolution to change the Constitution.

Only one group generated any opposition to the resolution passed in Illinois: The League of Women Voters (referred to by one of my unadmiring colleagues as the "League of Women Vultures") stimulated a few telegrams of opposition.

After *The New York Times* story revealed the immediacy of the threat, I introduced a resolution in the Senate to rescind the action taken. A Chicago suburban representative, Anthony Scariano, introduced a similar resolution in the House. We were backed by several organizations and by some news media, but by then it had become a party issue. Though the original resolution did not receive committee consideration the motions to rescind were sent to committee.

I had two proposals that day before the Senate Executive Committee, one calling for a nonpolitical full-time pardon and parole board, the other the resolution to rescind. The Republican leader of the Senate spoke against my parole board bill, which had been recommended by every organization studying Illinois's archaic penal system. He said it was "too complex" to be considered then. Next came the resolution to rescind, and the same GOP leader said that the original action had been "amply discussed." The Senate Democratic leader, Thomas A. McGloon, protested, "The original resolution was railroaded through the legislature and everybody knows it." But—again by a straight party vote—the motion lost.

One of the real puzzles is: Why should such a resolution calling for a Constitutional Convention be pushed?

Both the Gallup and Harris polls show that public opinion overwhelmingly accepts the Supreme Court reapportionment decision. In Illinois, political leaders of the majority party are defying opinion on this matter for several reasons, among them:

1) They know that the public really does not seem to care much. We received hundreds of times more mail on issues like registering guns, legalizing bingo, and teachers' pensions.

2) For the more conservative members—and almost all of Illinois's GOP Senators fit that category—this was a chance to slap at the Supreme Court.

3) Powerful special interest groups want to keep state legislative bodies under their control. The "one-man—one-vote" decision makes this more difficult.

4) There continues to be fear of the big city—in Illinois's case, Chicago. (It is apparently not understood that the same system which can throw an imbalance in one's favor can throw an imbalance against him—that ultimately the only protection is in the "one-man—one vote" principle.)

After the passage of the resolution, a member of the Illinois State Senate suggested on a radio program that it might be wise to consider a representative system in the second chamber which would give all citizens one vote, give an additional vote to those who have achieved a relatively high degree of education, and give still another vote to those who own property, so that the wealthy and educated could cast three votes against one for the low-income group. His next step, presumably, is to take this idea to a Constitutional Convention. What is to stop him?

Paul Simon, a Democratic State Senator from the Illinois community of Troy, has won several awards for public service.

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THE CYBERNETIC AGE: AN OPTIMIST'S VIEW

By GLENN T. SEABORG

WHAT WE NEED is a computer that will tell us where all other computers are leading us. We have computers that make up corporation payrolls, review a nation's tax returns, diagnose diseases, help design, produce, and market new products, control air and auto traffic, operate bakeries, hire and fire, read and write, learn and teach, and even play Cupid—though fortunately not yet to other computers, just among people. But the ultimate computer that can assess the significance of all this has yet to be built and programed. This task is still left to humans.

And it is an incredibly difficult task. Why? Because the ultimate potential of the computer puts us to the test as human beings. It brings up questions we have lived with for centuries, but never have been asked to answer fully or act upon if we believed we knew the answers. It gives us new freedom and yet tremendous responsibilities which, if not acted upon, could result in a loss of almost all freedom. It presents us with choices and decisions of enormous consequences. It offers man a remarkable new chance to shape his own destiny, but asks him to be God-like enough to select that destiny without much margin for error.

Let me project a few thoughts on how the computer may forge our future—and, more important, on some of the ideas and alternatives with which we must come to grips if we are going to control the direction of that future.

To begin with, I believe that cybernation—the complete adaptation of computer-like equipment to industrial, economic, and social activity—will represent a quantum jump in the extension of man. The Industrial Revolution amplified (and to a large extent replaced) man's muscle as a productive force. Still, a large percentage of our production resulted from the energies of man and beast. Today in the United States, only a fraction of 1 per cent of our productive power results from the physical energy of human beings or animals.

Springing from our Scientific Revolution of recent decades is what is being called a "Cybernetic Revolution." This revolution, which, comparatively speaking, is only in its infancy, amplifies (and will to a large extent replace) man's nervous system. Actually, this is an understatement because computers amplify the collective intelligence of men—the intelligence of society—and, while the effect of the sum of men's physical energies may be calculated, a totally different and compounded effect results from combining facts and ideas— the knowledge generated within a society or civilization. Add this effect to the productive capacity of the machine driven by an almost limitless energy source like the nucleus of the atom, and the resulting system can perform feats almost staggering to our imagination. With the fullest development of cybernation we could be faced with prospects that challenge our very relationships to such basic concepts as freedom and the nature of work and leisure.

Let me suggest a few random scenes from the coming Cybernetic Age which contain some significant implications. I will not vouch for the accuracy of these forecasts or try to predict the year they might occur, but perhaps you can imagine yourself in one of these three situations:

Situation No. 1: You have flown out of town on a business trip and upon arrival at your destination have a few spare hours in which to visit an old friend. At the airport you rent a car, or some other type of ground vehicle. The procedure for putting you in the driver's seat is simple and efficient. You place an identifying card containing your bank account number and a microfiche of your fingerprints in a slot, and the fingers of your free hand over a flat, innocent-looking plate. Within seconds you have been identified as the owner of the card and your credit rating has been checked. The keys to your rented car are released to you and you are on your way.

Driving through town you encounter a minimum of delay at the busiest hour because the traffic lights are controlled by computers. But, anxious to see your old friend, you step up your speed once you are on the outskirts of town and, without realizing it, you exceed the speed limit by a few miles an hour. You remain unaware of this violation until you return home, at which time you receive a notice of it and learn that the violation calls for a fine, which, you also learn, has already been charged to your bank account.

How did this happen? It was almost as simple as renting the car. An inconspicuous device clocked your speed and recorded your auto tags. It reported the violation to the owner of the vehicle whose own computer had your records at hand and instantly "turned you in." The computer operated by the long arm of the law had no difficulty in tracking down both you and your bank account, so justice was swift and complete.

You are fairly well conditioned to this sort of situation by now, but sometimes you have moments of doubt and anxiety about what happened. If someone, or something, was watching you that closely on the road, where else might they be watching you? What if the system was in error—if someone, somewhere, was "adjusting" it so as to create more violators and bring in a little more revenue? But paying the fine was far easier than trying to investigate that possibility, so you give up what you once considered a legitimate right. Furthermore, you've heard that next year they're installing systems which will automatically regulate your speed on those roads, so you won't have to worry about exceeding the limit. You won't have that worry—or choice.

I WILL not belabor the implications of this situation. I believe they speak for themselves. Let me move on to situation No. 2:

For several days you have not been feeling well, and you call your local health center for an appointment. You can remember when you used to call your doctor, but it's been many years since he's bothered with initial diagnoses, and he would be the first to admit he could not be as thorough or accurate as the health center.

At the center you give all the necessary information to a medical secretary, whose typewriter feeds it into a computer system. First comes your identification number, which automatically supplies the system with your previous medical history, then all your new complaints and symptoms. On the basis of the information given so far and a comparison with your previous history, the computer may venture an immediate diagnosis, but if it has any doubts—

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and it is a highly conservative computer—it recommends one or several diagnostic tests. The tests are conducted simply and efficiently with the aid of one or two capable medical technicians and a battery of equipment.

The battery of diagnostic equipment programs its findings into the central computer which already has your previous medical history and your current complaints. Within seconds, after the tests are completed, the system presents its full diagnosis. At the same time it also makes recommendation for treatment, perhaps printing out a prescription which can be filled before you leave the center.

Does your doctor ever see patients? The computer refers a few cases to him because of their unusual interest. The high level of medicine he practices now enables him to help these patients. Their cases also help him in his work with engineers to improve the design of diagnostic and treatment systems and to train the many medical technicians who are needed to handle the increased population.

As in the first situation, there are a multitude of implications in this project. But let me proceed to situation No. 3:

You are a key man in a company that produces certain products for the home. You feel quite fortunate because you have a creative job in a highly automated plant. Market surveys analyzed by computers tell the company of the need for a new product. You sit at a desk containing a large fluorescent screen and with an electronic "lightpen" draw your conception of the new product. As you design the product you "tell" the computerized screen what materials you want the product to be made of. The system coordinates the information from the lightpen with your other instructions. As you work, it guides you in your design by making recommendations, by showing you on command the stress and strain in various points of your design, by correcting your errors, by recommending alternatives and improvements.

WHEN both you and the system are satisfied with your handiwork, you release the design for manufacture. The system has theoretically tested the product so that no initial sample or test model is necessary. It turns the design over to another department—probably other computers—which calculates and orders the materials necessary to produce it, sets up the required manufacturing equipment, and prepares the production schedule. You never see the product, but you know it has been turned out just the way you envisioned it. And how long will it be before the computer will make it without you?

To some people these three examples sound like science fiction. Others will refer to them as "windy futurism." But they are far from being either. Some of the devices and methods mentioned are already in existence and in practical use. Others are in the development stages. And many more are not only technically feasible but may someday become economically and socially acceptable.

". . . 'A woman's a two-face, a worrisome thing who'll leave ya to sing. . . .'"

What are some of the implications in these examples, and what bearing will they have on our future? Running through all three examples were many common features: depersonalization, a separation of man and product, a collapse of time, a further reduction of human work, and a shift of needs and skills. All of these offer both threats and promises. I believe that the promises will eventually override the threats, but not before they have made us face and solve a great many problems we have *not* had to face before. This in itself is going to account for a great deal of human growth.

There is no doubt that the Cybernetic Revolution is going to make us reexamine the relationship between our freedoms and our responsibilities within the framework of society and find ways to guarantee a maximum of freedom for the individual within a highly organized society.

Another way in which the Cybernetic Revolution is going to force considerable human growth is in making us take a more rational, long-range approach in handling our affairs—our relationships with our fellow man and with nature. We are beginning to learn that the crisis-to-crisis approach that we have been using to carry on will no longer work. Science and technology have shrunk time by increasing the rate of change and have forged the world into a global civilization capable of exerting tremendous forces in a highly interrelated sphere of activity. We must make the fullest use of tools like the computer to help us prevent chaos and self-annihilation in such a complex world.

Looking at the most positive aspects of the computer, and projecting how its growing applications might control and multiply the forces of science and technology, one can foresee some remarkable "alternative futures." The most promising among these would be an era of abundance for all mankind—one in which most goods and services are provided by cybernated systems. And this brings us to the most striking aspect of human growth that could take place as a result of the Cybernetic Revolution—the change in our relationship to labor and leisure.

FOR a good part of our history we have been shaping through the manipulation of wealth what Peter Drucker calls "economic man." Perhaps the Cybernetic Revolution will carry us to a new level of man—a higher level—at which we will enjoy different values. On this subject it is interesting to recall what the great economist John Maynard Keynes wrote in 1932 in his *Essays in Persuasion:*

> When the accumulation of wealth is no longer of high social importance

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there will be great changes in the code of morals. We shall be able to rid ourselves of many of the pseudo-moral principles which have hag-ridden us for 200 years, by which we have exalted some of the most distasteful of human qualities into the position of highest values.

If the Cybernetic Revolution produces such a social millennium, a radical change in man's relationship to work would take place and the growth of leisure time would pose new problems to be solved.

As a result, our ideas on leisure would change drastically. Most people today do not recognize the true value of leisure. A little leisure has always been treasured, and there have been societies in which certain men and women lived in almost complete leisure, though at the expense of others' labor. But the idea of almost an entire civilization living in even relative leisure is beyond the comprehension of many of us and still frowned upon by most others.

A civilization equipped and educated to live in an era of relative leisure can bring about a new Golden Age—one without a slave base, other than those mechanical and cybernetic slaves produced by the ingenuity of a higher level of man. Such an age does not have to be, as a few predict, a civilization of drugged, purposeless people controlled by a small elite. But it could tragically become that, if we did nothing but let ourselves be swept along by some of the forces in motion today.

There are indications that some of these forces are just that overwhelming. There are also indications, however, that society is reacting to the "feedback" of certain personal and social effects of technology. This feedback is coming from more and more people in all levels of society and all walks of life. It is expressing an increasing uneasiness about the state of our personal and community lives in a highly materialistic society, a concern over the individual's role in the growing complexity and impersonalization of that society, a groping for "national purpose," and a feeling that the unity of man, referred to by poets and philosophers throughout the ages, is becoming a reality with immense psychological and physical implications.

TO me, these feelings forecast the need for a huge re-evaluation of our goals and values, and it will be in our universities where such a re-evaluation will take place. Perhaps its seeds have already been sown in the current unrest on the campuses of many of our universities. From this re-evaluation, from the debates and soul-searching that take place, will evolve both a new understanding and reinforcement of those old ideals which are still valid, and new ideals and goals. Together they may provide us with something like a comprehensive philosophy of life to match the physical unity of mankind rapidly being fostered by today's science and technology.

If we can use this new philosophy to guide the great scientific and technological forces we have created, we could witness, possibly within a few decades, the equivalent of a new "human breakthrough"—an advance to a new stage of social development—one that was initiated by our reactions to today's trends.

IN such a development the university, the greatest depository and dispenser of man's knowledge, should play a major role. In fact, I can see no other institution more logically equipped to be the central force in this evolutionary process, to develop, refine, and pass on to the new generations a new heritage of a higher level of mankind.

But if we are to carry out such a monumental task, many changes will probably have to take place in the universities and our educational system in general. One such change will involve reconciling the continuing importance of specialization with a growing need for interdisciplinary thinking—not only in science and technology, but in all areas of our economic, social, and human development. Specialization has been giving us increasing amounts of knowledge, but the world cries out today for more of something beyond knowledge—for *wisdom.*

All of this demands a new role of leadership from our educational system. Most of today's schools are involved to a great degree in serving the requirements of an industrial age, in fulfilling the needs of a society which has been only partly and indirectly of their making. In the future, this role will shift to one in which the nature of society is determined more by the thinking of the university, and in which the industrial community will tend to serve goals created by that thinking.

What we must look for from the universities is the development of an education that turns out individuals of the highest intellect and broadest outlook, able to understand man and machine, and live creatively with both. Such an education could not be expected in a four-year curriculum or even a six- or eight-year one. It would start as early as the beginning of school or sooner and involve continuing education of one type or another throughout a person's lifetime. And, as Robert Theobald indicates, education in the age of the Cybernetic Revolution would not be directed toward "earning a living" but toward "total living."

This is a big order involving imagination, energy, and bold leadership from the academic world. But the time is certainly ripe for this kind of leadership.

The coming Cybernetic Revolution which calls forth these new goals for education will also give education valuable new tools and technologies for pursuing them. The computer will make knowledge more accessible. It will perform miracles in compiling, organizing, and analyzing information. It should link the knowledge of the world's libraries and depositories of information into networks responding like a giant brain. And it should put at the fingertips of anyone who wishes to be a modern-day Faust all the knowledge he desires without selling his soul to the Devil.

Some believe that, in a cybernated utopia, human incentives will diminish and we will completely stagnate. I don't believe this will happen at all. New incentives will arise as man moves up to higher levels of needs. The quest for new knowledge will always grow. The domain of science is practically boundless. We are only beginning our adventures in space, and we still have a long way to go in understanding many things about this planet and the life on it.

MUCH has been said about the impersonalization caused by the growth of machines, but as a result of this growth I can see a new and better relationship arising among men. If in the past we have spent most of our time working with machines, serving and being served by them, naturally we feel a sense of isolation and alienation among them. But when machines have truly freed us from the necessity of physical work, perhaps we can better accept them for what they are and have the time to see and relate to other people in a different light. When we have more time to be with other people—not accidentally, on crowded buses, in elevators, in markets and offices, but in places of our own choosing at our own leisure—we may feel differently toward one another.

When we are less likely to be in competition with one another, much of the hypocrisy of society will vanish and more honest relationships will be formed. And, finally, when we can walk down the street—anywhere in the world—in a community free from want, where every human being has a sense of dignity not gained at the expense of others, we might not only walk free from fear but with a great feeling of exaltation.

If we can make the transition of living with and using the complex machines of the future in a *human-oriented* society, the rewards will be worth any effort we can make. As everyone knows, such a transition will not be easy, because it involves so much of what Eric Hoffer has called "The Ordeal of Change." But I think we will have to make such a transition eventually. We may have already begun to do so.

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Seven Years of Hope

SHE COSTS $5,000,000 a year to operate—less than the price of one jet bomber. More than 8,450 major operations have been performed aboard her and some 100,000 persons treated. When she goes to a port she stays in the harbor for ten months, a symbol of America's concern for suffering. She is manned by men in white, not khaki, and perhaps her greatest accomplishment is the training of 3,450 local doctors and nurses in the latest techniques—sometimes fifty years in advance of theirs. Her name is the S.S. *Hope*, and in the seven years she has been to sea she has visited seven nations on three continents and become the most welcome ship in the world.

Three years ago on this page we reported to our readers the amazing early successes of the famed white hospital ship which set sail in 1960 for Indonesia and South Vietnam. She was then in South America and, at the end of a year when she sailed out of a Peruvian harbor, 40,000 Peruvians lined the shore and cast flowers upon the water, most of the populace tearful and some of them having walked barefoot for thirty miles to give thanks to their Yankee benefactors. In seven years the S.S. *Hope* has become a leading international health organization which has captured the imagination of people abroad and at home with its inexhaustible supply of warm, human accomplishment and goodwill. There are many who think that the S.S. *Hope* should be one of a fleet and, in fact, the ship is so popular within the medical profession that it has a waiting list of doctors (they serve in two-month shifts—for free). It goes without saying that she has a waiting list of sufferers in every continent.

When the great white ship arrived off Nicaragua last year, the North Americans were not greeted with enthusiasm. On the contrary, there was considerable distrust, condescension, and skepticism until five Nicaraguan doctors and ailing natives discovered that the visitors had not come to show off but to teach. *Hope* doctors immediately found local assets not being utilized. A building near the Leon hospital had stood in disuse for years. Working closely with Nicaraguan counterparts, *Hope* teams turned it into a bright new maternity ward, the country's first. When the good ship left late last year, the President of Nicaragua made a personal visit and his aides told *Hope*'s medical staff that "with your departure the people of Nicaragua are losing their best friend, the best messenger of goodwill any country ever sent us."

One story out of Nicaragua told of a woman who had left her home south of Managua before dawn in order to be on time for an afternoon medical appointment for her seven-year-old daughter. She had carried the girl, who was suffering paralytic effects from polio, all the long weary miles. She also carried food for the day's journey. On this, her final visit, she had still another burden: a large, heavy bunch of bananas for those aboard the S.S. *Hope*.

As one happy Nicaraguan doctor put it: "You can still see American flags flying in Corinto, flags put up to welcome the *Hope* into Nicaragua last January. . . . Little children in the streets like to run up and lightly touch the Americans (their heroes) and the people of Corinto have learned to say 'hi' and 'goodbye' in English." So popular was the S.S. *Hope* in Nicaragua that an interpreters' committee made up of local volunteers took turns making a four-hour round trip from Managua to the ship each day with translators.

The Reverend Randolph Hellwig from Penfield, New York, chaplain aboard the S.S. *Hope*, believes that, because the ship had been at Nicaragua for the better part of a year, any feeling that Americans are only selfish and grasping has been totally destroyed. Dr. John T. Logue, from Columbia, Missouri, who recently served aboard the *Hope* in Corinto, said: "It is more effective to take a shipload of knowledge to foreign countries than it is to bring students to the United States for study." Dr. Walter C. Rogers, chief of staff of the S.S. *Hope*, told a recent interviewer:

"Actually, if the ship were simply a service ship it would not be worth sending to any country, because the countries to which we go have such enormous problems of health that a 130-bed hospital (which is our size) couldn't possibly, in ten months, begin to dent the problems. Our only hope is to train people in all sorts of medical and paramedical fields to go back and train other people in their own country to do better work, to take more interest in their problems, and so on. The doctors we train, the hospital sanitary workers we train, the dieticians, the technicians, the nurses, are all capable of going back into their own community and training other people, and in this way you have the typical stone-in-pond-ripple effect of constantly improving the health situation in the country to which we go."

The S.S. *Hope* is now in the midst of what may well be her most successful mission to date. One month after she tied up at Cartagena, Colombia, 2,619 patients had been treated aboard and in shore clinics, *Hope* surgeons had conducted 160 operations aboard and sixty-five more ashore, and Colombian children had been given 12,300 immunizations against polio, diphtheria, tetanus, and smallpox. By the end of this year at Cartagena, the S.S. *Hope*, already a No. 1 tourist attraction, is sure to break humanitarian records set by her on previous visits to six other ports.

In an insane world of idiotic spending for fratricidal wars and "defense," the comparatively small expenditures for S.S. *Hope* have lighted a tiny, inexpensive candle in the darkness. Imagine America's image, to say nothing of the world's health, if a thousand ships of *Hope* moved upon the waters of the earth for the alleviation of the ills of mankind. The possibilities for peace in a healthy world stagger the imagination.

—R. L. T.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Liberals and H.H.H.

MANY THANKS for Elmo Roper's article, "A View of H.H.H." [*SR*, June 17]. It is unfortunate that the Vietnam issue has become so filled with emotion and even hysteria that for some liberals reason has flown.

Not only has Vice President Humphrey effectively spearheaded the long list of liberal causes Mr. Roper enumerated; he has added another dimension to progressive leadership. He led and inspired a new generation of liberals while remaining an effective Senator—no mean accomplishment.

If H.H.H. hasn't earned the respect of all Americans and the loyalty of liberals, then brilliant and dedicated public service is indeed a dead end.

LEON J. KOWAL.

Boston, Mass.

PRACTICALLY all liberals would agree with most everything Elmo Roper had to say about Vice President Humphrey, but Mr. Roper is asking the wrong questions.

Through election day in 1964 Mr. Humphrey and President Johnson were saying they would not do what we are now doing in Vietnam. They gathered a harvest of liberal votes on the issue. The question is not whether Mr. Humphrey has a right to have a different opinion; the question is whether a man is to be trusted and accepted by getting elected, or partially so, on an issue and then adopting the opposite reasoning.

WADE M. MACKIE.

Baton Rouge, La.

ALL HONOR to Senator Humphrey and his achievements in the field of liberal politics. But when Vice President Humphrey makes statements such as, "What's happening [in Vietnam] is not destruction but construction of a new society," many liberals feel anguish, and the credibility gap yawns wider.

JOHN ALLEN ADAMS.

Arkadelphia, Ark.

Human Combustibility

HARRISON BROWN'S article "The Combustibility of Humans" [*SR*, June 24] is indeed incisive. In its dedication to the preservation of the status quo, United States foreign policy is inflexible and overlooks the realities of the world situation. The Administration seems unaware that much of the insurrection in the world reflects the convulsive attempts of countries to catch up—to modernize. For political, moral, and practical reasons, the United States's position in Asia (and elsewhere) must be positive rather than negative.

CONSTANCE ANN GARDINER.

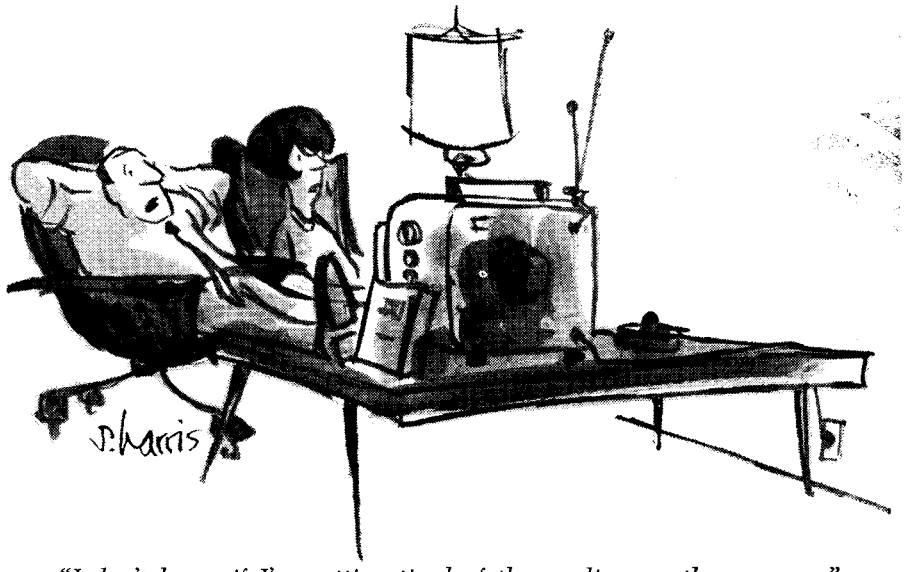
Huntington, N.Y.

The Poor Affluents

BRAVO FRANCIS BRENNAN for speaking out concerning the lifeblood of the affluent poor ["Slaughter on Park Avenue," *SR*, June 24] and explaining what is becoming an epidemic of chronic deficiency anemia.

KENNETH RASHID.

Oakland, Calif.



"I don't know if I'm getting tired of the medium or the message."

I CAN'T BRING myself to feel sorry for the tax-ridden $50,000-a-year men who can't make ends meet—those whom Francis Brennan calls the "Affluent Poor."

Among other things, according to Mr. Brennan, they suffer from liquor taxes, tobacco taxes, entertainment taxes, luxury taxes, and then are allowed no tax relief for sending their kids to private schools. On top of all this, they are forced to consider the welfare of their domestic help. Why don't they move off Park Avenue or Tanglewood Drive and get their wives to wash the dishes themselves?

DONALD L. RICE.

Mt. Vernon, O.

Diplomatic Propriety

IN HIS ARTICLE, "The Real Nature of the World Revolution" [*SR*, June 3], Arthur Larson seems to propose that American diplomats abroad ought to "get next to" such people as the "discontented students" rather than "hobnobbing" with the type of people who are likely to be found near to the centers of government. I wonder what would be the reaction in America if foreign ambassadors and their staffs were found to be "getting next to" groups of, say, discontented Negroes, or with student bodies who oppose the war in Vietnam? Or does Mr. Larson assume that U.S. diplomats enjoy some mysterious immunity from the rules of diplomatic propriety?

FRANCIS J. MOTT.

Eden Bridge, Kent, England

City Center Perseveres

HENRY HEWES'S SELECTION of Maureen Stapleton's performance in *The Rose Tattoo* as the best of the season ["Bests of the 1966-67 Theater Season," *SR*, June 10] makes all of us at City Center very proud and justifies our continuation of the Fall Drama Season, which must inevitably lose money.

Odd, isn't it, that our opera and ballet are lavishly endowed, but that our plays and musicals are not considered sufficiently "cultural" to receive even a small grant from *any* foundation!

JEAN DALRYMPLE,
General Director,
City Center Light Opera Company
and City Center Drama Company.

New York, N.Y.

As Others View Us

THANKS TO *SR* for AS OTHERS SEE US and its section, "Letters to the World's Editors." The first part of this column helps us know ourselves as others see us around the world; in the second we learn what our world neighbors are thinking and doing. Both are vital to better international understanding.

DR. NORBERT E. ESTEY.

Forest Hills, N.Y.

Vital Lessons

AMEN TO N.C.'s editorial "What Have We Learned?" [*SR*, June 24]. Let us hope that we have indeed learned well from the Israeli-Arab conflict.

But the events since then make one wonder about the United Nations' future. What a tragedy if the negative few should be allowed to bring down the whole organization! Let us hope and pray that the U.N. will rise above petty grievances of individual members and live up to the high ideals with which it was formed, seeking to find solutions rather than fixing blame.

(MRS.) MARJORIE A. ISAACS.

Cincinnati, O.

N.C. IS TO BE COMMENDED in the highest terms for his brilliant editorial in which he set forth the crying need for strengthening the U.N. into an instrument with authority to enact, interpret, and enforce world law.

If we are to leash the physical powers of darkness (H-bombs, missiles, etc.), however, we must first experience spiritual renaissance. Otherwise, a U.N. Charter Review Conference would end in confusion.

PALMER VAN GUNDY.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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Who Says Books Are Dying?

By JAMES F. FIXX

NOT LONG AGO a Swarthmore College student had occasion to deliver himself of some strong opinions about the place of books in a world of television, computers, and their assorted electronic cousins. "There are some social scientists," he wrote, "who would have us believe that the book has become obsolete. The age of the book, they argue, lasted from the fifteenth century, when the printing press was becoming a technological reality, until the first years of the twentieth, when the proliferation of mass media . . . caused a major revolution in the field of communications. Accordingly, the book has become to communications what the horse and buggy became to transportation after the advent of the railroad and the automobile—a curiosity destined for oblivion. At the risk of being labeled a conservative or an eccentric, I heartily disagree with the conclusion of the social scientists, for the book is more than a communications medium. It is a form of artistic expression and energy and is therefore as immortal as art itself."

The student, Thomas Wolf of Swarthmore's Class of '68, was giving something more than a mere offhand opinion, for over the years he has spent a good deal of time piecing together a distinctive library of his own. Moreover, not long after he wrote those words, he received welcome confirmation that he is far from alone in his views about books—the mails brought him a $1,000 check and an award saluting his library. At the same time, another $1,000 check and an identical award were on their way to William H. Bunting, of Harvard's Class of '69, while still other awards of $200 went to Dale B. Williams, Jr., of the Class of '68 at the University of Oklahoma, and to Charles R. Pease, Jr., of the Class of '68 at the University of Arizona.

What was behind this bookish bonanza?

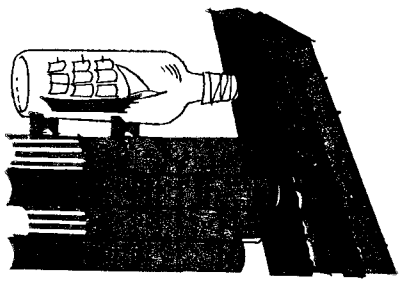
It was, first of all, a sign that another year had passed and that once again the Amy Loveman National Award was being presented for the best personal library collected by an undergraduate at a four-year college or university in the United States. Beyond that, it was also an impressive sign that in the six years of the contest there has been a real boom in undergraduate book collecting.

"In other years," one of the judges remarked when all the entries had been examined, "we've been able to settle quite easily on a single winner. This year, we couldn't narrow it down to any fewer than four—the two first-prize winners and the two honorable mentions. All four showed an absolutely astonishing understanding of what a personal library at its best can be."

The collecting boom is, among other things, a fitting memorial to the late Amy Loveman, who was herself a discriminating book collector as well as an editor of *Saturday Review*, a judge of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and a member of the Women's National Book Association—the three organizations that sponsor the annual award. Equally fitting was the fact that this year's entries reflected interests as wide-ranging as Miss Loveman's own literary tastes.

Mr. Wolf, for example, submitted to the judges a lively description of a library consisting entirely of modern books published by private presses. Begun when, as a child, he was given a first edition of Charles Dickens's *Little Dombey*, his library today consists of numerous significant examples of the bookman's art. Together, they have for him a special meaning that he describes this way: "As books give mystical pleasure, as they enchant and fascinate the collector, so they betray many secrets about him. They tell of his love for this or that press, for Americana, or for a certain author. . . . More important, each book tells of its owner's particular weakness for the beauty of subject, of printing, of paper or of binding that the book contains —it tells of the irrational joys that the collector derives from a wealth of experiences and memories. Thus a collection of books can embody the very spirit of a man; and when it does, it has become a personal library in the most idyllic sense."

Mr. Bunting's interest—and the concern that won him his $1,000 prize—is maritime books. Moreover, he cheerfully admits that his grand passion shares some of the irrational nature that Mr. Wolf mentions. "My maritime library," he wrote in submitting his entry to the judges, "is the inevitable outgrowth of my tremendous interest in ships and the sea, especially sailing ships. This interest has been a powerful force in my life, and I suspect that it must somehow be genetic in origin, since I can never remember being without it. (Before I was three I was already attempting to draw pictures of vessels, although we lived in the country and I had probably never seen one.) I have developed a great many other strong interests and concerns, but my sea interest is always on my mind, and influences my thinking and actions in all the rest."



NOT at all irrational, however, is Mr. Bunting's penchant for planning far ahead. Says he: "I feel that one should always be prepared for an unexpected turn in the course of events, and have therefore decided to leave my books to the Hilles Library at Radcliffe College. Why Hilles? Because it is an admirable new library with a great lack of sea books, and I feel that mine will be a valuable contribution. Hilles is primarily populated by girls, and I think few girls today have ever thought about ships and the sea. There are cheery, well-lit, and open stacks, where I think that my books will stand a good chance of catching the eyes of wandering browsers. I don't want my books condemned to the dark, closed catacombs of a huge library, where they are outnumbered to insignificance. I would like to spare them the fates of books I occasionally withdraw from Widener which have not been opened in fifty years."

Meanwhile, the prize-winning collector is continuing to gather books according to his own special formula: "My system is simply to collect the books that look interesting."

The two $200 winners offered the judges equally specialized libraries—Mr. Pease a collection of books on speleology, the study and exploration of caves ("one of the last great frontiers"); and Mr. Williams a collection devoted to the lore of the American circus ("I cannot have or keep a circus for my very own, so I settled for the second best method"). Both libraries display a verve and a scholarly significance that made it impossible for the judges to ignore them.

The contest's five judges this year were Elizabeth Easton, representing the Book-of-the-Month Club; Iris Vinton, an author and editor, representing the Women's National Book Association; Mary Ann O'Brian Malkin, book review editor of *Antiquarian Bookman*; William Young, assistant to the director of legal and international collections at Columbia University; and Richard L. Tobin, managing editor of *Saturday Review*.

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Books

SR SR SR SR SR SR SR SR SR SR SR SR SR

27 Literary Horizons: An Essay on Anthony Burgess by Granville Hicks

29 Letters to the Book Review Editor

30 The Publishing Scene, by David Dempsey

31 "Kauai: And the Park Country of Hawaii," by Robert Wenkam; "Glacier Bay: The Land and the Silence," by Dave Bohn

32 "Mind: An Essay on Human Feeling," by Susanne K. Langer

33 "Ferdydurke," by Witold Gombrowicz; "Pornografia," by Witold Gombrowicz

35 "Report from the Red Windmill," by Hiram Haydn

36 "Thérèse and Isabelle," by Violette Leduc

37 "Journeys Across the Pampas and Among the Andes," by Francis Bond Head; "New Granada: Twenty Months in the Andes," by Isaac F. Holton

38 Check List of the Week's New Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Fertile World of Anthony Burgess

A YEAR ago Anthony Burgess published in the *New York Times Book Review* an article that was given the title "The Seventeenth Novel." It was an interesting essay in many ways, but for the moment let us concentrate on the figure seventeen. As of August 21, 1966, Burgess had written sixteen novels—as well as at least two volumes of nonfiction. This would be an impressive record for any writer under fifty; Burgess, however, was nearly forty when he began publishing books.

I haven't read all sixteen novels; in fact, I can't name them all. But Ballantine Books has now issued eight of them in paperback—really ten, since the three parts of *The Long Day Wanes* were published separately in England—and one book of nonfiction. These, as I have been discovering with pleasure during the past several weeks, provide a substantial introduction to the strange, sometimes amusing, sometimes horrifying world of Anthony Burgess.

After being educated in music and languages, Burgess spent six years in the armed forces, and then, while teaching speech and history of languages, devoted himself to the composition of serious music. Subsequently he spent several years in Malaya and Brunei, and it was only after his return to England that he emerged as a novelist.

Burgess had, however, written one novel in 1949, *A Vision of Battlements*, which did not appear until 1965. When he finally got around to publishing it, he added an introduction in which he stated that he had written a lot of music—he gives a list—in 1948-49. "When the Easter vacation of 1949 arrived, I was empty of music but itching to create." So he wrote the novel—in the course of the vacation, I take it—and, he says, "It kept me out of mischief." For personal reasons he was not satisfied with the book, and "made little effort to seek publication." Discovering sixteen years later that he could read the novel "with little personal pain and not so much artistic depression as I might be expected to feel," he gave it to the public.

Although Burgess states flatly that the novel grew out of his experiences during 1943-46, when he was stationed at Gibraltar, he maintains that the characters are his inventions. Even if in general this is true, it seems plausible that the central character, Richard Ennis, has much in common with the Anthony Burgess of the war years besides an interest in music. Ennis belongs to what we have come to think of as the Lucky Jim type, a young man with a talent for making trouble for himself. Burgess says that the novel roughly parallels Vergil's *Aeneid* — as Joyce's *Ulysses*, which he heartily admires, parallels the *Odyssey*—but I am afraid this would not have been apparent to me without his hint. Owing little to Aeneas but his name, Ennis is an angry young man before his time.

The Long Day Wanes was written while Burgess was serving as a colonial officer in Southeast Asia. He has recently said: "I remember very vividly the writing of it—in the hot Malayan, and then Bornean, afternoons, when everybody else slept. The typewriter keys grew slithery with sweat; my forehead dripped sweat onto the paper. But I sweated words; my verbal pores were open." The work immerses the reader in the sounds and colors and smells of an exotic land.

BURGESS was not offering an argument against imperialism, as George Orwell was when he wrote *Burmese Days*. The imperialism Burgess describes was already moribund, and it was dying "not with a bang but a whimper"—to quote one who is not Burgess's favorite poet. The Englishmen who figure in the story are neither wicked despots nor spotless idealists. They are weak men who have been further weakened by their life in the Orient. The man who appears in all three parts of the work, Victor Crabbe, an educator, is better than some but scarcely of heroic stature. As for the natives, they are abundantly present—Malays, Sikhs, Tamils, Chinese—some likable, some ridiculous, some treacherous, some loyal, and so on. Obviously there are a thousand problems that will not be solved and may be exacerbated by the withdrawal of British power. Burgess, however, is interested not in problems but in people, and that is the strength of the book.

Although there are suggestions of what has come to be called "black humor" in both *A Vision of Battlements* and *The Long Day Wanes*, it was only when he turned to the English scene, as he did in 1960 with *The Doctor Is Sick* and *The Right to an Answer*, that Burgess showed how wry and bitter he could be. In the former a linguist named Dr. Edwin Sprindrift is stricken by a mysterious disease while teaching in Moulmein, and is flown back to England and put in a hospital. Here, after he has been subjected to a series of painful and nervewracking tests, it is decided that he must be operated on for a brain tumor. On the eve of the operation he runs away, and is thereupon involved in a sequence of colorful and astonishing adventures in the London underworld.

In the first part the humor lies in Dr. Spindrift's response, all too comprehensible, to his hospital experiences. He feels that the doctors and nurses regard him as a thing to be experimented on,

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as an interesting condition rather than a human being, and he expresses his resentment with energy and eloquence. In the second part what is funny is the ease with which this respectable professor adapts himself to a life of crime. He even finds a way of using his knowledge of philology to deceive the police. How many of his adventures are real and how many are dreamed remains a question, but one way or another he feels a sense of freedom he has never known before. In a euphoric moment he thinks: "What an easy world it was to live in, this big innocent trusting London. Back to nature, with fruit growing everywhere for the plucking. Only a fool, really, would return to the hard graft of teaching linguistics under a Burma sun."

The Right to an Answer is blacker and, except for a few scenes, not so funny. The narrator, J. W. Denham, a prosperous businessman whose duties take him all over the world, begins: "I'm telling this story mainly for my own benefit. I want to clarify in my own mind the nature of the mess that so many people seem to be in nowadays." Among the messed-up people are Denham's father and sister, a would-be poet, a narcotics smuggler who has turned to religion by way of Graham Greene, the genial but grasping operator of a pub, a movie star, and Mr. Raj. Mr. Raj, a Ceylonese student, attaches himself to Denham, seeking his help in a study of race relations in England, and stumbles his way from mess to mess. He is the kind of grotesque the reader ends by feeling sorry for.

As Denham presents these characters, we accept them at his valuation, amused by their clownish behavior. But gradually it dawns on us that he is not so different from the people he writes about as he likes to think he is, and in the end he makes the same discovery. Denham has remarked that they are "just silly vulgar people uncovering the high explosive that lies hidden underneath stability." Then, reading over what he has written, he realizes that it is "smug, wordy, pretentious." He sees how little right he has to sit in judgment, "the blundering or not-wishing-to-be-involved plump moneyed man on leave inveighing against sins he wasn't in the position even to begin to commit." Denham leaves the last word to Mr. Raj, and he may be saying that Raj's belief in love, disastrous as it has proved, is more admirable than indifference. But the title suggests that Burgess is fundamentally in agreement with the would-be poet, who observes that "none of us really has a right to an answer."

Having written two novels about contemporary England, Burgess wrote two others about a future England, extrapolating from tendencies that he saw about him. *The Wanting Seed*, the less successful of the two, describes the possible consequences of the population explosion. England has reached a point where the government is barely able to maintain a stable population by encouraging homosexualism and penalizing couples who have more than one child. But there are still some women who want children, and the heroine, Beatrice-Joanna, is one of them. Suddenly the food supply begins to decline disastrously, perhaps because the animal and vegetable worlds are imitating human sterility. A strong reaction brings in a new government that encourages fertility but limits population by sanctioning cannibalism and setting up fake wars in which undesirables slaughter one another.

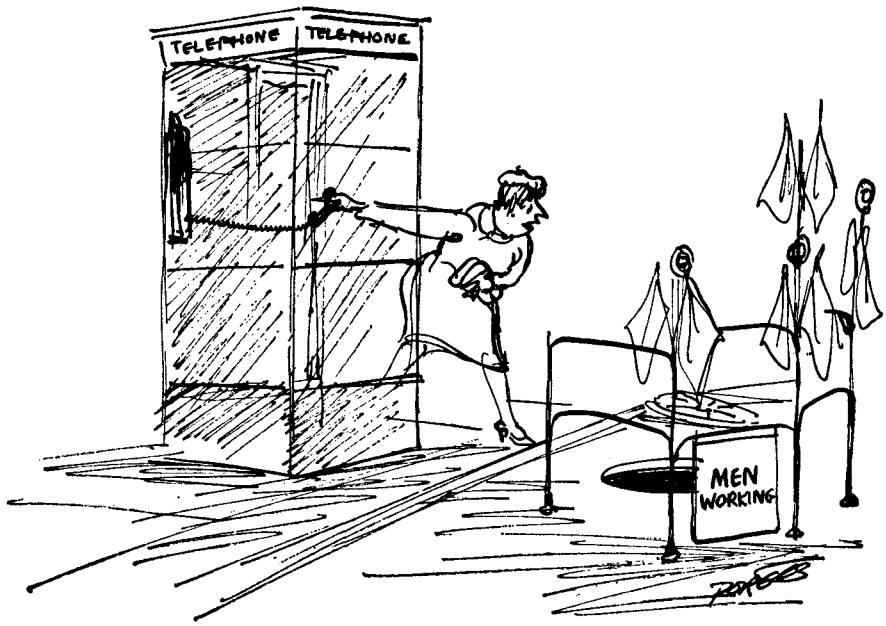
ALTHOUGH the affairs of Beatrice-Joanna are amusing, and the adventures of her husband, Tristram, in the latter part of the book are dramatic, the novel doesn't quite come off. Many of the details are well conceived, but I never felt, as I did when I first read Orwell's *1984*, that this was a credible vision of the future. One interesting point is Tristram's exposition of a pendulum theory of history, an alternation between Pelagianism and Augustinianism, between a liberal belief in freedom of the will and the perfectibility of man and a conservative belief in determinism and original sin. (One of the characters in *A Vision of Battlements* outlines the same idea.) In trying to make the story illustrate this theory, Burgess gets into trouble, for he has not allowed himself time enough to make his point.

A Clockwork Orange, on the other hand, offers a vision of the future that is horribly convincing. It is a time, perhaps not too far away, when teen-age gangs virtually rule London after dark. Alex, who tells the story in a strange but suitable jargon that Burgess has created for him, calmly describes the way in which he and his three comrades rob stores, beat helpless old men and women, maim members of rival gangs, and fight among themselves. A specialist in cruelty, Alex finds his only sexual satisfaction in rape, and is a master of the art of inflicting pain.

Found guilty of murder, Alex is imprisoned and subjected to the tortures of men as vicious as he. Since it is obvious even to prison authorities that such methods are accomplishing nothing, psychologists are permitted to try a method of conditioning not unlike that seriously proposed recently in an article in the *New York Times Magazine*. The experiment offers an excellent example of Burgess's pendulum theory. After a process that Alex finds acutely painful, he is purged of his violent tendencies. But he is purged of much else besides. He is no longer capable of defending himself against evil. Music has ceased to be a stimulant to sexual abnormality, and now is a source of pain. His conditioning against rape conditions him against sexual enjoyment of any kind. When the pendulum swings again, the psychologists undo what they have done, and Alex is back where he started.

In the first part Burgess renders the power of evil as few writers have been able to do. When, at the end of Part I, Alex says, "I'd done the lot now. And me still only fifteen," the chills go up and down the reader's spine. But Burgess is not content merely to show evil; he goes on to show the dangers that may lie in an attempt to correct it.

Burgess is always suspicious of any-



"Yoo-hoo . . . you disconnected me!"

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one who uses power to change other people while insisting it is for their own good. This is among the underlying ideas in his novel about the Soviet Union, *Honey for the Bears*. It is one of his funnier books, but only a small part of the humor is aimed at Russia. Smuggled dresses, the loss of an adhesive for use with false teeth, and the complicated sexual inclinations of a sightseeing British couple provide a series of farcical situations. At the same time Burgess takes advantage of the opportunity to intimate that the USSR and the USA are merely two slightly different versions of the kind of mechanized, do-good, conformist society he dislikes.

One novel remains to be talked about, certainly the most audacious, *Nothing Like the Sun*. It is a bold novelist who will try to portray William Shakespeare, and a bolder one who will portray him in his own words. (That the narrator is the poet himself does not become certain until the epilogue.) Burgess had already sketched a theory of the Dark Lady in *The Right to an Answer*, in which the greedy publican, Ted Arden, reveals the tradition handed down in his family, the family to which Shakespeare's mother belonged; and now he develops his ideas at length. The novel contributes nothing to my understanding of the plays and not much to my conception of the man, but it is a remarkable tour de force, a triumph of style. Without imitating or obviously echoing Shakespeare's writings, Burgess catches some of the magic of his way with words.

Burgess has been called a novelist of ideas, and it is clear that he is alive to what is going on in intellectual circles. What holds his work together, however, is not a body of ideas but a feeling about the modern world. He dislikes the worship of technological progress, which seems to him to dominate both the United States and the Soviet Union. He distrusts power, especially when masked as benevolence, and consequently views with skepticism the Welfare State. He takes a kind of dialectical view of history, but without believing much in the possibility of synthesis; the negation of evil leads simply to another evil, and so on ad infinitum. As between the Pelagians and the Augustinians, to use his terms, he is committed to the latter, having no faith in the perfectibility of man. I do not know whether, like his Richard Ennis, he was brought up a Catholic; but he clings to the concept of original sin.

Not merely a student of languages but a lover of words, he is comparable in his verbal resources to Vladimir Nabokov. In *Nothing Like the Sun*, for instance, while avoiding the quaint and often fake archaisms of old-fashioned

(*Continued on page* 36)

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Admit a Mistake

SENATOR HATFIELD, in "Vietnam: Charted on a Distorted Map" [*SR*, July 1], urges a reading of available source materials to help "sharpen us for the painful debate that must be sustained if we are to find our way out of the swamp. . . ." Unfortunately, a reading of source materials simply confirms the fact that the United States has made a mistake in its support of the Saigon government and the divided Vietnam. No one, to my knowledge, has successfully argued a contrary point of view. Thus the outcome of any "debate" is already clear, and the next step, long overdue, is a reversal of this country's position. Because politicians are almost genetically incapable of admitting an error, this step probably requires a change in Administration. Let's hope the GOP notices what could be a beautiful opening for them.

Once the United States admits the error and accepts the propaganda coup for the other side (which the other side is bound to overdo and thereby wind up looking silly), we can solve the problem of Vietnam. I would suggest doing this by relocating the loyal population there to an island somewhere off the coast that we either own or could buy. This has worked nicely in Formosa. We could protect the island easily and inexpensively. We could artificially create an economy for the people who decide to go there. We could, in fact, create a real and viable "South Vietnam." We could leave the other Vietnam to its own devices, which we should have done in the first place. Then we could rework our entire foreign policy, which we should have done ten years ago. All we have to do is admit we made a mistake.

PETER L. SANDBERG.

Needham, Mass.

Inflated Truism

NICHOLAS SAMSTAG'S review of Gerald Sykes's newest book [*SR*, June 24] is a fine pertinent analysis of *The Cool Millennium* itself. Sadly, it loses a great deal of its critical brilliance and relevance in a number of irrelevant, erroneous, and highly personal remarks and passages. I would agree that Mr. Sykes believes ideally in a society governed by an intellectual-militarist king, similar to that of Plato's *Republic*. Yet I do not see any valid basis whatever for Mr. Samstag's implication that Mr. Sykes regards himself as such a king: "Modesty prevents G. S. from providing . . . an answer [to the question who should rule]."

Between generally well-founded praise, Mr. Samstag includes a long, curious paragraph concerning a relatively unimportant section of Mr. Sykes's book dealing with questions one might ask himself as part of a personal (psycho)analysis. As Mr. Samstag puts it, the questions contained herein easily ". . . could become a parlor game." Yet Mr. Samstag undermines this truism with overemphasis as he goes on at great length about his hypothetical game. The real import of the section is lost as the reader justifiably finds himself assuming the playing and possible mastery of this game as the proper intent for, and result of, reading the book.

JOSEPH W. RENFIELD.

New York, N.Y.

Uncooperative with UNTSO?

I WAS SHOCKED TO SEE Eric Britter's malicious review of Major General von Horn's *Soldiering for Peace* [*SR*, June 24]. Von Horn *does not* imply that the Israelis killed Colonel Flint (see pages 93-94). After all, two Israelis were also killed during the incident, and it was clear they and the colonel were victims of firing from Jordan territory. What von Horn does say outright is that the Israelis could have avoided all this bloodshed if they had cooperated with UNTSO during this tense time instead of deliberately provoking an incident. And he explains the whole incident extensively. Therefore, von Horn's conclusions in the book about Flint do not conflict with his earlier report to the UN.

MRS. BILL BRADFORD.

Sacramento, Calif.

No Austrian

ALLOW ME TO POINT OUT two mistakes in Robert J. Clements's EUROPEAN LITERARY SCENE [*SR*, July 1]:

1) The correct spelling in German of the title of Günter Grass's new collection of poems, *Questions Asked*, is *Ausgefragt*.

2) Wolf Biermann, the author of the "Vietnam Epigrams," is not an Austrian at all. According to the new *Brockhaus Enzyklopädie*, Vol. 2, p. 710, "Wolf Biermann, writer and singer, was born in Hamburg in 1936, and has been living in the German Democratic Republic [i.e., in East Germany] since 1953."

FRANZ P. HABERL.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

To or Of?

IN CURT LEVIANT'S review of *The Bridal Canopy* [*SR*, Apr. 22] he quotes Maimonides in his "advice to his translator of *Guide to the Perplexed* in 1199." In the University of Chicago Press translation, 1963, the title reads *Guide of the Perplexed*. Which preposition is correct? Both?

ELIZABETH W. SAMSON.

Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Encyclopaedia Britannica lists the title as "Guide of the Perplexed"; Books in Print gives "Guide for the Perplexed." The Hebrew is "Guide Perplexed," utilizing the construct form, or genitive. Anybody know the Arabic, in which the original was written?*

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You Too Can Buy By Mail

NOT LONG ago our friend R. L. Plabb received in the mail what in the old days was called a circular, but in these affluent times is certified as a brochure. It urged him to buy a book called *Nine Ways to Skin the Cat*.

Now, Plabb didn't really hanker to know about cats, but there was something about the circular (pardon, brochure) that got to him. How could he resist the "ten-day free examination," the "credit O.K." stamped across the face of the order blank, the *dernier cri* of the copywriter, who made the book seem necessary after all? He didn't even have to sign his name; he just checked a little box. So the order went in, and Plabb waited for the book to arrive. It never did. And for a very good reason: *Nine Ways to Skin the Cat* had not been written.

"I call it one way to skin the customer," Plabb said.

Publishers don't like to talk about pretesting nonexistent books, and some of them scrupulously avoid the rather shadowy practice; but to the scientifically-minded market research people it is the first rule for discovering if an audience for a particular book exists. In the case of *Cat*, not enough people checked the little box. Plabb received a letter full of double talk to the effect that the offer had had to be withdrawn, etc. If cat-skinning had proved a more popular subject, Plabb would have gotten his book—about a year later.

Among the thorniest problems in publishing is knowing whether a given book will sell. Provided it is nonfiction, there is an answer: test it by mail. In the great majority of cases these will be titles that you would not ordinarily walk into a bookstore and ask for. Mail-order books are essentially those nobody wants. This is the second lesson in skinning the cat (or customer), and the third is like unto it: Mail-order books are sold, not purchased.

"It's our unpopular titles that we peddle by mail," an executive of a large New York City publisher told me. "Our successful books go through the stores."

Doubleday discovered this when it promoted Louis Nizer's best-selling *The Jury Returns* to a number of mail-order lists. The campaign flopped, the book having already reached its natural audience via the bookstores. On the other hand, the firm took a history of the Flying Fortress which had slumbered unnoticed on the display racks and turned it into its best mail seller of the year ("rush me a copy right away"). By assembling selected lists of aviation enthusiasts, Doubleday was able to get a precise fix on the book's real market. The fourth cat-skinning rule, therefore, is: corral your customers in advance and bombard them with offers.

The fifth principle is to take advantage of your leverage. The publisher has piqued the buyer's interest with a particular book which, as we noted, he probably would not have bought spontaneously. In the same package the publisher includes a number of other "stuffers" relating to books of similar interest. These come tumbling out, and, as the advertising people say, you get "exposure." This is the so-called "piggy-back" type of promotion that is widespread today. If the main bolt of lightning doesn't strike, by Jove, maybe one of the free loaders will. Doubleday may add as many as a dozen "extras" to its primary package; McGraw-Hill has been known to include up to twenty-five.

The latter company is typical of the trade publisher that works predominantly through bookstores but finds the mail-order market a happy hunting ground for additional sales. McGraw-Hill promotes from 100 to 125 new titles a year through its Business and Industrial Book Division, another 125 from its College and Technical divisions, plus 500 from its trade backlist. It maintains almost 100 house lists of book buyers and rents an equal number of outside lists. One of the company's divisions alone has mailed as many as five million pieces in a given year.

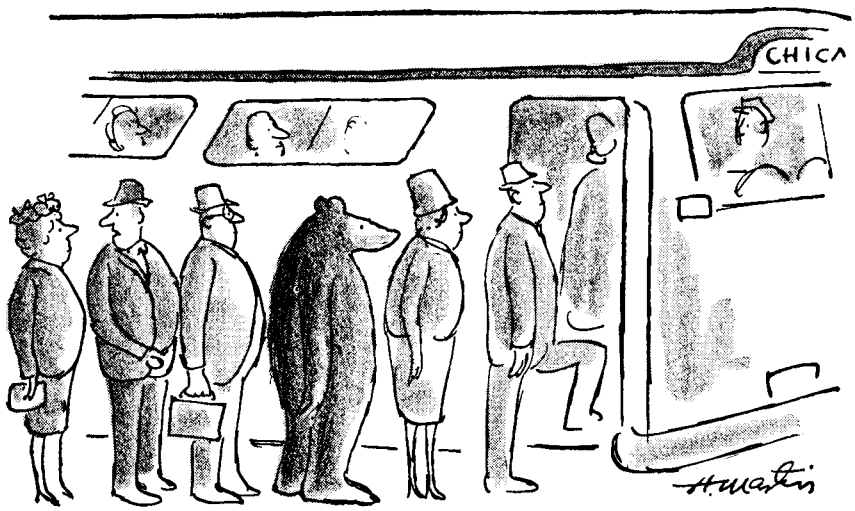
Cat-skinning dictum number six is that to make mail order pay, you've got to sell relatively expensive books; McGraw-Hill thinks a $10 price is about minimum to cover the high cost of promotion. (Principles number eight and nine contradict number six, but let's forget this for the moment.) Some offerings, such as the Dawn of Civilization series, go to $25; but most trade publishers work with the $10-and-up figure in mind. They offer installment terms (one-third down) and free examination ("unless you are completely satisfied. . . ."). About 15 per cent of mail buyers aren't completely satisfied—or have second thoughts—and return their books. Because of the extra work and expense involved in selling by mail, publishers generally write a clause into their authors' contracts decreasing royalties on all such sales by about a third.

"I call it one way to skin the author," Plabb contends.

To keep the bookstores happy, publishers will practice a form of continence: that is, they wait a year before going direct mail. (This is principle number seven.) An even happier compromise is to let the stores do the mailing with publishers providing the necessary stuffers. The store makes the profit, and the publisher keeps the owner's good will. Of the 2,500 bookstores in the country, some 600 regularly act as conduits for publishers, and this can be a sizable operation; down in Nashville the Cokesbury Bookstore (Methodist) recently mailed 90,000 brochures for the *Jerusalem Bible* (a Catholic translation).

The eighth method of removing the feline epidermis is the sale of books in series, and it is by far the most successful. The obstacle to profitable mail-order selling has always been the one-shot nature of a book; hence the necessity

(*Continued on page* 38)



"Everybody's got money to travel these days."

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Let Them Be Joys Forever

***Kauai: And the Park Country of Hawaii,** by Robert Wenkam (Sierra Club. 159 pp. $25), and **Glacier Bay: The Land and the Silence,** by Dave Bohn (Sierra Club. 165 pp. $25), plead the need to preserve by national park status beautiful but threatened areas in America's youngest states. Brooks Atkinson, a nature enthusiast and essayist, edited "Walden and Other Writings," by Henry David Thoreau.*

By BROOKS ATKINSON

HERE are two more of the Sierra Club's superb books of brilliant color photographs and texts about notable parts of the U.S. Robert Wenkam's *Kauai* celebrates the luxurious beauties of one of the Hawaiian islands, and Dave Bohn's *Glacier Bay* performs the same service for a bleak portion of northern Alaska.

Both areas need the protection of national park status, which is the primary motive for publishing these books. The Sierra Club is the most militant and effective conservation organization in America; and this series of sixteen "Exhibit-Format" books, as they are called, permanently enriches the literature about the splendors of our land. Today Glen Canyon on the Colorado River is drowned under water backed up from the dam built there amid an eruption of politics, greed, and promotion. But Eliot Porter's sensitive, imaginative photographs of the canyon remain in *The Place No One Knew,* which the Sierra Club published in 1963.

Since the photographs in the two new volumes are not only magnificent but also magnificently reproduced the reader can but stare at them with envy, hoping that nature is up to their standard. Some are especially voluptuous—the green foreground lifting into the deep blue of jagged peaks in Mr. Wenkam's book; the golden brown carpet of *dryas drumondii* in Mr. Bohn's. "Seductive" might be a good word to describe these photographs. No one can resist them, or wants to.

My admiration for this series remains as ardent as ever. On that basis I should like to make two comments. 1) A number of the photographs in these books as well as in their predecessors are like still-life pictures; they look precious. Mr. Wenkam's composition of leaves in Wainiba Stream and Mr. Bohn's pattern of alder leaves in Stump Cove lack momentum. Their values are technical. 2) The lyrical photographs of scenery need contrast; without it they lack perspective. In *Kauai* Mr. Wenkam persuasively pleads that this lovely island should have park status. His historical background and his current comments are creditable expressions of his enterprise and concern, but his argument is most vividly illustrated by three small photographs printed on the inside of the jacket—of a group of communications antennae that defaces a state park; a savagely eroded road cut into a hill, and a dump of cans, boxes, and trash on the shore of an inlet. The unrelieved photographs of scenery are so overwhelming that they drug the reader into assuming that there is no problem.

—*From "Glacier Bay."*

Riggs Glacier, 1966—"a pitiless climate and landscape."

MR. Bohn's book contains more variety. *Glacier Bay* is not only an exposition of the unyielding character of a remote land but a history of the mountains, glaciers, and bays; and history involves human beings. Although the earliest explorers—Alexis Tchirikov in 1741, and Captain Cook in 1778—cannot be pictured in the Alaskan environment, the third, Jean François de Galaup, comte de Lapérouse, there in 1786, appears in a 1790 engraving of a grisly boat disaster against a background of icy peaks.

As a chronicler of Glacier Bay Mr. Bohn has one creative asset. He is obsessed with everything about it. During a period of five years he covered most of it on foot or in a boat; and he luxuriated in the physical sensations of the North. "Outrageous desolation" is a phrase that expresses Bohn's admiration for a pitiless climate and landscape. "That damn wet, rainy damp country" becomes a form of praise. He has trudged over some of the country alone, carrying a pack of ninety pounds.

His infatuation with Glacier Bay involves admiration for the men and women who have lived there in rickety cabins; the photographs in his book include John Muir, in 1890, imposingly bearded; Jim Huscroft, the Cenotaph Island hermit who went to Juneau once a year in his small boat for mail and supplies; Joe and Muz Ibach, who lived on Lemesurier Island but built a gaunt cabin in Reid Inlet, where they lived in isolation during the summer. Since there was no topsoil on the beach Mrs. Ibach took enough in potato sacks from Lemesurier Island to plant a garden and three spruce trees, which remain. In Mr. Bohn's gallery are pictures of other men, two small coasting vessels, a rotted dory, the ruins of deserted cabins. They provide human contrasts against the soaring thrust of the mountains and glaciers.

LITERARY content has been the weak element in most of the Exhibit-Format Series. This is not true of *Glacier Bay,* which has a deserved index. Mr. Bohn's enthusiasm, knowledge, and strength result in a pungent adventure story that is also a history and panegyric.

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Describing the Indescribable

Mind: An Essay on Human Feeling, Vol. I, *by Susanne K. Langer (Johns Hopkins. 487 pp. $10), comprising the first three parts of the author's presentation of a new philosophical system, is concerned primarily with the nature of art. Sir Herbert Read's books include "The Origin of Symbols in Art."*

By HERBERT READ

TWENTY-FIVE years ago Susanne Langer published a remarkable book called *Philosophy in a New Key.* The "new key" in philosophy was the work of art, conceived as a symbol of feeling. The author's first purpose, which was only achieved in a second book, *Feeling and Form* (1953), was to define the nature and function of the work of art, and this led to a wholly new theory of art or esthetics.

But her final purpose, which begins with the publication of the present volume, is metaphysical: she has the ambition to present a new philosophical system. Previous systems she finds inadequate because they lack suitable images to describe the phenomena on which an adequate philosophy must be based—the "objects" of biology and psychology. Mrs. Langer claims to have discovered that works of art provide such descriptive images, so she proceeds to construct "a biological theory of feeling that should logically lead to an adequate concept of mind, with all that the possession of mind implies." This magnum opus will be presented in six parts: "Problems and Principles," "The Import of Art," "*Natura Naturans,*" "The Great Shift," "The Moral Structure," and "On Knowledge and Truth." The present volume includes the first three parts.

The reviewer, therefore, is at a disadvantage in that he is reviewing a work in progress. Final judgment must be suspended, but meanwhile there are many aspects of the work that invite his comment.

Mrs. Langer's theory of art, as already presented in her previous books, is one I personally find acceptable. I will go further and say that it is to the best of my knowledge the only completely adequate theory of art at present available. It embodies, whether consciously or by chance, all the most valuable insights into the nature of the work of art that are to be found, not only in Ernst Cassirer, the philosopher to whom Mrs. Langer acknowledges a great debt, but also in such perceptive writers on art as Konrad Fiedler, Gustaf Britsch, Rudolf Arnheim, T. S. Eliot, Henri Focillon, Pierre Francastel, Paul Klee, Max Raphael, Schoenberg, and Stravinsky. Apart from any other aspect of the present undertaking, it is an illuminating guide through the jungle of modern esthetics.

Mrs. Langer's first task is to define "feeling," for her exposition depends on this basic term. Psychology has not been of much help to philosophers of art in this respect. Feeling has been confused with sensation and emotion, which are separable as the objective and subjective aspects of feeling. The odd thing is that though feeling, "as sensory stimulus or inward tension, pain, emotion or intent, is the mark of mentality," and although we feel all the changes that take place in ourselves and in the world about us, and all such changes are physically describable, yet feeling itself is not describable and this presents "a genuine philosophical challenge," which challenge Mrs. Langer takes up in this volume.

HER general hypothesis is that the only people who can describe feeling are artists, and this they do by creative forms that express the nature of feeling. "Artistic form is always the form of felt life, whether of impression, emotion, overt action, thought, dream, or even obscure organic processes rising to a high level and going into psychological phase, perhaps acutely, perhaps barely and vaguely."

But (and at this point the scientist may feel that Mrs. Langer is cheating) the process of creating and perceiving artistic form is not systematic and cannot be manipulated according to any rule. "It is intuitive, immediate, and its deliverances are ineffable. That is why no amount of artistic perceptiveness ever leads to scientific knowledge of the reality expressed, which is the life of feeling. What it gives us is always and only an image."

Artistic expression, in Cassirer's words, is essentially nondiscursive. Nevertheless, the work of art is (or should be) an exact and carefully articulated symbol, consisting of images projected by the artist to convey the movement of emotive and perceptive processes. Its "semblance" of the feeling is so direct that it tells us what feeling is like: the image is there for direct perception and contemplation, and presents the structure of the feeling "with a degree of precision and detail beyond anything that direct introspection can yield."

MRS. Langer has much to say about projection, and much is needed to be said; for apart from Cassirer the epistemology of the process has been totally neglected by philosophers. Mrs. Langer advances beyond Cassirer (who dealt almost exclusively with the symbolic language of myth and religion) to show the infinite variety and utility of the symbols of art—every work of art being, as she demonstrates, a new and, normally, entire expressive form. She tends to apply an almost ethical code of validity to works of art, writing at one point of "true" works of art (those that project a personal mode of feeling), and distinguishing them from inferior types, such as folk art. Even Chinese calligraphy, to which the Chinese themselves attach such profound artistic import, is allowed only "elementary expressive powers."

Behind this distinction lies a unitary conception of art which in my opinion does not always fit the facts. Since art is by definition an expression of conceived feeling, it must, according to Mrs. Langer's theory, always be "more than vital expression" (in any abstract or "dehumanized" sense); it must be the expression of the artist's personal conception of the ways of feeling. Even if the artist accepts a traditional style he must—if he is to be a "true" artist—"seek to express new and personal conceptions of inward life."

This would exclude from the realm of art not only certain hierarchic and impersonal types (such as Egyptian sculpture) but every kind of functional art—the architecture of Mies van der Rohe, for example, or most contemporary industrial art. I suspect that it would also exclude the severer types of modern abstract art, such as the constructions of Naum Gabo. With great daring (for Mrs. Langer is expert in the field, of which I have no knowledge or experience) I would say that it would exclude certain types of modern music. "Do we not, in truth [demands Stravinsky], ask the impossible of music when we expect it to express feelings, to translate dramatic situations, even to imitate nature?" It would be absurd, of course, to maintain that Stravinsky's compositions are not symbolic of feeling; but the correlative of feeling, as Eliot wrote, and as Stravinsky says, is "objective," and though as such it may

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be an exact image of the artist's own feeling, the feeling it communicates is not necessarily identical.

Indeed, as Mrs. Langer admits, "since the perception of import is intuitive . . . some other import, incidentally presented, may eclipse the intended one for a differently disposed mind." She evades this considerable difficulty by suggesting that "the incidentally articulated reality may even be the greater and more vital one. It may stem from the limbo of the artist's unavowed knowledge . . ." But equally it may be a smaller and less vital, but more personal, reality. Which, then, is the "true" work of art? Presumably a criterion will emerge as Mrs. Langer advances in her great work; but so far we are left with the somewhat uneasy feeling that the language of symbolic forms is ambiguous.

Mrs. Langer admits that the emotions objectified in the greatest works of art are in some sense suprapersonal: "But what shall we call the emotions in *Medea* or a hundred other works of art? We . . . do not put or read into them some petty emotion we ourselves have expressed and can readily name. Rather we learn from them what an emotional reality of greatest stretch can be . . . Or the calm, the spirit of eternal rest, that comes to birth in an Egyptian statue or a Mayan head—such are the emotions unnamed perhaps, but expressible and realizable in art. Those, *and not personal emotional excitements*, are what great artists give" (my italics).

So far in her work Mrs. Langer has ignored Jung's hypothesis of the archetypal image—the image that is neither personal nor emotional, but a racial memory, a pattern into which our creative imagination effortlessly falls. Perhaps she would reject such a hypothesis, but I feel that it would explain those emotions, unnamed but expressible and realizable in art, of which Ivy Campbell-Fisher writes.

But are they "emotions"? I suspect that "the intuition of highest import," which is Mrs. Langer's phrase for the process that leads to the creation of works like *Medea* or *Lear*, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, or Michelangelo's *Moses*, are direct intuitions of archetypal images. Maybe access to such images only comes to artists who have served a long apprenticeship in the projection of their personal feelings into works of art. Mrs. Langer herself suggests that "it takes some analytic effort to distinguish between an emotion directly felt and one that is contemplated and imaginatively grasped."

It is a distinction that should be reflected more clearly in her theory of art, and no doubt will be as her work proceeds. For with this book we are only on the threshold of her edifice.

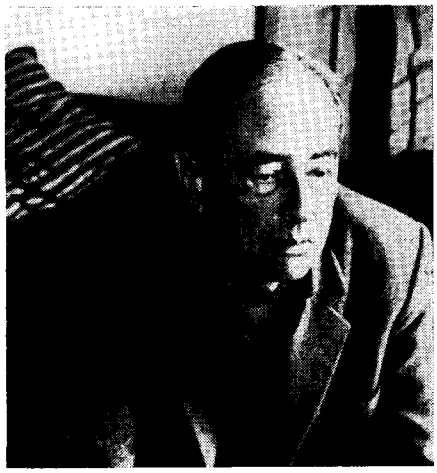
Tyranny of Form That Deforms

Ferdydurke, *by Witold Gombrowicz, translated from the Polish by Eric Mosbacher (Grove. 272 pp. $5), and* ***Pornografia,*** *by Witold Gombrowicz, translated from the French by Alastair Hamilton (Grove. 191 pp. $5), intellectualize about the mask imposed on the persona by society, and the necessity to liberate the self from it. Harold B. Segel is associate professor of Slavic literatures at Columbia University, and author of "The Literature of Eighteenth-Century Russia," published in May.*

By HAROLD B. SEGEL

THE OUTSTANDING literary review in Poland between the two world wars was the Warsaw monthly *Skamander*, edited by Mieczyslaw Grydzewski. Many of the major literary talents of the time were represented in it: Antoni Slonimski, Jaroslaw Iwaszkiewicz, Julian Tuwim, Mieczyslaw Jastrun, Maria Jasnorzewska-Pawlikowska, and Witold Gombrowicz. The contributing poets constituted the most prominent poetic school in interwar Poland, named, appropriately, the *Skamander* group.

The May-June 1938 issue of *Skamander* carried acts one and two of Gombrowicz's best play, *Yvonne, Princess of Burgundy*; the July-August number, the third and fourth acts, and a seven-page critique by Bruno Schulz of *Ferdydurke*, which had appeared the previous year. Schulz, a writer as unusual and striking as Gombrowicz himself, was the author of the Kafkaesque collection of short stories entitled in English *Cinnamon Shops*.



—*Bogdan Paczowski.*

Witold Gombrowicz—"the fit of the mask can be loosened."

His analysis of the novel, which has attracted considerable interest in the West, merits a second glance if only because Gombrowicz himself recalls the article in his *Diary* for 1957. When *Ferdydurke* burst on the Polish literary scene of 1937 it was new and daring; most readers and critics lost no time in dismissing the novel as the ravings of a madman, just as they had scorned the plays of the multifaceted dramatist with whom Gombrowicz has so much in common, Stanislaw Ignacy Witkiewicz ("Witkacy"). However, two decades later, when the book was reissued, the Polish critics insisted on reading *Ferdydurke* either as a socio-political satire or a work original ultimately only on the level of language. Schulz isolated the core of its intellectual substance: Everyman's necessary struggle with form, with style, with mask; his necessary effort to liberate his essential self in all its unshaped, imperfect, tumultuous concreteness from the perfect artificiality of form.

GOMBROWICZ, as Schulz rightly observed, sees all men as formed or styled by other men, either collectively or singly. This is to say, each man carries a form "fitted" to him, like an article of dress. The system of forms becomes the bonds holding a society or culture together. Men know each other only by these forms, which conceal the realities beneath. Worse still, they deform men and render them "unauthentic." The gap, the disparity between the individuality struggling for release from its subcultural existence and the outer mask on which social communication is based, creates a state of tension. Man is thus in conflict with himself. Because he cannot hope to conquer in the struggle with form, because his effort in the contest is doomed to failure, the fight is the tragedy of futile revolt. Yet man ever strives—indeed must strive—to end the tyranny of form that deforms him.

Man, suggests Gombrowicz, must rediscover his "pre-form" state, which is, of course, the incompleteness and green immaturity of youth. In youth, before the triumph of form, the individual is closer to the reality of his own essence, groping yet dynamic. On the path to maturity, and thus the path to form, he

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leaves behind the naïveté and "nakedness" of his nonmaturity; the deformation worked by form is counteracted by the return along the same path to the formlessness of immaturity. In the final analysis, man cannot really hope to vanquish form, but through rejuvenescence the fit of the mask can be loosened. Gombrowicz states the view quite unequivocally in *Ferdydurke*:

> Try to set yourself against form, try to shake free of it. Cease to identify yourself with that which defines you. Try to escape from all expression of yourself. Mistrust your opinions. Mistrust your beliefs, and defend yourself against your feelings. Withdraw from what you seem to be from outside, and flee from all externalization just as the bird flees from the snake.

Gombrowicz's two novels *Ferdydurke* and *Pornografia* revolve around such ideas. The second originally appeared in 1960 in the Polish émigré journal *Kultura*, published in Paris. The novels are "difficult" in the sense that they are intellectual, and the concepts for which they are vehicles are not immediately accessible. The fictional element is relatively minor in importance, particularly in the earlier work. From the standpoint of plot the novels are static. Practically all of *Ferdydurke* is played out in a school and on a country estate. After an initial café scene in Warsaw, *Pornografia* is set in the Polish countryside; though the year is 1943, the war and occupation are not significant. Characters are puppets in the drama of ideas; they are, to view them in Gombrowicz's terms, just forms.

In *Ferdydurke* only one character truly comes to the surface: the narrator, a thirty-year-old man who dreams he has become fifteen or sixteen years old. He recalls his youthful (literary) preparation for entry into maturity and then finds himself through a grotesque distortion treated once again as an adolescent and forced into a school- and playmate-routine of youth, against which he gradually loses his desire to rebel.

Apart from utilizing the return-to-youth device to dramatize his ideas about form and the ebullient sensation of freedom the antimature flight from form brings, Gombrowicz also employs the device to satirize hypocritical, outmoded conventions and attitudes of his own time and place and the bankruptcy of traditional myths of history and nation. We can better understand the novelty *Ferdydurke* was when first published, and the controversy that swirled about it, if we remember that the novel saw the light of day in a staunchly Catholic state which was dominated in the interwar period (after 120 years of servitude) by the dictatorship of Marshal Joseph Pilsudski and threatened in the East by Bolshevism, in the West by Nazism, and internally by the emergence of domestic Fascism. Thirty years later *Ferdydurke* is no longer a novelty, no longer sensational, no longer a subject for controversy. Yet it is still provocative reading and, in the more obvious satirical passages, even delightful. You probably expect to hear this at this juncture, but, yes, the novel *does* lose much in translation.

Pornografia (in case of doubt, the Polish for "pornography") is a logical extension of *Ferdydurke*. Here more characters are center-stage: the jaded, middle-aged, urban intellectuals Frederick and the narrator, Witold (Gombrowicz?), the adolescents Karol and Henia, and Henia's fiancé, Albert. Others do not matter much. *Pornografia* demonstrates what Gombrowicz speaks of in his *Diary* for 1960 as Fulfillment by Unfulfillment. The idea is fairly simple. At the end of the maturing process man loses the green, unfulfilled immaturity of adolescence. He is enslaved by the form others foist on him and by which they then know him, the form to which he must himself adapt. But for the sake of his own completeness, his own ultimate fulfillment as a man, he must rejuvenate himself by wedding the fresh innocence and naïveté of immaturity to the form-bound selflessness of maturity.

MORE conventional in structure than *Ferdydurke*, and simpler, its idiom far less sensational in the original, *Pornografia* explores the interaction of youth and maturity. Two Warsaw intellectuals find themselves gradually but almost hypnotically drawn into the subtle uncrystallized "raw" eroticism of two adolescents. As the adolescents function as an agency of self-discovery for the mature men, the latter become the instrument of self-realization for the adolescents—the preparation, as it were, for their own entry into adulthood. The electric sensuality of the adolescents is formed, given shape by the adults, and each corrupts the other in his own special way. The reader who expects Gombrowicz's novel to live up to its title in any usual sense is in for a disappointment; but if he allows himself to be carried along by the spirit of the work he will find himself exploring with Gombrowicz a more profound realm of the voluptuous and perverse.

Of the two novels, *Pornografia* is the more satisfying literary and emotional experience. Gombrowicz has abandoned the expansiveness of *Ferdydurke* for a lean, spare structure and a surer rhythm. Instead of detracting from the impact of the work, the simpler language and more conventional novelistic shell only heighten its drama. For all its brilliance and humor, *Ferdydurke* still exudes too much of the self-titillating mockery of 1937. It is half the circle of rejuvenescence, of the obliteration of form. With *Pornografia*, Gombrowicz has completed the circle, the reconstitution of maturity and with it the reconciliation with form. No wonder the reader can join in the burst of laughter that closes the novel.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

DICKS

In fiction it takes two to solve a mystery or track down a criminal: the author and the detective. Jean Braufman of Wantagh, N.Y., lists here a number of professional and amateur detectives whom she desires you to link with the right story and author. They can all be spotted on page 37.

Inspector Alan Grant ( )	1. *The Moonstone*	a) John Creasey
"Grave Digger" Jones ( )	2. *Policeman's Dread*	b) Agatha Christie
Lord Peter Wimsey ( )	3. *Murder in the Calais Coach*	c) Dashiell Hammett
Miss Pinkerton ( )	4. *Whose Body?*	d) Edgar Allan Poe
"Handsome" Roger West ( )	5. *The Gold Bug*	e) Josephine Tey
Hercule Poirot ( )	6. *The Real Cool Killers*	f) Dorothy L. Sayers
William Legrand ( )	7. *The Secret*	g) Wilkie Collins
Sam Spade ( )	8. *The Daughter of Time*	h) Chester Himes
Sergeant Cuff ( )	9. *The Maltese Falcon*	i) Mary Roberts Rinehart

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End of Nearly Everything

***Report from the Red Windmill,** by Hiram Haydn (Harcourt, Brace & World. 312 pp. $5.95), envisions hell on four levels, the most frightful of which is in charge of Satan's Satan—a technocrat and cybernetician. Gerald Kersh is the author of "The Angel and the Cuckoo."*

By GERALD KERSH

THOSE who observe trends in the book-selling business will have remarked that we are in for a hard spell of black humor, black magic, and far-out black allegory in general. Within three months, for example, there have appeared two works of fiction, one by Richard Bankowsky and one by Donald Barthelme, both ringing acid-head changes on the theme of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. The Barthelme fragment having been taken up by *The New Yorker*, intermittent flurries of parabolic whimsy are forecast for the suburbs.

With the Allegory, the Parable, and the Mystery, God and the Devil will be back in, too.

In *The Pale Criminals* Bankowsky has seen Satan in the form of a deaf-mute infant prodigy begotten in incest, presiding at a cabinet meeting of Cosa Nostra. Ira Levin observed him, again—*c.f.*, *Rosemary's Baby*—in a Stanford White apartment house as a baby newly born complete with tiny hoofs and budding horns. Now comes Hiram Haydn, with *Report from the Red Windmill.*

And when, in due course, some student of curiosa turns over the mass of stuff that the vogue for this kind of thing will have brought into being, Hiram Haydn will be acknowledged master of the genre, and *Report from the Red Windmill* an archetype.

For here is what the blurb-writers might have called "Black Brilliance": it strikes with a kind of anti-illuminative dazzle such as is imagined rather than seen in that micro-second before the eye adjusts in the instant when the fuse blows, and has something of the shock-effect of a short-circuit.

It is a novel about the end of practically everything.

Martin, a statistician, leaving his wife and family, boards a bus and goes in search of his brother, whom he has wronged. At the end of the line he gets off and is directed to The Motel—not a motel; *The* Motel, a place of changing dimensions, run by the mother of witches. Here he meets a tired little old gentleman who says that such a man as the one Martin seeks may, perhaps, be found at the Red Windmill—not a night-club, exactly; not a brothel, quite . . . In point of fact, the Red Windmill is Hell and, since the little old gentleman offers his services as a guide in Hell, Martin calls him Virgil. But "Virgil" is Satan, and Hell has grown so dreadful that even he (like Kipling's Devil in "Tomlinson") scarce dare go in.

The First Level, where people whirl on a carrousel, committed to heterosexual pleasure, gluttony, and drunkenness, isn't so bad. The Second Level, where scabby nurses keep order in a species of sanitarium, is very bad. The Lower Level, the Slums of Hell, is horrible, for here the Proletariat of the Damned are sent to destroy themselves obscenely in utter loneliness, each in his solitary cell whose walls are of shadow.

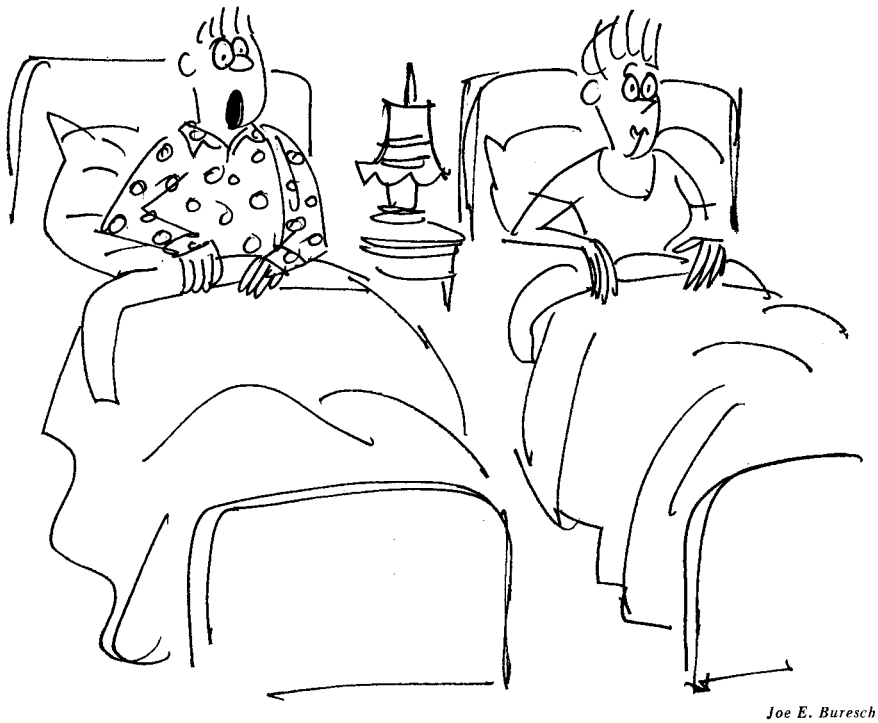
But the Third Level (the topmost one) is unendurably frightful. Here a creature who might be Satan's Satan has taken charge. The kind, weary, old-fashioned Devil, after all, was nothing more than a pragmatist, in the last analysis; God's severest critic. The fiend of the Third Level, III-1, is a technocrat, a cybernetician, who has created a chromium monster, III-Super-1. Here, on this Level, where all the winds of the world spin the sails of the Windmill, are penned cross-bred monsters—moose-headed men, cat headed spiders, bird-clawed anteaters, things out of Hieronymus Bosch.

There is always God. He is present in the person of the Duke, Master, or Creator, a mighty but touchy-tempered and capricious old man. He, too, has made a being out of metal, one named Mortimer, free of that built-in miscalculation that has helped make Martin imperfect: unlike III-Super-1, who is brutally male and equipped with sex organs of steel, Mortimer is caponized, but circuited to take over the Universe as a benign creator of machines in his own image—when Martin pushes three buttons in a given order. The end comes horribly, after the Master has left this world, accompanied by a red-headed super-wanton, to found a different universe in another place.

The story unwinds from a recording capsule which the Creator hung about Martin's neck to serve as a conscience.

The Epilogue is by Mortimer. He is alone—or is he? He thinks he hears the voices of children, and of a poet whom he once knew, and of dolphins and wild geese.

All of which extravagancies are nothing beside the really outrageous fact that, as Hiran Haydn tells the story, it comes out preposterously plausible. And this, to say nothing of the very high quality of his writing, distinguishes the author as a phenomenally good storyteller.



Joe E. Buresch

"You left your toothbrush running again!"

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Rapture in Little Girls' Room

Thérèse and Isabelle, *by Violette Leduc, translated from the French by Derek Coltman (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 114 pp. $4), details a Lesbian idyl in a French boarding school. Henri Peyre's most recent book is "French Novelists of Today."*

By HENRI PEYRE

IN AN anthology of Lesbian literature this little book would occupy a choice place. It would be difficult to be more frank than Violette Leduc is here without lapsing into mere pornography.

It would also be difficult to be more romantic. This presents another face of French writing in the 1960s than the austere new novel and the neopositivism of the structuralists. Passionate exclamations, rapturous adjectives, unoriginal comparisons of the embracing girls with fragrant breezes or caressing waves punctuate the halting dialogue of the two school boarders in their one bed. How much more effective would a little simplicity and a little suggestiveness have been, and some coy resistance before the yielding to an intoxication that reeks of literature! A sculptor molding this couple, a Courbet or a Renoir painting their entwined bodies, would have enjoyed the advantage of evocative silence. Perhaps in those very particular liaisons also the brutal injunction of John Donne should be uttered by one of the partners: "For God's sake, hold your tongue, and let me love!"

Mme. Leduc, however, adores words. That was already obvious in *La Bâtarde,* from which this fragment apparently was cut out, as too crude perhaps, or as a gratuitous and repetitious episode. But there were events in *La Bâtarde,* a number of characters (and the males more fascinating than the Lesbian lovers), a mounting tension, sketches of provincial families and of life in half-starved France during the war years. That novel stands as one of the richest among those which a flock of women novelists has produced in French since 1940. Here the sole action is that of lips kissing (and talking), of legs and arms imprisoning other legs and bodies, of hands fumbling to titillate.

The opening scene is in the lavatory of a school somewhere in France. "The odor was a backdrop awaiting our meeting," notes Thérèse. Isabelle enters, "bringing the invigorating breath of the North Sea." In the narrow and smelly prison, excited by the crumpling of underclothes and the more sonorous noises emanating from the next lavatory where another girl is relieving herself, the two amorous teen-agers enjoy their raptures and interpret them in interrogations and exclamations: "Why wasn't I the weeping locks of a willow tree beneath her hand as it struck my hair?" Or: "She was melting my ankles and knees into delicious decay . . . I was running with the same liquid sweetness" (as that of a fruit, presumably).

The concealment, the suspicions of the mistress who sleeps in the same dormitory, the burning reality of the encounters contrasting with the unsubstantial courses in cosmography and "morals" (*la morale*) through which they sit, enhance their impatient desires. At night they furtively visit each other's cubicles. "We fanned one another with our caresses and blew sea breezes into patterns on our flesh." The precise details of those intimate caresses are not spared us, along with such graceful comments as: "Soon I would be vomiting out the sweets of her orgasm."

Once they venture outside the school and summon up enough audacity to rent a room in a shabby inn. They tear each other's clothes, look at their feverish bodies in the mirror. "I was a violinist caressing a bow, and the mirror let me watch what I was doing," is one of the banalities Thérèse utters. She is alert to the shivers of her flesh, but too ready to swoon into paroxysms of delight to analyze either her pleasure or her fears. "My legs weakened in their paradise. My calves were ripening, now that they had drunk their fill . . . I crumbled from bliss to bliss until I was all dust."

To dust the book might well return. It is unworthy of Mme. Leduc's talent, which, at other moments, has been great. At fifty-nine, she might have refrained from publishing such a thin tale of girlish bliss in which there is neither psychology nor drama—only a desperate female attempt to rival the male homosexuals who have lately had it too easy in filling volumes with their new normality. One closes the *récit* wishing to pity the two heroines with the concluding lines of Baudelaire's grandiose poem on similarly "damned women": *"Faites votre destin, âmes désordonnées, /Et fuyez l'infini que vous portez en vous!"* ("Make your own destiny, disordered souls, and flee the infinite which you carry in yourselves.")

Fertile World

Continued from page 29

historical novels, he affectionately salvages some wonderful Elizabethan words. He takes pleasure in using Greek and Latin compounds, sometimes of his own coining, for humorous effect: "To cheers and a drum-roll, the Greek belly dancer cheesed in, ochreous, steatopygous, dendrosomatic." In *The Wanting Seed* we find *bathcolous, gnatfritinancy, gulosity,* and *formicate.* (This last, by the way, is a perfectly good word, though it is not in the *Random House Dictionary.*) In *A Clockwork Orange,* as I have noted, he invents a teen-age language, which includes a large number of words derived from Russian. (The Ballantine edition contains a helpful glossary worked out by Stanley Edgar Hyman.)

In the essay to which I have referred Burgess expressed some misgivings about his seventeenth novel: would he start repeating himself? The novelist, he says, must always try to do something different. "One can understand Joyce's position very well," he writes. "In *Ulysses* he had used up the resources of orthodox language, not only in the fabrication of portmanteau words, pastiche, mimicry and mockery, but also in the exact notation of action and speech. What could his next book be except a new limitation or a tame repetition unless he broke language up and recast it?" (Out of his warm feeling for Joyce, Burgess has written a first-rate introduction to his writings, *Re Joyce,* also available in a Ballantine paperback edition.)

"The writer experiments because he is bored," Burgess says, but he understands that experiment for experiment's sake may be dangerous. "Nabokov's *Pale Fire* is a little tedious to read, but it must have been very exciting to write." Some of the young experimentalists, he goes on, know all of Joyce's tricks, but they are incapable of creating a Leopold Bloom or a Stephen Dedalus. I am afraid that Burgess has created no characters memorable in the way that Bloom and Dedalus are, and that sometimes his love of tricks overpowers him. But there is evidence in these Ballantine books that he has a lively mind, a merciless gift for satire, stylistic originality of an extraordinary range, and a creative drive without parallel in our time. I shall read his seventeenth novel, when it comes my way, and his eighteenth and his nineteenth, sure that I shall be surprised and hoping that I shall be even better rewarded than I have been thus far.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

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From Bogotá to B. A.

Journeys Across the Pampas and Among the Andes, *by Francis Bond Head, edited by C. Harvey Gardiner (Southern Illinois. 174 pp. $7.50), and* ***New Granada: Twenty Months in the Andes,*** *by Isaac F. Holton, edited by C. Harvey Gardiner (Southern Illinois. 223 pp. $7.50), make available two nineteenth-century travel books that have served as source material for later historians. James Nelson Goodsell is Latin America editor of The Christian Science Monitor.*

By JAMES NELSON GOODSELL

THESE two small books bear out Seneca's ancient dictum that "every change of scene is a delight." Each in its own way is a sparkling combination of keen observation, fascinating description, and engaging comment about Argentina and Chile on the one hand and Colombia on the other. Written more than a century ago, both books fall into that group of unhurried nineteenth-century travel accounts which continue to fascinate and amuse the modern reader. Both are as fresh today as when they were written, even if some of the scenes have changed and some of the practices have altered.

Francis Bond Head's *Journeys Across the Pampas and Among the Andes* is easily the better of the two. As an English resident of the Argentine in the 1820s, Head crossed and recrossed the endless pampa four times during a tenure as a mining supervisor. He was obviously enchanted with the region. "The country has no striking features," he admitted, "but it possesses, like all the works of nature, ten thousand beauties. It has all the grandeur and magnificence of space, and I found that the oftener I crossed it, the more charms I discovered in it."

On the other hand, Buenos Aires was "far from being an agreeable residence for those who are accustomed to English comforts," and Head devoted only scant attention to the then small but increasingly important commercial port through which the commerce of the pampa passed. Some of Head's critics have noted this niggardly treatment of the city and taken him to task for devoting so much space to the pampa. But, after all, this was his interest. He was an excellent horseman and fitted easily into the life of the gaucho on the treeless plains that stretched for a thousand miles out from Buenos Aires.

> The coarse grass is its sole produce, and in the summer when it is high, it is beautiful to see the effect which the wind has in passing over this wild expanse of waving grass; the shades between the brown and yellow are beautiful—the scene is placid beyond description—no habitation nor human being is to be seen, unless occasionally the wild and picturesque outline of the gaucho on the horizon—his scarlet poncho streaming horizontally behind him . . . as he bends forward towards his prey, his horse straining every nerve; before him is the ostrich he is pursuing, the distance between them gradually diminishing—his neck stretched out, and striding over the ground in the most magnificent style—but the latter is soon lost in the distance, and the gaucho's horse is often below the horizon, while his head shows that the chase is not yet decided.

It is description such as this that has served for more than 100 years as source material for Argentines writing of the life and history of their nation. As C. Harvey Gardiner notes in his introduction to this new edition of Head's classic, "Head is the significant recorder of social history, a traveler whose eyewitness account salvages for posterity a memorable segment of the Argentine past."

If Isaac F. Horton's *New Granada: Twenty Months in the Andes* lacks the brilliance seen in Head's varied descriptions of the pampa, it is no less solid a book for its steady characterization of what is now Colombia—Bogotá, then as now a capital city with cultural pretensions as the Athens of the New World; the rugged and convoluted Andes Mountains; the Magdalena River, and the rest.

Trained as a botanist, Holton went to New Granada in the 1850s—and, like Head in Argentina thirty years earlier, found himself more at ease in the countryside than in the cities. Yet Holton wrote at length about the towns and tried to be fair in his appraisals. He began his chapter on Bogotá by noting that "the normal way of living here is to hire a house or a 'habitation,' and either eat at a fonda, have your meals sent in to you from a fonda, or hire a cook. This last implies either that you also go to market and have your provisions stolen at home, or send your cook to market to steal your money. This last is preferable, if the cook be not insatiable; but an alternation of evils is always better than the long continuance of the same, so you should at least make a part of your purchases."

Holton's book is full of advice for the traveler, along with able descriptions of what he saw and experienced during his two years in New Granada. In some ways, it is a much more rounded picture of the country than Head's heavy dose of pampa and countryside descriptions.

Interestingly, both Head and Holton had long and prosperous careers after writing their books: Head, for example, went on to become lieutenant governor of Upper Canada, where he quelled a controversial insurrection; Holton took up a journalistic career in New England. They both wrote extensively afterwards, but neither was able to achieve the singular success of these earlier works written in their youth.

The two books are the latest of a series of reprints on travel in Latin America being released by Southern Illinois University Press under the direction of C. Harvey Gardiner, research professor of Latin American history at the university. If the publishers are able to keep up the quality of the first six volumes, the series should have a useful place in the current flurry of Latin American reissues.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 8e, 6h, 4f, 7i, 2a, 3b, 5d, 9c, 1g.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

THE KESSLER LEGACY. By Richard Martin Stern. Scribners. $4.95.

THE LONG PURSUIT. By Jon Cleary. Morrow. $4.50.

Current Affairs

ABUSE OF POWER. By Theodore Draper. Viking. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

FIRE AND MOVEMENT: Bargain-Basement Warfare in the Far East. By Jac Weller. Crowell. $6.95.

THE WATER CRISIS. By Senator Frank E. Moss. Praeger. $5.95.

Fiction

A CITY FOR ST. FRANCIS. By Evelyn Wells. Doubleday. $5.95.

GRINGOS AND OTHER STORIES. By Michael Rumaker. Grove. $3.95.

I WANT A BLACK DOLL. By Frank Hercules. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

A NIGHT OF WATCHING. By Elliott Arnold. Scribners. $5.95.

PILGRIMAGE. By Dorothy Richardson. Knopf. Four vols., $30. (Reissue.)

THE SCAPEGOAT. By August Strindberg. Eriksson. $4.50.

THE SPARROW'S FALL. By Fred Bodworth. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE $300 MAN. By John Sanford. Prentice-Hall. $4.95.

History

THE ALEXIAD OF THE PRINCESS ANNA COMNENA. Translated by Elizabeth A. S. Dawes. Barnes & Noble. $8.50.

THE AMERICAN MIND IN THE MID-NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Irving H. Bartlett. Crowell. $4.95.

ENLIGHTENED DESPOTISM. By John G. Gagliardo. Crowell. $3.95.

THE INCOMPARABLE CRIME: Mass Extermination in the Twentieth Century; The Legacy of Guilt. By Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel. Putnam. $5.95.

YEARS OF PROTEST: A Collection of American Writings of the 1930s. Edited by Jack Salzman and Barry Wallenstein. Pegasus. $7.50.

Literary History, Criticism

THE ART OF SINCLAIR LEWIS. By D. J. Dooley. Univ. of Nebraska Press. $5.50.

LITERARY ANECDOTES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By John Nichols. Edited by Colin Clair. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $19.50.

SAMUEL BECKETT'S ART. By John Fletcher. Barnes & Noble. $4.50.

Miscellany

THREE ESSAYS ON THUCYDIDES. By John Finley. Harvard. $3.95.

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD'S GREAT TRIALS: From Socrates to Eichmann. By Brandt Aymar and Edward Sagarin. Crown. $10.

Personal History

BLASTING AND BOMBARDIERING. By Wyndham Lewis. Univ of California Press. $7.50. (Second revised edition.)

DAN BANA: The Memoirs of a Nigerian Official. By Stanhope White. Heineman. $5.50.

THE EMPEROR'S LAST SOLDIERS. By Ito Masashi. Coward-McCann. $4.95.

MEXICAN REBEL: Pascual Orozco and the Mexican Revolution 1910-1915. By Michael C. Meyer. Univ of Nebraska Press. $5.50.

VAN DORN: The Life and Times of a Confederate General. By Robert G. Hartje. Vanderbilt. $8.95.

Philosophy, Religion

THE ART OF THE SOLUBLE. By P. B. Medawar, F.R.S. Barnes & Noble. $4.50.

BITTERSWEET GRACE: A Treasury of Religious Satire. Edited by Walter D. Wagoner. World. $4.95.

THE PHENOMENOLOGY OF THE SOCIAL WORLD. By Alfred Schutz. Northwestern Univ. Press. $10.

THE PHENOMENOLOGY OF WILLING AND MOTIVATION: And Other Phenomenologica. By Alexander Pfänder. Northwestern Univ. Press. $7.50.

REINCARNATION IN WORLD THOUGHT. Edited by Joseph Head and S. L. Cranston. Julian Press. $8.50.

Poetry, Plays

THE SOLITARIES. By Ted Walker. Braziller. $3.95.

VIET ROCK AND OTHER PLAYS. By Megan Terry. Simon & Schuster. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.45.

Psychology, Sociology

DELINQUENCY CAN BE STOPPED. By Judge Lester H. Loble and Max Wylie. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

INSTINCT AND INTELLIGENCE: Behavior of Animals and Man. By S. A. Barnett. Prentice-Hall. $6.95.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

Buy By Mail

Continued from page 30

for a higher price. If you can commit the buyer to several titles in advance, your promotional costs are amortized over a much broader base. Both American Heritage Publishing Co. and Time-Life Books have been notably adept at this, and, with minor exceptions, they rely entirely on the mails to sell their product.

Indeed, Time-Life, which calls itself "an enterprise which only faintly resembles that of the conventional publisher," has sold sixty million books by mail in six years. The company is now printing about thirteen million books a year for domestic consumption, plus another four million in thirteen foreign languages. Subscribers "sign up" for a look at each new title in a series (of which there are eight at the moment) with the privilege of returning those they don't want. Because of high volume—the minimum print order on most titles is 100,000 copies—prices are comparatively low: $3.95 in most cases. Time-Life adds about one and a half million new customers each year, and to keep them supplied must get a new title on the press every nine working days. The operation illustrates lesson number two. These are items which people don't ordinarily take the initiative in buying. They're sold, not bought.

Eugene M. Schwartz, president of Information, Inc. (sometimes known as Executive Research Institute) has taken this principle and, through a series of flanking movements along Publishers Row, converted it into the ninth and final dictum in selling by mail: do for others what they cannot do for themselves. By ransacking the backlists of some forty-two different trade publishers, Schwartz resurrects older titles, redesigns the covers and jackets, prints new editions, and gives them a hard-sell mail-order treatment that has grown into a $4 million-a-year business. "I step in when all else has failed," Schwartz says. Royalties are paid to the various publishers, while Information, Inc., assumes all promotional costs.

This is currently the gimmickiest gimmick in publishing, and it works because many publishers either aren't set up for mail promotion or don't want to antagonize the bookstores. An ex-agency man who writes his own ad copy, Schwartz goes counter to the trend by selling one book at a time, offering no free examination privileges, and collecting his money (usually $5.98 per book) in advance.

As a clearing house for has-beens, the operation specializes in self-improvement titles, and almost always turns in a better performance than the original firm. *How to Get Thinner Once and For All*, a 1966 Dutton book, sold about ten times as many copies through the mails as it did in the stores. *Yoga for Women*, from Harper & Row, is now getting a similar second life. Schwartz went back thirty-one years for one title (*The Art of Selfishness*), but in any case he will accept a book only after it has been pretested for pay dirt. A favorable response will result in mailings that run well into the millions. The Executive Research Institute does very little research, and Information, Inc., conveys information of doubtful value; but Schwartz is here to say.

"I call it one way to skin the publishers," Plabb concluded.

—DAVID DEMPSEY.

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Schuller's Study in Black and White

GUNTHER SCHULLER's *The Visitation* has come and gone from the Metropolitan Opera House as has the Hamburg State Opera which performed it, leaving a single question: What did the audience at its premiere in Germany last October see, or hear, in it to stimulate the enthusiasm it aroused? Allowing for all the variables—the impact, in Germany, of a work about Negro persecution performed in large part by Negroes; the presence, in the pit, of a jazz combo along with a conventional orchestra; even the possibility that the production originally moved better than it did in its adaptation for the presently turntable-less Metropolitan stage—it is still a puzzle to determine where its prior audience found enough musical and dramatic interest to sustain attention over a three-hour course.

A clever man, an excellent musician, a humanist at heart, Schuller describes his dramatic thesis as "after a motive by Franz Kafka." That is to say, he has borrowed from Kafka's *Der Prozess* ("The Trial") the central idea of a man subject to the persecution of persons unknown, by whom he is convicted at a nameless court for an unidentified crime. Adapting this central situation to the present day (though no place or time is stipulated) has enabled Schuller to convert it into a study in black and white, in which racism becomes the motivating factor. Along the way Schuller suggests that his central character, Carter Jones, may have been a victim of mistaken identity, but that it really doesn't matter to the bullies and sadists who hound him to his death, that any black body will do as well as any other black body.

Here is a subject as timely as tomorrow's headlines, and one which a serious artist with a serious purpose could pursue with heart and soul to its bitter, degrading outcome. What is primarily lacking in *The Visitation,* as performed under the composer's own direction, is the heart and soul to make it either moving or meaningful. Kafka's basic structure is puffed out with too many references to "the power structure," "constitutional guarantees," "I have my rights, too," "we cannot and will not wait any longer" to serve dramatic ends.

In short, by undertaking to create his own libretto, Schuller has not only deprived himself of a suitably skilled collaborator, but also burdened himself with his own lack of theatrical competence. Both Marc Blitzstein and Gian Carlo Menotti (whose line of descent *The Visitation* shares) served themselves better in the joint role of librettist-composer than Schuller did. As an instance, he plants the idea in the first scene that Carter Jones, a student working his way through college, is serious and sensitive (the toughs who invade his room deride him for reading *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*). But Schuller seems to forget this suggestion of sensitivity thereafter as Jones, abused, confused, and hounded, flits through a series of sexual encounters with 1) a floozie, 2) a sluttish charwoman (whom he is for reasons unknown thereafter accused of raping), and 3) the enticing nurse of an invalid he has gone to see in hope of finding a way out of his dilemma. Perhaps they are meant to suggest his worldly innocence, but they scarcely contribute to a respect for him as a human being.

One could cite other complications and confusions, not to mention the lack of a verbal thrust or eloquence appropriate to the subject, without reaching the essential point. More than a few strong works of the musical theater—"opera" as such is irrelevant in this context—have achieved their objective despite an infirm or insufficient libretto. The simple summation is that Schuller hasn't created enough consequential musical matter to involve the listener with the plight of his character.

THE most vital and arousing sounds in the score are those which erupt from time to time from the jazz combo (which includes, among its pit performers, the excellent German trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff). There is nothing in the least mysterious about this, for Schuller has been knee-deep in jazz since student days, and he commands its vocabulary with ease and assurance. He is equally well versed in the contemporary "classical" idioms, but he doesn't utilize them to nearly so productive a result in *The Visitation.* Much of the text is declaimed, according to the *sprechstimme* manner, on wide-ranging pitches over long-held chords in the orchestra. This is, initially, not particularly suitable to the subject matter and confuses rather than clarifies delivery of the text. Much else reflects Schuller's familiar skill in orchestration, but too many effects that are well sounding of themselves lack pattern, connection, or sequential context.

Reduced to essentials, Schuller's effort on behalf of the subject he has chosen to treat in *The Visitation* is too often characterized by stereotypes rather than people, and dramatic clichés rather than theatrical invention. His central character looks for assistance in every imaginable quarter—not merely the law and political influence, but among those of his own race who have risen in the world to positions of responsibility in education and religion—without finding it. One comes, eventually, to the conclusion that not only Schuller's theme but his treatment of it is black and white. That is customary and expectable in a polemic, but dramatic validity calls for more variety and contrast, a balancing of forces, a subtler shading of human impulse on both sides of the dividing line of passions.

As a production, neither the designs of Ita Maximovna nor the staging of Günther Rennert matched the high standard the Hamburg company has reached in several of its other productions (including *Jenufa* as well as *Lulu*). McHenry Boatwright is a fine vocalist but hardly the actor to make Carter Jones's plight convincing. The work is dotted with what would, in movie terminology, be called "cameo" roles, among them Jeanette Scovotti as the floozie, Tatiana Troyanos as the Land-

(*Continued on page* 50)

Drawing by Ronnie C., Grade One

By Ruth Lechlitner

FOR the sky, blue. But the six-year-old searching his crayon-box, finds
no blue to match that sky
framed by the window—a see-through shine
over treetops, housetops. The wax colors
hold only dead light, not this water-flash
thinning to silver
at morning's far edge.
Gray won't do, either:
gray is for rain that you make with
dark slanting lines down-paper.

Try orange!

—Draw a large corner circle for sun, egg-yolk solid,
with yellow strokes leaping outward
like fire bloom—a brightness shouting
flower-shape wind-shape joy-shape!

The boy sighs, with leg-twisting bliss creating . . .

It is done. The stubby crayons
(all ten of them) are stuffed back
bumpily into their box.

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Alonso: Near Return of a Cuban Star

MONTREAL.

ALICIA ALONSO, Cuban-born and American-trained ballerina of international fame, has not been seen by American audiences in almost a decade. She has yet to perform in America again—perhaps she never will—but late last month she danced in Canada, and a striking segment of the audience in the huge, new Place des Arts in Montreal was made up of both illustrious and humble Alonso fans, of both those who knew well the brilliance of her art and those to whom she is a legend. She disappointed neither.

As guest star with Les Grands Ballet Canadiens in two performances presented in conjunction with Canada's great Expo 67, Miss Alonso appeared in one of her most celebrated roles, the title part in *Giselle*. Her partner was Azari Plisetski, youngest brother of the Bolshoi Ballet's electrifying prima ballerina, Maya Plisetskaya. And the irony of the partnership is that although Plisetskaya and her family and, indeed, all the Bolshoi artists are welcome in the United States, Alonso, because of American-Cuban diplomatic status, is not. Miss Alonso herself told me, "I have the permission of my government to dance in the United States; the decision now rests on the American side."

Until such a decision is made—and Lucia Chase, co-director of the American Ballet Theatre, has been trying constantly to get Alonso back as guest with the company in which she grew to stardom—American dance followers will have to travel outside our borders in order to see one of the great ballerinas of the age.

In Montreal, her continuing powers were manifest, although she is now almost blind and has to be guided to the wings and led off as she makes an exit. But there were only a few hints of her difficulty in seeing at the Montreal performances, and they had nothing whatever to do with her actual dancing.

Eye difficulties, in fact, almost ended her career when she was still in her twenties (she is now forty-six). She had to have an operation and remain in bed for an entire year. Unable to move and not permitted to cry behind her bandages, she learned *Giselle* by dancing the steps on the counterpane with her fingers. She *next* danced it on stage when she filled in for an ailing Alicia Markova, the greatest Giselle of that time, with the American Ballet Theatre. The operation had been a success but she knew that the strains of performing, the spurts of action, the blinding lights could endanger her eyesight. She took the chance.

Today, Alonso, despite her failing eyesight, remains one of the greatest Giselles that you will ever see. In Montreal, a leg would sweep head-high with the effortlessness of the Alonso of the 1940s; the balances on *pointe*, either still or in suspenseful turns, were prodigious; elevation, in great leaps or buoyant little jumps, was present; and the elegant line of the truly classical ballerina was never missing. As for her portrayal, the "Mad Scene," which closes Act I, was a heart-rending portrait of a girl deceived and destroyed. With Act II, the ballerina achieved that remarkable balance between an unearthly creature hovering beyond the portals of death and the tenderness of the remembered living.

At the close of her first *Giselle* in Montreal, the audience cheered her to what in a less aristocratic theater would be called the rafters; the stage was covered with flowers, and a wreath was placed around her neck by England's Anton Dolin, who had staged this production of *Giselle* for Les Grands Ballet Canadiens and who had produced the version now in the repertory of the American Ballet Theatre, the version in which Miss Alonso had made her debut.

Plisetski, a handsome and technically stunning young dancer, was Albrecht, Giselle's false lover, and the soloists and corps of the Canadian troupe (which started out ten years ago as a television dance group!) gave a fine account of themselves in a very difficult ballet. But the occasion belonged to Alicia Alonso and everyone knew it and applauded it.

Since Miss Alonso last danced in the United States in 1960 (and her last Canadian appearance was before that)

Alicia Alonso in *Giselle*—(l to r) the peasant girl, joyous in her love for her handsome suitor; the famous "Mad Scene" in which she discovers that her lover (Azari Plisetski as Albrecht) is betrothed to another; as a Wili, a ghost-maiden, whose devotion to Albrecht spans death itself; the ballerina accepting the tribute of her public.

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with the American Ballet Theatre in *Giselle*, she has performed all over the world, occasionally as a guest artist but most frequently with the National Ballet of Cuba, an outgrowth of her own Ballet Alicia Alonso, founded in Havana in 1948.

She and the troupe of seventy-five to 100 dancers have appeared in the Soviet Union (where earlier she had made her Russian debut with the assistance of the U.S. Department of State), Red China, Bulgaria, and other Communist countries, plus most of the democracies. "I dance in socialist countries, capitalist countries, and kingdoms. It doesn't matter where I dance as long as I dance."

In her homeland, she and the National Ballet of Cuba dance in Havana the year round, except when on tour, giving four performances a week for two weeks, followed by two weeks of opera in a continuing pattern. Associated with the company is the National Ballet School of Cuba, now six years old, which has branches in the provinces to train local youngsters and also to explore for fresh talent for the National Company.

The ballerina's husband, Fernando Alonso (politically active in Cuba), is general director of both the school and the company, with Miss Alonso serving as artistic director. Brother Alberto Alonso is a choreographer who recently created a ballet of *Carmen* for Plisetskaya and the Bolshoi Ballet. (Alicia Alonso will add this to her own repertory this fall.)

Although her near-blindness could be an obstacle to her continuing career, she does not let it interfere. Her repertory for herself includes not only her great *Giselle* but also the full-length *Swan Lake, Coppélia, La Fille Mal Gardée, The Nutcracker* (now in production), and such other works as *Les Sylphides, Three-Cornered Hat,* and new ballets based on Latin American themes.

She is what she calls "an occasional choreographer," and her newest piece is *The Circus*, a ballet view of acrobats, aerialists, clowns, and the like. "I got a good review," she told me. "One critic wrote, 'I like it very much; all I missed were the peanuts.' Not bad for a part-time choreographer!"

TO KEEP in peak form, Alonso says, "I must work harder than ever before. I take class every morning with Fernando. I'm just one of the students and he kills us, but he's a great teacher. In the afternoon, I work by myself for one hour on full *pointe*. I practice the difficult steps from all the ballets I know, then, to make it harder, I mix them up in challenging combinations. The thirty-two *fouettés* from "Black Swan" is now just a starting point. I make things difficult for myself, then master them."

Then she turned from herself to ask about those who were her close friends when all were growing up with the then-new American Ballet Theatre. "How's Jerry [Robbins]? Marusia [Maria Karnilova] has her name in lights on Broadway? How wonderful! Dear Donald [Donald Saddler], how does he like being an executive with the Harkness Ballet? Nora [Kaye], I hear she's plump but happy, and successful as Herbie's [Herbert Ross] choreographic assistant. And what of David [Nillo], Muriel [Bentley] and . . .?"

At the end of the first performance in Montreal, many of her American friends crowded into her dressing room. The hard-working ballerina, who drives her body remorselessly, murmured in the middle of mass embraces, "If I ever have a heart attack, it won't come from overwork but from the emotion of seeing old friends." Alicia Alonso, Cuban ballerina, was almost back home in America again. But not quite. —WALTER TERRY.

—Photographs by Jack Mitchell.

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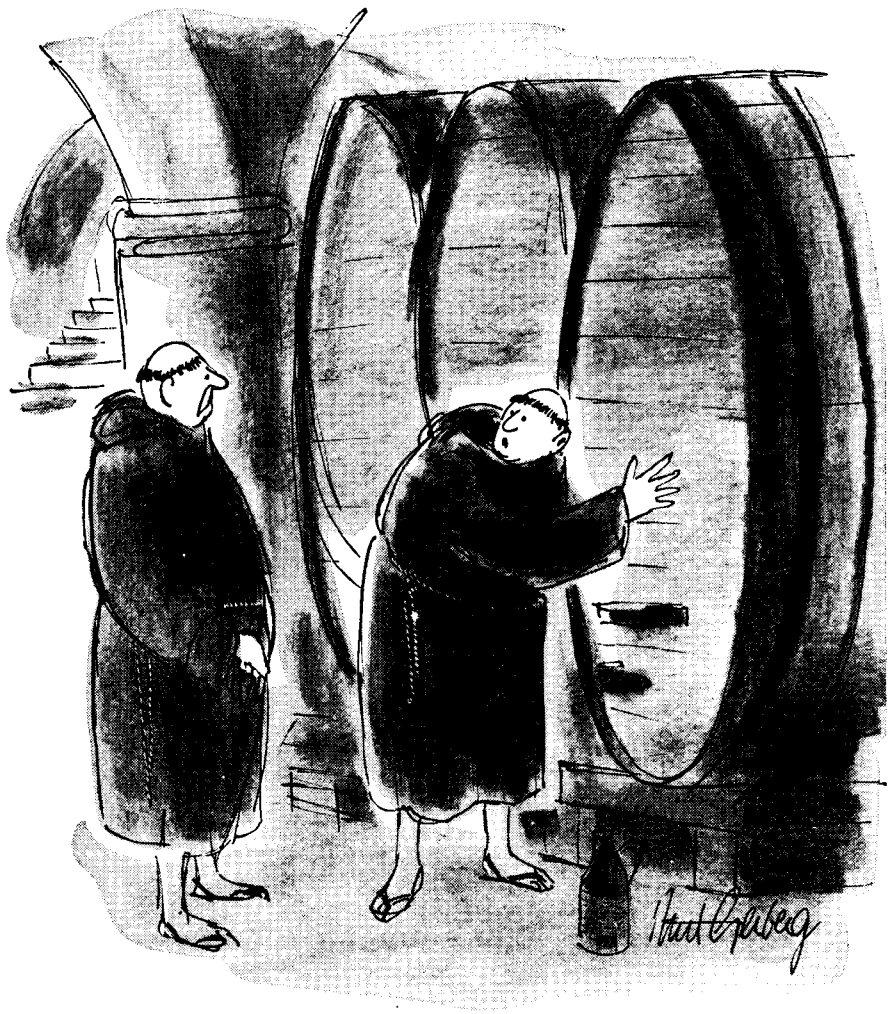
The Breadwinner on Tour

THE SEERS and the cicerones seem to have taken adequate care of those who want to see Europe on $500 a day and those who prefer to travel on $5 a day, the catch-phrase of the latter group presumably being "Go Now, Eat Later."

There are resort hotels for the sun toasters, flying movies for the bored, and garlic-fumed guides for the fact collectors. Until recently, however, the business traveler had to make his way around the world trying to adapt his particular needs to a globe expressly designed for sightseers and other larksome types. Now, at last, some cognizance is being taken of that hard-working Harry who has to slave all day over a hot convention, carry his briefcase to Aden to do oil business with a sheik, or fetch a model of his company's sewing machine to Entebbe to sell a dozen to a chief.

While U.S. airlines put on smokers' flights and arranged their schedules to fit the business traveler, and German trains put on typewriters and live secretaries, most working travelers have had to make do with hotels and guide books designed basically for tourists. This season there has been a showering of heavy tomes and a sprinkling of some new hotels designed expressly for the breadwinner on tour. Among books, the fattest, if not the longest in page count, is *The Hertz Survival Manual for the Traveling Businessman* (Renaissance Editions, $2.95 in soft cover). It is beaten in page count (672 vs. 667) only by *Passports and Profits* (Doubleday, $7.50), which was written by Richard Lurie and which covers 105 countries from Austria to Zambia. Both of them outpage Paul Finney's *The Businessman's Guide to Europe.* (McGraw-Hill, $10). It has only 625 pages.

The Hertz book was conceived by Burton Richard Wolf, who is twenty-eight years old and, besides being a co-editor, is also the publisher of six books, all under the banner of his company, Renaissance Editions. One can assume he is a good businessman. He got the idea for the survival manual when, as a twenty-year-old salesman for Crown Publishers, he found himself inside a meterless taxicab in Washington and panicked. He has edited the book with Norman Reader, formerly a public relations man both for Air France and the French Government Tourist Office, and with Garth Hite, former publisher of *Holiday,* a pair who, as seasoned worldwide travelers, never panicked anywhere. All three have been helped by a number of journalists across the country, including some travel editors. Hertz got into the act because Wolf needed the backing to get the project started.



"You're right. Somebody's in there singing 'Sweet Adeline!'"

THE result of all these efforts is a whopping book that will occupy the same amount of space in a businessman's suitcase as would a travel-size bottle of spirits. It covers twenty-eight cities and touches on such facets of the businessman's life on the road as drinking habits in various cities, business hours and working days, and where to rent a dress suit in St. Louis. The imbibing habits in New York, the manual says, might include two drinks at lunch, whereas in Chicago "a shift toward mid-day abstention has been noted recently." Cincinnati drinks one drink at lunch and Cleveland believes that cocktails are for relaxing, not business. Detroit drinks moderately in public, while the researcher afield in the nation's capital found, in a spot check at lunch one day, that nearly every male hand held a cocktail glass.

Thoughtfully, the manual provides for emergencies, both financial and medical. It lists pawnbrokers for every city in case business deals go awry, and it also lists names, addresses, and phone numbers of where one can find medical help at all hours of the day or night. In New York it also lists the number of a psychiatrist (462-3322) "who is on duty at all times in case of attempted suicide or threat of assault." Traveling businessmen abroad in New York should avoid the subways during the night, those abroad in Milwaukee can get a massage at the Golden Lion Motel, anybody who is in Indianapolis and is hungry, can get a superb ham sandwich to take out at Sander-Weiss.

Small talk is encouraged in Kansas City, accepted in Cleveland, and is not even mentioned in Boston where businessmen "tend to be formal without being stuffy." April 21 is San Jacinto Day in Dallas, May 23 is Confederate Day in Atlanta, and August 30 is Huey Long's Birthday in New Orleans—all

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days that either close offices or affect the general business.

The Businessman's Guide to Europe takes up, as it properly should, not merely the mores of cities but those of countries. Most of Rumania, for instance, works straight through the day until 4 p.m., so there is not much business discussed at lunch. Hungarians will accept business invitations to lunch but they don't like to talk business. A Norwegian breakfast, should any visiting businessman try to schedule a meeting over coffee, could consist of eggs, fish, meat, salads, cheese, bread and butter, after which there is scarcely a break until dinner. Nobody does business over lunch in Moscow, but a deal could be closed in an office and celebrated right then and there with vodka or champagne from the Crimea.

Finney has collected such tidbits of information as advice that the businessman not to wear a white dinner jacket at a dinner party in French cities (you may be taken for a waiter); in Austria, never omit a title, beginning with the policeman (Herr Inspektor); and in Scotland, never order anything to drink except scotch. Polish businessmen like small gifts, especially desk pens. Government employees in Italy have been known to move faster when graced with a thousand-lire note, whereas the Finns are forever inviting visitors to come out to the country and take a sauna with them, a practice which ends with a jump in the lake. A number of pointers are given on "how to succeed in business with the Russians without really disturbing their security system." Among them: ignore calls from ladies who would like to come up for a visit.

THE book, which first came out in 1965, is decorated with a number of photographs which do more than any text to tell how things really are. A picture of a man, presumably a businessman, in a tub in a Moscow hotel, for instance, explains more vividly than the caption that the plumbing is workable but ancient. Some of the captions are wry, but inviting, as witness the photograph of two lissome Northern ladies striding along a boulevard under the type line that reads, "Swedish girls of good Scandinavian design adorn Stockholm's streets," and another of a forest of bikini-clad ladies with the advice, "After work in The Hague, relax on the beach at Scheveningen, only a few minutes away by car." Wives may not like this prattle, but there are some sections on their care and feeding if they are taken abroad on business trips.

Pan Am's book *Passports and Profits*, which first appeared in 1964, formidable as it may be, is only one indication of a company policy to help the businessman. Pan Am maintains a world-wide marketing service and through its own salesmen helps companies make contacts in 127 markets all over the world. It publishes a cargo magazine every month sprinkled with trade news and buyer and seller listings. Like Thos. Cook & Son, which also maintains a business desk in all its overseas bureaus, Pan Am's interests are not purely altruistic. Cook sells trips and Pan Am sells tickets and freight transportation. It lends its films on overseas marketing, and for a time it piped in business tips on its regular selective-tuning programs aboard its aircraft.

Passports and Profits goes into all sorts of nuances, such as the difference between the businessmen of Rome and Naples, and those of Turin. The Torino businessman probably wouldn't ask a business associate home to lunch or dinner unless he had known him for thirty years. When in Ceylon, businessmen stuck for a small-talk topic might discuss the beauty of Colombo, praise the tea and the sapphires and rubies, comment on the singular snippet of intelligence that Ceylon is the world's fourth-largest producer of coconuts. Let it be known to all traveling tradesmen that there is, alas, no Lions Club in Sierra Leone, that textiles in Nigeria are called mammy cloth, that to mention Mainland China while in Taiwan is to commit a social gaff. Take a pill to correct altitude headaches in Bolivia. Do not call Martinique a French colony, and don't ask to see the Eskimos or the igloos in Iceland—there aren't any.

Armed with all these facts and hints, the business traveler may now set forth on his appointed rounds. The question that may intrigue his boss back home is whether the man on the road will be distracted by the pleasures of resorts and glamorous big-city hotels where he stays, often in the neighboring company of tourists. Lately some executives have taken to scheduling meetings in airport hotels, an irksome (and dissuading) ride from the bright lights of downtown.

Perhaps the happiest medium for the commercial traveler will be hotels such as the new Royal Lancaster which will open in London this summer. With 392 rooms overlooking Hyde Park, it has been designed expressly to meet the needs of businessmen. It has exhibit and convention facilities, the latest wrinkles in audio and visual equipment, multilingual secretarial services, a news wire, Telex, a typing pool, and copying machines. But all that equipment aside, the Royal Lancaster will also permit the commercial traveler to live like a gentleman. There is to be a *haute cuisine* restaurant on the roof, a coffee shop and bar open around the clock, a British pub called the Victorious House of Lancaster, serving such pub lunches as steak and kidney pie, and hot pot.

The Royal Lancaster is operated by the Rank Organization, which now has nine hotels stretched from London to the Canary Islands and Sardinia. Last winter the Rank people, once known only for films, sent three of their executives on a familiarization tour of the United States. Said one of their spokesmen, "We feel there is a definite trend among businessmen to make conventions and meetings more strictly business than ever before, and that a growing number of companies are becoming concerned with the distracting effects of business meetings at essentially resort hotels."

Latter-day Willy Lomans may not be able to roister between meetings, but it seems certain that they are sure to be better-briefed, more comfortable, and even less noxious to ordinary badgeless tourists who came for a rest and not to listen to a conventioneer howl in the night. —HORACE SUTTON.

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Coming Next Week—

A special report on restoration of art treasures damaged in last year's floods in Italy. By Katharine Kuh.

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The Wayning of the West

ONCE the West was young. Tall, leathery men leaped into their saddles, grim-jawed and steely-eyed, in hot pursuit of deep-dyed villains and abstract, often adolescent ideals of honor and justice. It was an admirable formula when the movies were growing up, before either film audiences or film-makers had become very sophisticated. For that matter, the formula still seems to work for television, with its hour-long wagon trains and thirty minute shoot-outs. The large screen, however, has not only grown wider, but longer in the tooth. Its audiences are big boys now; they have learned that good guys sometimes finish last, and have grown notably less eager to pin medals on the man with the fastest gun. As for our Western heroes, while still grim of jaw, they have become decidedly slack of jowl. They still walk tall, but they now move a bit stiffly in the joints. Fortunately, the deeds of derring-do that are beyond them physically are no longer demanded by today's audiences. The Westerns have mellowed gracefully, along with their stars.

Archetype of the new Western hero is the craggy-faced, laconic John Wayne, a veteran who carries almost forty years of film experience upon his broad shoulders. That this experience has served him well is evidenced by two large-scale Westerns in which he is currently being starred, *El Dorado* and *The War Wagon*. In both he poses his massive frame in doorways to emphasize his height, walks away from the camera with a cool, loose-limbed grace peculiarly his own, and speaks his lines so slowly and flatly as to suggest worlds of reined-in passion and strength.

In *El Dorado*, which teams Wayne with sleepy-eyed Robert Mitchum, he is on the side of law and order, helping a drunken sheriff (Mitchum) to protect a rancher's water rights from the machinations of an unscrupulous cattle baron. Wherever he rides in Leigh Brackett's singularly loose-jointed script, he is greeted with enthusiasm and respect—even by the baron and his gunmen.

But the curious aspect of *El Dorado* is the underplaying of the action. There are some wild brawls between the two stars, but mostly in fun. There are no hot pursuits, and even in the inevitable barroom brawl, Wayne waits patiently before mixing in. Instead of action, the film proffers a rather pleasing, rough-and-ready kind of humor—a man-to-man joshing that goes on between virtually all the members of the cast. It makes for a less exciting kind of Western than those hard-riding, hard-shooting thrillers of the past, but one perhaps more suited to a time when blacks and whites have disappeared in favor of Technicolored shadings.

The War Wagon, on the other hand, is a bit more like old times, with action all the way. But even here there is a difference. Bruce Cabot is as unmitigated a villain as ever railroaded an innocent man to jail in order to steal a goldmine, but he is a *smiling* villain, a friendly rattlesnake. Indeed, the real villain of the piece is the menacing "war wagon" of the title, an early version of the armored car, complete with revolving turret and Gatling gun. To capture it, and his gold, Wayne enlists the aid of Kirk Douglas and a whole tribe of Indians. Their intricate plans to outmaneuver the "war wagon" are the substance of Clair Huffaker's suspenseful script; and director Burt Kennedy has built on this to create a picture that moves tautly and constantly. Neither Wayne nor Douglas is quite as springy as he used to be, but they still make it clear that the old West, the West of those early Westerns, was a lively place to be.

HOLLIS ALPERT's recent article on the value of film festivals ["How Useful Are Film Festivals?" *SR*, July 8] receives a solid confirmation in several current releases that, without question, would never be here had they not first been discovered along the festival route. The sad fact is that not all movies are "commercial"—which means merely that not all pictures have a built-in guarantee that they will return millions of dollars to their distributors. But there are some films of quality that, despite this lack of guarantee, can certainly interest and delight great quantities of people—enough, at least, that the distributors can be assured of some small measure of profit on their investments. Two such pictures are Satyajit Ray's *The Big City* and the Yugoslavian *Three*, directed by Aleksandar Petrovic. Both received their American premieres thanks to the New York Film Festival; and the chances that either would have been imported had they not had the kind of pretesting that a festival offers are slim indeed.

In *The Big City*, Ray abandons his infatuation with India's recent past to speak, with his own special insights into the hearts of his people, of the growing urbanization of India, and the emergence of the Indian woman. The film moves swiftly and poignantly as it exposes the tensions created when a wife can outearn her husband in a society traditionally oriented the other way. *The Big City* well deserves to stand as the present-day addendum to Ray's memorable *Apu* trilogy.

Three is even more remarkable since it represents the emergence of the Yugoslav cinema on an artistic level, rather than as merely the supplier of large-scale armies for low-budgeted spectaculars. Poetically and movingly, Petrovic has recreated three episodes from World War II, each revealing a different aspect of man in his relation to death. Only superficially is *Three* a war film; it moves on a level of humanity that transcends both time and place. Both pictures amply warrant the patronage of audiences that proclaim they want "better films."

New York has recently tested this audience in a novel way. For two weeks, under the auspices of Lincoln Center, the Museum of Modern Art played host to a twelve-film festival of the new Czechoslovakian cinema. Virtually every program was a sell-out (and all the films will be repeated in the Museum's regular daily screenings). What is more important, the series demonstrated to timorous distributors that an audience for such pictures (at $2 a ticket) does exist. Just as Satyajit Ray was "discovered" at Venice and Petrovic at Karlovy Vary, the Czech cinema was "discovered," for this country at least, at the New York Film Festival, where the warmth of *The Shop on Main Street* and the wry humanism of *Loves of a Blonde* dispelled for all time the notion that films from an Iron Curtain country are of necessity party-line preachments.

The dozen films (plus shorts) on the Museum's programs eloquently strengthened this impression. Inevitably, not all of them were great; but for such a program, it is the variety as well as the quality that is important. Vera Chytilova's *Daisies*, for example, is a notably fresh but also self-indulgent attempt to satirize the attitudes of the "mod" generation—a highly original supplement, if you like, to what Antonioni presented so well in *Blow-Up*. *When the Cat Comes* and *Lady of the Trolley Tracks* are musicals that manage to be lighthearted and serious-minded at the same time. *Diamonds of the Night*—and, in fact, most of the films presented—proffered a reality filtered through the highly personal viewpoint and estheticism of each film's director. It makes for a refreshing and original kind of cinema, and one can only hope that the success of the Museum's endeavor will inspire similar institutions across the country (and perhaps theaters as well) to make these films available in their own communities. The world is too small for us to pass up this opportunity to become acquainted with our neighbors.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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Uncolloquial Colloquium

MONTREAL.

THIS YEAR Canada is celebrating the centennial of its confederation with ambitious and well-organized programs in every city and town of its vast geographical expanse. While Expo 67 has attracted the most attention, other projects of deeper value to the Canadian people are quietly operating.

There is, for instance, the Planned Youth Travel program, in which children, with financial assistance from the Canadian Centennial Commission, visit with families in other provinces. There is the Centennial Train, and the Centennial Caravan which uses both rail and motor to bring an exciting awareness of Canadian history to the Canadian people. And in mid-June the Canadian Theatre Centre attempted an international exchange of ideas on the design of the theaters, with experts from forty countries attending.

Colloquium 67, as the seven-day meeting was called, began by discussing "Why Theater?" British playwright Arnold Wesker explained the background of public indifference to art, which makes the task of theatrical creation difficult. He said, "The politician, having regard only for the manufacturer in our society and caring only for that degree of education that will produce a laboring class fit for those manufacturers, has consistently made a mess of the job. And for this reason people have not had the opportunity to consider that a preoccupation with anything but the running of a country can be important. Hence, an indifference to art. There is no energy left." He also urged that theater enthusiasts avoid the trap of justifying theater on the grounds that it will be needed to fill a predicted increase of leisure time. For him theater must stand or fall on the degree of real concern we feel for it.

Wesker's countryman, Kenneth Tynan, currently literary advisor to the National Theatre, stated his personal view that the theater should stop evangelizing itself as a widely popular mass medium and withdraw to prepared positions to concentrate on the limited number of areas where it functions best. He felt that the areas of politics, sex, and religion could be dealt with best in the theater. And he added, "Let us agree that theater is a minority art, not easy to appreciate, but, for the once-hooked, a lifetime addiction. Let it be exclusive in everything but price."

Other divergent opinions followed as the symposium moved on to a consideration of what kinds of theater buildings would be called for in the years ahead. Canadian director John Hirsch argued that present audiences are too bourgeois and too old, and stated a preference for a theater which makes a variety of physical arrangements between actor and audience easily achievable, provided that each also insures the basic necessities of good visual and oral communication between performer and spectator.

Irish-born scene designer Sean Kenny asserted that the traditional theater is dead, and that the modern designer should not be a paper-hanger, but should be given a space envelope the totality of which could be redesigned for each play. American designer Jo Mielziner argued that such an all-purpose theater is unfeasible and voiced his preference for having a number of separate theaters, each ideal for a primary function, rather than one rearrangeable space which would require a prohibitive expenditure of time and money in order to work well in all its various rearrangements.

Poland's young director Jerry Grotowski, who has experimented with rearranging audience-actor relationships within a simple room, cautioned that the unlimited liberty of the "free space theater" was dangerous and suggestive of a lack of discipline. Director Michael Langham, who is moving from Stratford, Ontario, to La Jolla, California, revealed some of the unique features of his new playhouse, which will have two connected thrust stages and will make possible the quick appearance and exit of actors. He added, "In our society today, where so much is mechanized, where we're perpetually being dazzled by brilliant technological achievements or by the quick hypocritical footwork of politics and big business, is it not essential for those of us who wish to live fully and vulnerably outside the rat race to have a refuge in which we can, in company with those who feel the same, recapture contact with those basic human values that are so easily lost sight of today because of the intensity of distraction?"

Mr. Langham spoke prophetically, for the colloquium proceeded to examine theater technology, and, although much information was exchanged, it soon became clear that there is a strong danger of the theater artist's becoming inundated with technical considerations. Thus the final days of the meeting turned chaotic. Nevertheless, our ideas about the theater of the future had been stimulated and challenged, and we had been made aware of Canada's interest in attuning itself to an advanced kind of theater that will suit the needs of this rapidly growing 100-year-young country.

—HENRY HEWES.

"Goodnight, Bogey, goodnight, Beatles, goodnight, Monkees."

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Has Jazz a Place in the Church?

"WHY DO WE despise the things which are of our own time?" queried the Reverend Norman O'Connor, the Paulist priest whose remarkably successful WCBS-TV show, *Dial M for Music,* has now entered its second season. The question was inspired by pronouncements from Rome concerning Catholic liturgy. A Vatican spokesman, limiting the role of popular music in the mass, reported that until it took on a sacred nature, it could never be acceptable to the church. "But," Father O'Connor added, "the possibility that this could be achieved was not ruled out."

There is nothing new in contention over what is profane. "What music is religious? What music is not?" wrote Gabriel Fauré in 1922. "Because the text of the 'Agnus Dei' inspired Gounod to accents of ineffable tenderness, can one say he profaned the text? In the realm of truly musical works it is almost impossible to draw a line of demarcation between those which are religious and those that 'savor of heresy.'"

"No mention of jazz," Father O'Connor stated, "was made during that interview in Rome. The discussion revolved around what was meant by profane. I think a theological distinction is made here which is not based on reality, because everything relates to God, one way or another. And we don't arbitrarily divide everything in our lives into categories. Things intertwine and relate. How, for instance, do you establish that in folk masses guitars are acceptable—but amplified guitars are not?"

Sentiment of this nature existed years ago concerning the use of electrified organs. Respectable churches used only pipe or reed organs. But eventually the Hammond was permitted, and today several types of inexpensive electronically amplified organs are heard. Many churches cannot afford the bigger ones, and the smaller kind are, in any case, appropriate for small churches. Generally speaking, people no longer recognize the difference; and, possibly, if an electric saxophone were played at the back of a church, few would be aware the sound did not come from the organ.

"Apart from the so-called profanity of certain instruments," continued Father O'Connor, "there exists . . . in people's minds a profanity by association. We may consider music profane because we are accustomed to hearing it in theaters or on TV. We think it inappropriate in church. Consider Gounod's 'Ave Maria.' People were shocked at first to hear it in church because this was popular music. Yet it is commonplace now."

If usage can undermine artificial barriers, then perhaps the trend today indicates that jazz masses, religious compositions by jazz composers, and jazz renditions of sacred music may not offend, shock, or even surprise much longer. A considerable amount of jazz-oriented music has already been written for the church. On records there have been Lalo Schifrin's *Jazz Suite on the Mass Texts* (RCA Victor LSP-3414; LPM 3414), the Joe Masters *Mass,* with liner notes by Father O'Connor (Columbia CS-9398; CL-2598), and, preceding these, Father Clarence Rivers's *American Mass Program,* rooted in gospel music and featuring attractive themes —notably, the beautiful "God Is Love." As early as 1964, innovator Mary Lou Williams's *Hymn to St. Martin de Porres* (Folkways FS-32843; F-2843) was presented to an audience of several thousand at a Catholic Youth Organization festival in Pittsburgh.

Gene Krupa with Father O'Connor—"profanity by association."

Missa Hodierna, by Eddie Bonnemere, successfully accompanied the celebration of mass at the St. Charles Borromeo Church in Harlem, and was part of a scheduled program at Town Hall which also featured Howard McGhee's worship service, *Bless You.* A series of evening services, featuring contributions by jazz musicians, has been presented by Lutheran pastor John Gensel, who invited the Joe Newman Quartet, the Roland Kirk Quintet, the Dollar Brand Trio, and others to perform for his congregation. In Puerto Rico's Union Church, on New Year's Eve this year, a jazz vespers service which featured local musicians drew record crowds.

Duke Ellington's *Sacred Concert* has inspired more comment and speculation than anything he has accomplished in a very long time. Ellington, who has a pronounced religious bias, considers this offering the most important thing he has done. It was first performed in San Francisco's Episcopal Grace Cathedral in 1965 and then presented in New York's Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. It has since been heard at Harvard University and in Coventry Cathedral, England, as well as in Great St. Mary's, Cambridge.

BUT in Father O'Connor's view, the *Sacred Concert* is not the answer to what ails religion today. What the churches seek desperately is participation on the part of the laity, a truer involvement. The search is for ways of putting religion back into people's lives. "Perhaps jazz could effect this, but how long might it take to overcome existing barriers?" Father O'Connor asked. " . . . America contends with Puritanism. And there are our English traditions."

Between the liturgy and life there is a gap to be bridged. People are urged to sing, to experience a sense of unity and identification in the mass. But how can they identify with a liturgy which relates so little to everyday existence? In a survey recently completed by *Ave Maria,* published by the Holy Cross Fathers of the University of Notre Dame, the consensus of 5,000 priests polled was that the question uppermost in people's minds was how great a connection there is between religion and the lives people lead today.

"Despising ourselves and current modes is anti-Christian," Father O'Connor stated. "Let's not worship the past. Or scorn the present. The day-to-day can provide lots of beauty. Practicing religion and doing whatever is natural ought to equate if we are to preserve prayer as an important element in our lives."

One of our problems is the old notion that, of all the arts, music comes closest to godliness and, as a consequence, has to show a purity and exaltation which takes it out of the sphere of the ordinary. This is not what music has been historically. On the contrary, it has been rich with folk traditions and the ways of

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people. But for some time popular sentiment has agreed that, so far as religion is concerned, enjoyment would somehow be incompatible with loving God.

"Don't we kneel till it hurts?" Father O'Connor queried dryly. Pursuing the idea of involvement, he continued, "How can you accomplish this unless you prescribe things with which people relate? You can't involve human beings with things they don't do. They only commit themselves in areas natural to them. The liturgy should serve the community. Not vice versa."

The director of the Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, Diocesan Musical Commission said recently that "for the most part, musicians and composers have failed to provide meaningful musical expression for the man in the pew. True liturgy," he added, "has got to be an expression of the people in terms of their understanding and their aspirations."

"Duke Ellington," Father O'Connor mused, "might be able to produce the mass that is needed, if he put his mind to it. There would be problems, of course. He would have to consider that his themes might be sung by congregations numbering over a thousand —people generally deficient in musical education. He would need to familiarize himself with the mass act by act, scene by scene, in a sense. Preparation here, exaltation there, reverence and joy. It is just possible, I think, that his genius could fill the void."

The Constitution on the Liturgy which resulted from the Second Vatican Council contained recommendations that each section of the world create its own liturgical commission to make relevant decisions about practices appropriate to native cultures.

"Isn't jazz more native to America than any other music?" asked Father O'Connor. "There may be some who might feel rhythm ties up with an ethnic background with which they cannot identify. But, realistically speaking, who do we know today who has not been listening to syncopated music in the movies and on the air for most of his life? If this isn't American music, what is?

"There is nothing irreligious in rhythm, nothing particularly ethnic. It's a gift from God, like everything else. It's enjoyed by people all over the world, an integral part of folk music which in the past has been a source of inspiration for some of our greatest composers."

Rhythm, as a lively element, has served Negro religion to good purpose. Significantly, too, religion has not failed Negroes in the same proportion as it seems to have failed whites. "There is," Father O'Connor pointed out, "a noticeable difference in the religious attitudes of Negro and white musicians." While the whites tend to adopt a humanistic viewpoint, crediting their talents, for instance, to personal perseverance or parental supervision, Negroes are thoroughly aware of their relationship to God and almost frighteningly honest about the source of their gifts.

Dizzy Gillespie served as an example for Father O'Connor. "He is perfectly frank about recognizing God as the Being responsible for his inspiration. He welcomes this. Joe Williams is another. He once quoted me that phrase of John Kennedy's, 'We must be about God's task,' to explain how he felt about his voice and the job of communicating with people in a blues fashion. And behind quixotic Duke there is that tremendous spiritual bulwark which seems to give him so much confidence."

Father O'Connor recalled musician after musician whose makeup was influenced by a religious disposition. In many cases strong roots were there, and to this was added the gospel and church feeling from which even the blues derive.

"Belief," Father O'Connor stated, "comes up in the most unexpected places. Even LeRoi Jones, as bitter as he gets, as sarcastic as he is about a white God, or lots of Gods, nevertheless talks in religious terms. So do Archie Shepp and Albert Ayler. I'm not referring necessarily to the way they address themselves to problems, but to their motivation and the strong religious traces they show. Take even Mingus. Speaking privately, he confesses religion to be the biggest thing in his life, something he can't escape."

In Father O'Connor's view, this is what is lacking in religion today—this sense of immediacy. "Perhaps jazz," he suggested, "could invest the liturgy with such elements of excitement and beauty that people's basic needs would be fulfilled. They might rediscover God."

—Helen Dance.

More Piper's Tunes

Over Here. Irish songs by Bernadette Greevy. Argo stereo, ZRG 5459, $5.79; mono, RG 459, $5.79.

I Must Be Talking to My Friends. Micheál MacLiammóir. Argo, mono only, RG 493, $5.79.

FIFTEEN IRISH songs sung by Bernadette Greevy grace Argo's latest musical release from the Emerald Isle. The titles tell the story pretty well: "Wee Hughie," "She Moved Throu' the Fair," "The Ninepenny Fidil," "Over Here," "By the Short Cut to the Rosses," "O Men From the Fields," "A Ballynure Ballad," "Cartan Mother's Lullaby," and "Sea Wrack." Some are lilting or sad; others done in

6/8 jig time. Some are accompanied on piano, some on harp, others by a small string background.

All of them are intensely Irish with not a touch of Americanization, thank goodness. Two of them, "The Lover's Curse" and "I Will Walk With My Love," reveal Irish hate at its most spiteful. The best of the lot, for me, is "O Men From the Fields," a plaintive ballad asking field hands to walk softly and come into the sod house gently for the man of the house is dead. The words for this one are by Padraic Colum and the music is pure Irish lament. Another song absolutely first class is "Wee Hughie," about a small child going to school for the first time, the last stanza of which goes:

> I followed to the turnin'
> When they passed it by,
> God help him he was cryin',
> And, maybe, so was I.

On the whole this is an excellent recording if you like your Irish sentiment with all stops out. Miss Greevy's lyrical voice is perfect for this sort of thing.

The other Argo recording has no music in it at all, unless you can call prose by James Joyce and poetry by William Butler Yeats music, which they may well be. This one is a parade of breathless though not deathless words spoken by Micheál MacLiammóir, an actor and playwright known by now on both sides of the Atlantic. If Mr. MacLiammóir's quavering voice and intensely emotional rendering occasionally leaves its moorings, it is suited to the recitation of Yeats's lovely poetry and that marvelous section from *Ulysses* when Leopold Bloom contemplates with lust young Gertie MacDowell during a fireworks display, and she reciprocates and then hobbles away, lame, leaving Ulysses ashamed. When Mr. MacLiammóir is being too too self-consciously Irish you can have him, but the best readings in this unusual recording, *I Must Be Talking to My Friends*, easily outweigh the emoting.

—Richard L. Tobin.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Leonard Feather: *Encyclopedia of Jazz in the '60s, Vol. I: The Blues.* Leonard Feather All-Stars; Jimmy Smith, organ; Wes Montgomery, guitar; Grady Tate, drums; Count Basie and his Orchestra; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; and Earl Hines, piano, in quintet. Verve stereo, V6-8677, $5.79; mono, V6-8677, $5.79.	This collection is a companion to Feather's latest book and part of a project intended to reveal "the diversity of directions in which the jazz idiom has been moving during the Sixties." Oliver Nelson's arrangement of "St. Louis Blues" has something of the character of those Gil Evans did for Miles Davis, and it creates an autumnal backdrop for imaginative improvisation by Joe Newman on trumpet. There is an appropriate vehicle for Phil Woods's alto saxophone, and Newman appears again in a dashing duel with Clark Terry on "John Brown's Blues." The material on the second side, drawn from existing sessions, includes the Basie band playing a good arrangement by Eric Dixon, the Montgomery-Smith trio performing in an excitingly predictable fashion, and Hines and Hodges collaborating like the masters they are in "C Jam Blues."
Erroll Garner: *That's My Kick.* Garner, piano; Wally Richardson or Art Ryerson, guitar; Herbie Lovelle or George Jenkins, drums; Jose Mangual or Johnny Pacheco, bongos. MGM stereo, SE-4463, $4.79; mono, E-4463, $4.79.	The rhythmic strength of Garner's left hand is such that the addition of bongos and guitar to his trio verges on the superfluous. Fortunately, they do not get in the way very much, and the set proceeds with all his customary *joie de vivre.* The introductions are as madly tantalizing as ever, and this time more than half the tunes are originals, among them being a pretty "Nervous Waltz" and an intense "Afinidad."
Oliver Nelson: *The Kennedy Dream.* Nelson, composer, arranger, and conductor; with big band and string quartet. Impulse stereo, AS-9144, $5.98; mono, M-9144, $4.98.	Each of Oliver Nelson's seven compositions, except the somber "Day in Dallas," is preceded by the voice of President Kennedy in an inspiring excerpt from a speech. The music, performed with dignity and respect, often assumes spacious, almost symphonic proportions, but jazz is properly to the fore and quite unabashed in "The Rights of All" and a boppish impression of "The Artists' Rightful Place." Alto saxophonist Phil Woods, the most distinguished soloist, can also be heard in another unusual context on *Greek Cooking* (Impulse 9143), where he is supported by musicians playing such instruments as the bouzoukie, the oud, the dumbeg, and the accordion. They suggest that rock 'n' roll was perhaps of Hellenic origin after all!
The Panassié Sessions: Tommy Ladnier, trumpet, with sextet; Mezz Mezzrow, clarinet and tenor saxophone, with sextet; Frankie Newton, trumpet, with sextet. RCA-Victor LPV-542, mono only, $4.79. Mezz Mezzrow: *Mezz Mezzrow à la Schola Cantorum.* Mezzrow, clarinet; Peanuts Holland, Guy Longnon, trumpets; Milton Sealey, piano; Kansas Fields, drums. Ducretet Thompson DUX 40330, mono only, $4.79.	The sessions recorded in 1938 by the French critic, Hugues Panassié, were greatly responsible for the subsequent "New Orleans Revival." They also brought Ladnier, a great trumpet player, back into the limelight momentarily, just a few months before he died. His inspiration, like Mezzrow's and Panassié's, was King Oliver and the Creole Jazz Band. Their joint intentions are best realized on "Revolutionary Blues" and "Comin' On with the Come On," where Sidney De Paris is the second trumpet. Sidney Bechet is heard to advantage on the first session, guitarist Teddy Bunn on all three. Several titles from a later, less rewarding session under Frank Newton's name are also included. They contain attractive solos, but are more in conformity with the idiom of the swing era. The Ducretet-Thompson record (obtainable to order through Capitol Imports) was made in Paris in 1955 and is another example of Mezzrow's single-minded devotion to first principles. It is remarkably successful, especially when the limitations of the then-available personnel are considered.
Don Patterson: *Goin' Down Home.* Patterson, organ; Paul Weeden, guitar; Billy James, drums. Cadet stereo, LPS-787, and mono, LP-787, $4.79. *Soul Happenin'.* Patterson, organ; Vincent Corrao, guitar; Billy James, drums. Prestige 7484, stereo and mono, $4.79.	The rhythmic understanding between the three musicians on the Cadet album is impressive. There are no excesses, everything is unhurried, and the set as a whole might serve as a model for most organ groups. Not confined to the Jimmy Smith "bag," Patterson often employs the chorded "orchestral" method of Wild Bill Davis to good effect. Material and tempos are well chosen, and in this respect the more recent Prestige album is less satisfactory. Corrao, too, is less convincing on the blues than Weeden, but Patterson and James remain a formidable duo.
Jimmy Rushing: *Every Day I Have the Blues.* Rushing, vocal, with big band featuring Dicky Wells, trombone; Clark Terry, trumpet; Hank Jones, organ. Bluesway stereo BLS-6005, $4.79; mono, BL-6005, $4.79.	"Harvard Blues," which Rushing made with Count Basie in 1941, was one of his biggest successes. Here he delivers the topical lyrics of a comparable number called "Berkeley Campus Blues." As on the earlier recording, he is faithfully accompanied by Dicky Wells, one of the truly individual trombonists jazz has produced. He has exceptional command of his instrument and his wry comments complement Rushing's singing perfectly. On the whole, and understandably, the older songs from the period when both were with Basie come off best. Clark Terry makes typical contributions, and Hank Jones displays the same elegant taste on organ that we are accustomed to in his piano playing.
Sarah Vaughan: *Sassy Swings Again.* Sarah Vaughan, vocal, with big band; arrangements by Thad Jones, J. J. Johnson, Manny Albam, and Bob James. Mercury stereo, SR 61116, $4.79; mono, MG 21116, $4.79.	This is worth having if only for J. J. Johnson's superb arrangement of "Take the 'A' Train." Played at a relaxed, slow tempo, it has fine work by the band, especially by the muted trumpets. The blocks of orchestral sound laid against the singer's extended tones create an atmosphere worthy of Duke Ellington. Elsewhere, the importance of swinging is forgotten as Miss Vaughan displays her celebrated vocal virtuosity and indulges in theatrical climaxes and contrasts. Some over-busy arrangements on the second side don't help either.
Junior Wells: *It's My Life, Baby!* Wells, harmonica and vocal; Buddy Guy, Walter Beasley, guitars; Freddy Below or Little Al, drums. Vanguard stereo, VSD-79231, $5.79; mono, VRS-9231, $4.79.	Wells has a good feeling for tempos and is convincing as singer and harmonicist. His first tentative chorus of the instrumental, "Slow, Slow," is extraordinarily evocative. Buddy Guy accompanies him sensitively and takes several brilliant solos. The little group swings easily and naturally, both in the studio recordings and those made in a Chicago club. James Cotton, who formerly sang and played harmonica with Muddy Waters, appears in a similar role on Verve Folkways FTS-3023, but here the tempos are less fitting and the addition of trumpet, trombones, and saxophones is a liability rather than an asset.
Gerald Wilson: *Live and Swinging.* Wilson, arranger and conductor, with eighteen-piece band. Pacific Jazz stereo, ST 20118, $5.79; mono, PJ-10118, $5.79.	Like Wilson's six previous Pacific Jazz albums, this is heavy on brass, which the live recording doesn't always do total justice. As a result of several personnel changes, Charles Tolliver (trumpet) and Hadley Caliman (tenor saxophone) debut in the former's "Paper Man" and then return in a rearrangement of Wilson's "Viva Tirado." The most exciting newcomer, however, is drummer Carl Lott, who adds a great deal of fire to the performances, particularly to that of "The 'It's' Where It's At." Neal Hefti's "Li'l Darlin'," usually a trumpet showcase, in this instance features some adroit organ playing by Jack Wilson. —Stanley Dance.

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Jazz at the Movies

WHAT IS a good film score? Is it music which is good enough to stand on its own, out of its original context? Or is it, on the other hand, music which is effective in context but which might not stand up in a concert hall?

On film, effective drama is a complex of several things. Movies with sound and dialogue are still primarily visual experiences like their silent forebears. But they begin as written narratives, which portray character, situation, and plot through dialogue. When they are executed, they also include photography, a carefully edited montage of "shots," and some "background" music as a part of their final effect. At the crudest level, one might say that the music is there simply to keep the audience from becoming distracted. And at a somewhat higher level, it is there to underline and perhaps compliment mood, situation, and character.

The film composer walks a narrow line; he has to be good enough not to be noticed. If he does not do his job well, he will be noticed, either because he does not contribute to dramatic effect well enough or because, one might say, he contributes too much—he distracts one from the drama and draws too much attention to himself. We would not underline a dramatic film with a Beethoven symphony because, no matter how good the film, the audience might end up listening to Beethoven. In short, good film music is a purely functional aspect of one kind of drama.

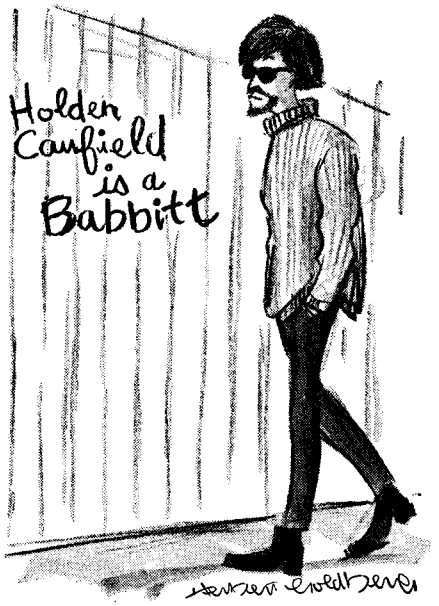
One example of ideal movie music would be Max Steiner's score for *King Kong*. It sounds perfectly marvelous, is almost totally effective in context, and yet one probably could not bear it for more than five minutes if he were asked to sit attentively during a performance in a concert hall. There are several film scores, however—one thinks particularly of a couple of Aaron Copland's—which manage to sound right in context and yet do stand up on their own.

About ten years ago, the movies began an earnest use of jazz as background music. Naturally, the industry discovered some fairly derivative hacks of its own to grind the stuff out, but it also invited some more-than-capable jazz musicians, and even some first-rate ones, into the fold.

It may seem odd that jazz, a form of music which has been so long determined to free itself from a purely functional role as a background in the barroom and dance hall, should have embraced so enthusiastically still another functional role as background at the movie house. But jazz, as usual, proved to have an unpredictable vitality. John Lewis wrote some very good pieces for the Modern Jazz Quartet to play in the background during a French movie called, in this country, *No Sun in Venice* (they're on Atlantic 1284). And Lewis wrote a first-rate score for a small orchestra for *Odds Against Tomorrow*. That latter score, paradoxically, was even more functionally conceived in terms of the action of the film, but was somewhat better heard on its own. (It was issued on United Artists 4061 but is now out of print.)

PERHAPS the most interesting approach was used by Miles Davis for an entirely forgettable French new-wave film called, over here, *Frantic!* Davis and his sidemen watched a screening of the movie and made some notes and sketches. Then they proceeded to improvise their score in direct response to a second screening of the movie in the recording studio. (The results can be heard on Columbia CL 1268.)

One of the two Sonny Rollins records that I am about to discuss is not a film score. It is called *East Broadway Rundown* (Impulse A/AS-9121) and presents a Rollins trio on one side and, with the addition of trumpeter Freddy Hubbard, a quartet on the other. Its arrival, however, reminds me that I have neglected to give discussion to Rollins's previous and still recent release, which was a performance of the music he wrote for the British film *Alfie* (Impulse A/AS-9111).



The LP release is not drawn directly from the film's sound track; it features a nine-piece group, with scoring and conducting by Oliver Nelson, and with Rollins as the chief soloist, occasionally spelled by guitarist Kenny Burrell and pianist Roger Kellaway. Rollins's pieces would seem to meet the first, functional requirement of film music very well in sections like "Street Runner with Child" and the waltz "On Impulse." But, to me, certain portions seem to stand up on their own also. These include the robust, main "Alfie's Theme," which Rollins interprets twice, swaggeringly confident before the film's action and introspectively after it. Second, a lovely "Child" theme which is played and echoed variously throughout. Rollins is the chief interpreter and improviser, of course, and beside him Burrell and Kellaway seem rather functional, even in the stronger parts of the score. Nelson's orchestrations are appropriately lean and complementary to the saxophonist's writing and playing.

THE *East Broadway Rundown* LP features a rather different Rollins. It offers two extended, loosely structured pieces—the "Rundown" title piece and "Blessing in Disguise"—with former John Coltrane associates, Jimmy Garrison on bass and Melvin Jones on drums. On occasion, trumpeter Hubbard, present on the first title only, has also participated in similar "free form" projects with both Coltrane and Ornette Coleman.

Rollins matured in the mid-Fifties, at a time when the modern jazz of the period was finding ensemble approaches and forms for itself over and above the take-your-turn, string-of-solos approach with which it had discovered and established its basic language. Rollins, at his best a sort of one-man sextet, functions best (and paradoxically with greater freedom, I think) within the strict tradition of song forms and blues, sometimes fulfilling their "rules" in his highly individual way and sometimes brilliantly extending, or even knowledgeably breaking, those rules. Thus, the best performance here is a relatively brief reading of Richard Rodgers's "We Kiss in a Shadow," which finishes off the LP. When he takes on the currently fashionable loose, "free" forms, as on the other two pieces, Rollins avoids his own best kind of challenge, I think, and we hear one of the most orderly melodists in jazz history courting disorder.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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The Fairness Doctrine

WRITE A LETTER, if you want to complain about something in television or radio; it may actually bring results, contrary to dim views of the practice taken by professional observers of the media. Two men wrote letters recently, in separate cases, to broadcast stations and to the Federal Communications Commission, and triggered thunderstorms in the industry.

Fred J. Cook and John F. Banzhaf III are the activating letter-writers. The first is a well-known author-journalist; the second is a twenty-six-year-old graduate of the Columbia University Law School and of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The stations to which they wrote rebuffed both men, but they carried their cases to the FCC, and the Commission supported them.

In Mr. Cook's case, the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia has upheld the FCC's action in a landmark decision. In the case of Mr. Banzhaf, some two dozen stations have filed a challenge to the Commission's ruling, and undoubtedly it will be tested in the courts. Both actions involved the Commission's Fairness Doctrine, promulgated, ironically, in 1949 at the behest of the broadcasters.

The doctrine requires that stations devote a reasonable percentage of their broadcasting time to public issues of controversial importance, affording the public an opportunity to hear opposing sides of issues. Cook was verbally attacked by Billy James Hargis, a radical right broadcaster, on WGCB, an ultra-conservative station in York, Pennsylvania. The program was commercially sponsored. When Cook asked for free time to reply, he was told by the station that he would either have to pay for it or stipulate that he was financially unable to "sponsor" a reply. The FCC then ordered WGCB to give him free time.

The station, in district court, challenged the constitutionality of the Fairness Doctrine. The court, however, affirmed the Commission's action and asserted that the Doctrine is "a vehicle completely legal in its origin which implements by the use of modern technology the 'free and general discussion of public matters [which] seems absolutely essential for an intelligent exercise of their rights as citizens.'"

Banzhaf wrote CBS last December asking its New York-owned station to give him roughly proportionate time to counter cigarette commercials with his own antismoking messages. The FCC, after CBS had rejected Banzhaf's request, wrote a public letter to all broadcasters noting that they were responsible for making available "significant" amounts of time for presentations of the anti-cigarette viewpoint. "The Commission would be content with stations' "good faith and reasonableness"—and a 3-to-1 ratio of cigarette ads to antismoking messages, said Henry Geller, the Commission's general counsel.

Both cases have aroused the industry spokesmen to a renewed, vigorous attack on the constitutionality of the Fairness Doctrine. The WGCB case (Red Lion Broadcasting) is considered a dubious one on which to go to the Supreme Court. The right-wing record of the station (it is currently involved in other quarrels with the FCC involving "hate" broadcasts) could taint the case. In effect, the station is asking for the right to run its programs as it pleases, and, in the words of the FCC, "making radio unavailable as a medium of free speech."

The Commission's cigarette ruling, however, has produced more pragmatic jitters in the trade. Networks and agencies see $200 million worth of tobacco advertising in danger. They say the extension of the doctrine from political controversy to advertising is "absurd." They worry about its application to other "potentially controversial" products—beer, wine, fluorides, etc.

The FCC, however, has no intention of unlimited application. The Fairness Doctrine, in its estimate, is too important to be extended to ridiculous limits. Congress has ruled that cigarettes are a health hazard, and the FCC, in its cigarette ad ruling, is merely following Congressional cues. It won't apply the Doctrine to products that do not involve significant health hazards. It wants more balanced presentation, not a knockout of all cigarette commercials.

Thank Banzhaf, then, if in the months ahead, you begin to see and hear more warnings on television and radio about the hazards of smoking. And thank Cook for inspiring Circuit Judge Tamm, in the Red Lion case, to remind us—as was stated in *U.S. vs. Associated Press*—that "right conclusions are more likely to be gathered out of a multitude of tongues than through any kind of authoritative selection. To many this is, and always will be, folly; but we have staked upon it our all." —Robert Lewis Shayon.

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 39

lady, Felicia Weathers as the obliging nurse. Each was more successful with the vocal line than with projection of the part in the drama to which they were assigned.

In addition to Boatwright and Weathers, the Negro members of the cast included Simon Estes, as the uncle whose aid Jones solicits, and William de Valentine as the Deacon, who fails him, too. They performed with dignity and a higher degree of intelligibility in their delivery of the English text than such Europeans as Kerstin Meyer (the much-mauled, supposed victim of rape), Kim Borg, and Tom Krause. Richard Cassilly added to the esteem he has earned during the Hamburg visit with a brief but striking scene as the nightclub MC, and Heinz Blankenburg (New York-born despite the name) managed three totally different "cameos" skillfully. There was, indeed, ample talent on the stage for an absorbing experience, but the performance never quite came together, perhaps because of the diffusion in *The Visitation* itself.

The value of a sound dramatic structure to any enterprise utilizing a stage was demonstrated on a prior evening when Giselher Klebe's treatment of Franz Werfel's *Jacobovsky and the Colonel* had its first American performance. Any treatment of Werfel's enticing subject which arouses comparisons with Oscar Karlweiss and Louis Calhern—the Jacobovsky and Colonel of the wartime Broadway presentation—begins at a disadvantage, but this one, at least, presented, in Oskar Czerwenka, a plausible Jacobovsky. It also had the well-plotted scenes, the skillful succession of happenings inherent in Werfel's conception to reward the attention.

What it did not have, however, was enough music of pith and purpose to make Klebe-Werfel something more than Werfel alone. There were some moments of contrast and variety to indicate Klebe's awareness of what is desirable in a sung story (one of the best was the arietta assigned to Marianne, the Colonel's lady-in-waiting, and well performed by Arlene Saunders). Too much of it, otherwise, was bland and without character. The partnership of Rennert and Maximovna worked productively in this instance, the former to the advantage of Gerhard Stolze as Colonel Stjerbinsky and the Szabuniewicz of Erwin Wohlfahrt, the latter to the evocation of a wartime France that was beleaguered but still *belle*.

—Irving Kolodin.

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

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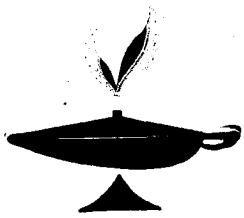

EDITORIAL 51

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 52

EDUCATION IN VIETNAM:
AMERICA'S DIEN BIEN PHU?
By John Naisbitt 53

KARI'S HANDICAP—
THE IMPEDIMENT OF CREATIVITY
By Robert E. Samples 56

THE REAL WORLD OF JACQUELINE GRENNAN
By Patricia Jansen Doyle 58

ENGAGING ART IN DIALOGUE
By Edmund Burke Feldman 60

AMERICAN SCHOLARSHIP:
A GLOBAL AFFAIR 62

SCHOOLS MAKE NEWS 63

VOICES IN THE CLASSROOM:
SUMMER SHORTS
By Peter Schrag 66

THE EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF 67

BOOK REVIEW
"International Study of Achievement in Mathematics," edited by Torsten Husén, reviewed by Max Beberman 68

This monthly supplement is sponsored by the Charles F. Kettering Foundation. The editors of SR retain responsibility for its contents.

Correspondence for the Education Supplement should be addressed to: Education Editor, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

Judge Wright Faces North

SINCE the Supreme Court's 1954 school desegregation decision, the courts have generally held that, although school systems cannot deliberately segregate by drawing school attendance lines in discriminatory fashion, neither do they have an affirmative obligation to overcome the effects of segregated housing patterns in their enrollment policies.

Last month, however, in the case of *Hobson vs. Hansen and the Board of Education of the District of Columbia,* Judge J. Skelly Wright of the U.S. Court of Appeals, trying the case as a district judge, placed a far more inclusive burden on the school system. "The basic question presented," he asserted in his decision, "is whether the defendants . . . in the operation of the public school system, here unconstitutionally deprive the District Negroes and poor public school children of their right to equal educational opportunity." He added, "This court concludes that they do."

To eliminate the discriminatory practices he found in the District of Columbia schools, Judge Wright ordered first that the school district abolish the track system under which pupils have been assigned to different curricula and classes within the schools—a system that has been the focus of sharp controversy for a number of years. He seemed to be looking beyond Washington to the other Southern school systems when he asserted that segregation by classes is not a constitutional alternative to segregation by schools. He seemed to be speaking largely to the South, too, when he declared that school policy, in assigning teachers to particular schools, must eliminate "every possibility of willful segregation" and that "assignment of incoming [new] teachers must proceed on a color-conscious basis to insure substantial and rapid teacher integration in every school."

But it is Judge Wright's decision on the assignment of pupils to segregated neighborhood schools that is likely to have the most far-reaching repercussions in the months ahead. For, as he delivered his decision on this issue, the Judge appeared to be facing straight North and speaking to the nation's great Northern cities as well as to the District of Columbia.

Adherence to the neighborhood school policy, he declared, "effectively segregates the Negro and the poor children from the white and affluent children in most of the District's public schools." And he found that Negro schools are not only inferior, but that "racially and socially homogeneous schools damage the minds and spirit of all children who attend them—the Negro, the white, the poor, and the affluent—and block the attainment of the broader goals of democratic education, whether the segregation occurs by law or by fact." Differential treatment of a disadvantaged minority is not necessarily unconstitutional, to be sure, but it does place on the responsible agency the burden of justifying the inequality. Therefore, the Judge sought justification for such treatment—and in one case failed to find it. In the areas bordering Rock Creek Park he found that at least 1,000 students could be transported from overcrowded Negro schools to

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underutilized white schools where they would comprise about one-third of the student body.

In ordering the school board to make this option available to Negro students who volunteer for it, Judge Wright noted that "the board's generally strict adherence to the neighborhood policy is beyond justification in this one instance, which supports the assumption that other proposals can also be framed, the net advantages of which in integration terms will also be clear." He therefore remanded the proceedings to the Board of Education "for its formulation of an integration plan which carefully assesses the virtues and costs of the spectrum of integration strategies as they could be carried out here in the District."

It seems clear that Judge Wright was not speaking solely to the Board of Education of the District of Columbia. Veteran of the desegregation conflict in New Orleans as a district judge, Judge Wright is aware that more than 90 per cent of Washington school children are Negro. Integration in any but token terms is impossible without the cooperation of the surrounding suburban school systems—a possibility that he urges the school board to explore. But he does break new ground in placing on the schools the affirmative responsibility for attacking de facto segregation.

As *SR* goes to press, it is not clear whether Judge Wright's decision will be appealed. But no matter what the immediate outcome, it appears likely that the decision will have far-reaching influence on judicial thinking.

A month ago *SR*'s associate education editor noted in this space ["Kicking Civil Rights Upstairs," *SR*, June 17] that when Congress recently mandated that the Civil Rights Act be enforced equally in the North and South it may, by tying the end of segregation in the South to the promotion of racial balance in the North, "have undermined both." But it is also possible that, hard on the heels of Congress's action, Judge Wright has provided judicial precedent that may revitalize action for desegregation in both the North and the South.

—J. C.

SR recently received three awards for its coverage of education.

The National School Bell Award was presented for "distinguished continuous coverage of education by a weekly or biweekly magazine of general circulation."

The Educational Press Association of America granted two awards: 1) for Best News Story to William Trombly for "The Three R's in California—Reagan, Regents, and the Right," [*SR*, March 18, 1967]; 2) for Best Editorial to James Cass for "Do We Really Want Equality?" [*SR*, Dec. 17, 1966].

Letters to the Editor

Correction

APOLOGIES ARE DUE Stanley Diamond in connection with my article, "Cultivating the Arts of Poverty" [*SR*, June 17]. In that article my references to the significance of certain Negro entertainers and athletes were attributed to Mr. Diamond, but failed to indicate that the interpretation of Negro-white relations and substantial portions of my descriptions of the Clay-Liston fight, the behavior of the Harlem Globetrotters, and the artistic styles of Mahalia Jackson and Ella Fitzgerald were direct quotations from a draft of an article by Mr. Diamond which appeared in the magazine *Dissent*, [Autumn 1965]. I regret this oversight.

FRANCIS A. J. IANNI.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The editors join Mr. Ianni in apologizing to Mr. Diamond and the editors of Dissent. Specific acknowledgement of authorship should have been made in SR's article.*

Reluctant NEA

PETER JANSSEN does the NEA less than justice on several points in his article "NEA: The Reluctant Dragon" [*SR*, June 17]. Regarding growth, the NEA gains far more members annually than the AFT. The AFT has managed to gain only 13,000 members on an annual average.

On the matter of the NEA vs. the AFT as an agent in teacher-board negotiations, the facts are that the vast majority of teachers choose to have NEA affiliates negotiate in their behalf, and that by no means all of these are in small communities. In Wisconsin, for example, it was not only Fond du Lac, with its 320-plus faculty, that voted to be represented by its NEA affiliate; so did Milwaukee's 3,700 teachers and Kenosha's 700.

The NEA's Commission on Teacher Education and Professional Standards has been extremely effective in influencing state legislatures and departments of education to improve their certification requirements, that NEA affiliates have been far more insistent than AFT affiliates in getting recognition in salary schedules for degree and graduate degree teachers, and that the professional-sanctions tactic (unlike the strike) has done much good and no harm.

I will concede that Janssen sounds as if he wished the NEA were a greater force for an improved educational system; if that is his wish, I join him in it.

EMIL A. ERICKSON.

Virginia, Minn.

I ENJOYED Peter Janssen's excellent article about the AFT and NEA. I was underquoted, however. I did say some nice things about the NEA in my conversation with Mr. Janssen, but I added that the NEA has never really represented the teachers of the United States in a meaningful way.

The NEA looks, acts, and sounds like any big American corporation selling a product to its customers. This corporate approach to teacher problems cannot provide what teachers now want and need.

DAVID SELDEN,
Assistant to the President,
American Federation of Teachers.

Chicago, Ill.

I BELIEVE "reluctant" is much too lenient a criticism of the NEA's shabby record of inactivity on the issue of school desegregation.

My research (in *Journal of Negro Education:School and Society*) turned up the fact that the NEA did nothing to hasten the 1954 Supreme Court decision on school desegregation. In spite of this incredible record, we learn that the NEA continues to drag its heels in this matter.

It is almost unbelievable that the NEA will be one of the last of the major organizations in the country to desegregate itself. It is foolish to believe the organization is serious about wanting to help speed up the process of desegregation. Under these circumstances it comes as no surprise that social liberals seem to join AFT.

PATRICK GROFF,
Professor of Education,
San Diego State College.

San Diego, Calif.

Advancement School Lives On

A STORY about the North Carolina Advancement School in SCHOOLS MAKE NEWS [June 17] is somewhat in error.

The Advancement School, which has been operated by the Learning Institute since its inception in 1964, is, indeed, at the end of its initial three-year funding period. It is not true, however, that our request for state funds to continue the school has "met with little response."

Now pending in the state legislature are three alternatives for the Advancement School's future funding. At this point, no one knows which of these alternatives our General Assembly will take, but I personally feel that North Carolina will continue the Advancement School in some viable form.

It is quite true that former director Peter Buttenwieser and about a third of the Advancement School staff have signed contracts to begin a similar school in Philadelphia. Our view of the Philadelphia move is that North Carolina education has many innovative and worthwhile ideas to share with our Northern neighbors, and we hope that the Philadelphia Advancement School will be only the first of such exportations.

GORDON L. MCANDREW,
Director,
The Learning Institute
of North Carolina.

Rougemont, N.C.

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—Photos by John Naisbitt.

A rural classroom in the Mekong Delta—"While we may win the battle on Hill 281, we are losing the one in Public School 106."

EDUCATION IN VIETNAM

America's Dien Bien Phu?

By JOHN NAISBITT, *a former assistant to Commissioner of Education Francis Keppel and later to Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare John Gardner. Mr. Naisbitt, now in private industry, visited Thailand and Vietnam during a Far East business trip early this spring.*

WE CALL the wrong war the "other war" in Vietnam.

This spring, while visiting a hamlet school in the Mekong Delta with a militant anti-Communist Vietnamese intellectual, I remarked that I had read in the American press that the Vietcong had blown up many such schools built with American aid. He appeared startled. "Why should they?" he said. "They think they are going to win, and they plan to use these schools."

The *military* conflict should be the "other war." The Vietcong and the North Vietnamese cannot beat us militarily. But while we may win the battle on Hill 281 we are losing the one in Public School 106. The schools are likely to be the most important battle front, and what we are doing—or not doing—in education may well decide the issue.

Only about half of the children of South Vietnam ever start school. Of these, all but a fourth will leave before the age of thirteen, and only one of every 200 will graduate from high school. The curriculum is planned for children in Saigon and has almost no relevance for the children of the countryside—four-fifths of the population. These children of peasants and small businessmen are usually flunked out before they finish elementary school.

Vietnam once had an educational system that was famous for producing a population that was 80 per cent literate. This system was a native adaptation of the Chinese mandarin system dating back to Peking rule during the first millennium A.D. The French conquest a century ago led to the almost complete destruction of the mandarin system. The new French system centered around a small Gallicized elite that was out of touch with the people. The deterioration was such that, on the eve of World War II, there were more prisons in French Indochina than schools.

THE French system focused narrowly on a college preparatory curriculum. National examinations determined entrance to the various levels of public education and, since teachers must teach for the test, effectively locked the curriculum for both public and private schools.

After World War II, during the war against the French, the Vietminh under Ho Chi Minh introduced popular education. "People's schools" were established in Vietminh territory. Education then, and now (in North Vietnam and Vietcong territory), concentrated on training for jobs. Adult illiteracy was reduced sharply, though often by draconian methods (peasants stopped on the way to market were not allowed to continue unless they passed a literacy test administered on the spot).

After the French defeat, in what became the Republic of Vietnam, Emperor Bao Dai retained the French system. His successor, Ngo Dinh Diem, responded to the challenge of the Communists with a series of "me-too" policies, including a proclamation by his Minister of Information that illiterate adults would be pilloried in medieval fashion. Under Diem and his successors, increases in school enrollments have been just as impressive as in North Vietnam, having more than doubled since 1955. But the education system in South Vietnam remains basically the same as it was under French rule—inherently inadequate and irrelevant to the needs of the nation.

U.S. officials decided it was important to introduce reforms. Lyndon Johnson, the "education president," wanted to offer an Elementary and Secondary Education Act to the Vietnamese. The "other war" was to be escalated, and promises were made that sounded like "a school in every hamlet."

But in a war-ravaged country, things are not so easily done. There are six to

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ten hamlets in each of 2,600 villages. Schools were authorized, but building materials did not appear. When schools were built, teachers did not show up to open them.

The Vietcong, by contrast, do not promise schools in war conditions but frequently do furnish them. The Vietcong do repair the shelled village home and help with the rice harvest when they promise. Small promises made and kept are remembered as much as big promises broken. In Saigon and in the villages, the American is frequently known as the man who came to the district leader, promised to give him a school or a health center, went away, and has not been heard from since.

More than half of the projected 14,000,000 new textbooks have been printed to give "every elementary school pupil a complete set of modern texts"—for a curriculum established fifty years ago. How many of these books get to children is in great doubt. Many of the millions are not shipped because of lack of funds and shipping priorities. Many stay in warehouses because province chiefs, in whose care they are trusted, fear that if given to children they will get lost or damaged. Audio-visual materials and methods that the Title I advisory committee (to the U.S. Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965) says could not be used effectively by many American teachers in American schools have been sent to Vietnam for use in hamlet schools by teachers who themselves have had no more than six years of schooling.

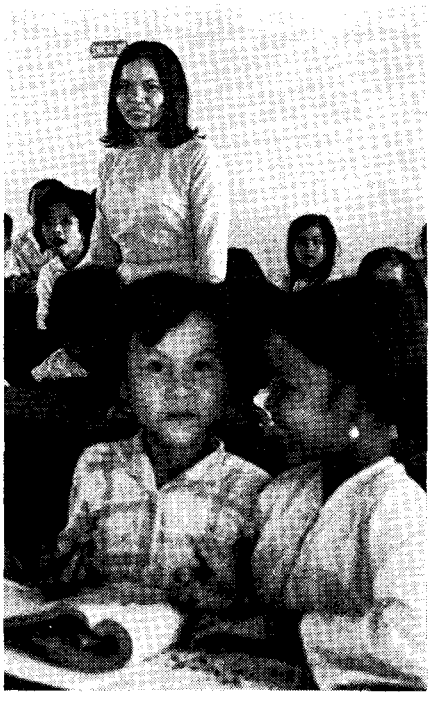
The weakest part of South Vietnamese education is the lack of trained teachers. Forty per cent of the elementary teachers have had no formal training. Many have completed no more than the fifth or sixth grade. Public classrooms officially average sixty students to a class. I counted more than seventy in many hamlet classrooms in the Mekong Delta. There are schools in the countryside without any teachers. And it is no better in Saigon, where disciplinary problems force teachers to act more like policemen than teachers.

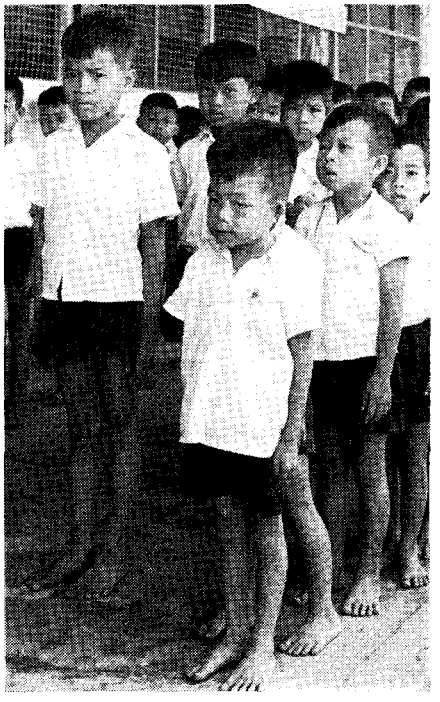
AMERICAN officials in Vietnam say the demand for well qualified teachers has continually outstripped the supply by a ratio of 3 to 1. These desperately needed teachers are drafted into the army while Saigon youths enroll in schools to avoid the draft, with no intention of attending class. Students in the four teacher-training schools established with U.S. aid, however, are not given draft deferments.

Politics intrudes everywhere. The Saigon Government will spend millions of piasters on audio-visual materials because it gives the appearance of being progressive, but will not pay teachers more than the wages of street peddlers. Schools and teachers promised to hamlets and villages loyal to the Saigon Government are now being assigned to Vietcong defectors and people "removed" from Vietcong territory. It appears to villagers to be better to be a convert to Saigon than one who has been continuously loyal to it. The government terminated a six-year-old contract with the University of Michigan for the training of Vietnamese civil servants because the university refused to silence several professors who criticized the Saigon Government after they returned to the United States.

Nor are American efforts untouched by politics. A recent incident involving the University of Hue went unpublicized in this country but is well known in Vietnam. For the past two years an Ohio University team has been working on problems of secondary education with the Faculties of Pedagogy at the Universities of Saigon and Hue. Last July the Ohio team was taken out of the University of Hue, not by the Vietnamese, but by U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, in what many Americans in Vietnam view as a spiteful act. The USIS library at the university had been burned down by members of the recent Struggle Movement who thought the library was operated by the CIA. Lodge pulled the Ohio team out because several University of Hue faculty members, not connected with the American project, were among the movement's leaders. Except for a small amount of aid to the hospital connected with the university, Lodge cut off all aid. Americans have not even been allowed to send textbooks to faculty friends at the university.

Early this year, the university asked a young International Voluntary Service (IVS) teacher to serve part time at the University. The U.S. Embassy at first granted permission, then withdrew it, and finally after much negotiation again granted permission just recently. Today, the extent of American aid to the University of Hue is limited to one young





"Only about half of the children of South Vietnam ever start school. Of these, all but a fourth will leave before the age of thirteen."

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American who is teaching English conversation and American history eight hours a week. Canada and Germany are providing some aid, but are under pressure from the U.S. Embassy to pull out. (IVS, a prototype of the Peace Corps, which does not have volunteers in Vietnam, now has nearly 150 young Americans teaching in all parts of South Vietnam, including Vietcong territory. All of these young men and women speak Vietnamese and are meticulously apolitical. So certain are the Vietcong that they will win the war that they permit these IVS volunteers to teach in schools in villages they control.)

Despite the lack of cooperation from the Saigon Government and competition for materials and services from the American military, however, some headway has been made. The Agency for International Development teams working in the provinces have made some improvements. A number of American universities have worked under contracts with the American and Saigon Governments on education problems in Vietnam. A Southern Illinois University team has been in Saigon for six years, concentrating on teacher training and elementary education.

Some attempts are being made to offer a more practical curriculum to students. There has been a recent increase in emphasis on trade and vocational schools at the secondary and higher education levels, and there are some elementary community pilot schools which combine training in agricultural practices with basic academic studies. The vast majority of the country's students, however, continue to study college preparatory subjects from antiquated texts.

ONE group of young high school teachers, known as the "New School Movement," is working for revisions in the curriculum. Their leaders told me that they thought the national examination system was the greatest single force preventing curriculum change and that they favored doing away with it in order to open the doors for change. The New School Movement is progressive and potentially influential, but is lying low until a more permissive Minister of Education comes along.

Although there has been increased emphasis in recent years on the need for technical and vocational training, nearly all of the schools that provide this type of training are at the secondary level or higher, and are thus available only to the few who have completed their primary education. The vast majority of the rural people who would profit from vocational rather than academic training never receive it because they do not stay in school long enough to complete the primary grades.

Even those who do complete their education either in an academic or a technical institution are not assured of finding jobs. The late Bernard B. Fall noted that a major problem of the South Vietnamese Government is "how to employ . . . thousands of college graduates without creating even more unproductive government jobs."

"Given present economic and social conditions, education breeds disappointment and bitterness."

The United States is helping to expand higher agricultural training institutions. Yet a survey team headed by Dr. Marvin A. Brooker, dean of the college of agriculture at the University of Florida, reported that "under the restricted budgets and limited services necessitated by war, and the military draft to support the war, the additional trained manpower absorbed by governmental and private agencies in agriculture will remain small. Directorates in the Ministry of Agriculture can appoint new people only for positions made vacant by death or retirement."

Opportunities in industry and the professions are equally restricted. Correspondents have reported that South Vietnamese brought to the United States for graduate study flee to France rather than return to positions beneath their level of training. When Americans need Vietnamese technicians, qualified applicants usually outnumber job openings six to one.

Given present economic and social conditions, education breeds disappointment and bitterness. Rural children and their parents do not see much value in education that does not offer an opportunity for higher occupational or social status. As one Vietnamese expressed it, "What good is job training if there aren't any jobs after it's all done?"

Some former American officials point out that, in contrast, the Vietcong appear to give hope for the future and confidence in social mobility, improved economic status, and jobs through education. North Vietnam seemingly proves that Vietcong promises can be fulfilled. Through brutally enforced industrialization, technical school graduates are given jobs as factory managers. Fall reported in 1962 that in many plants young engineers freshly graduated from Chinese, Russian, East German, and local training schools had to step directly into top engineering jobs involving responsibility over thousands of workers. "It often looks," a Western economist told him, "as if a midshipman has been given command of a cruiser as his first post," and often with the same results, but always with proof to youth that education pays. The system in the South, which our aid and a few half-hearted Saigon efforts have been unable to change, keeps the poor in their place.

SOME progress has been made, but the disparity between American words and deeds obscures accomplishments. A leading South Vietnamese economist has calculated that 500,000 new jobs must be created each year just to maintain present living standards. A maximum of 100,000 new jobs now open annually.

Escalation of the shooting war in 1965 and 1966 was accompanied by de-escalation of the "other war" education battles in the countryside. The number of elementary school teachers actually decreased in 1965. Construction of hamlet schools in 1966 was reduced because the number of teachers and, above all, teacher salaries could not be expanded adequately. Many hamlet schools prom-

(*Continued on page 72*)

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"She tries to synthesize all the elements of her world into relevance. In doing so, *she* makes the choices—an act which gives her the plague mark of individuality."

Kari's Handicap—The Impediment of Creativity

By ROBERT E. SAMPLES, *director, instructional materials development, Earth Science Curriculum Project.*

Of course. The only way it could be explained is that snow is a cloud lying down. The ocean breathes a cloud into the air and it becomes tired as it ripples up and down across the desert. When it must rest, it will lie down on a mountain. Maybe it's making love to the mountain. Oh, if it is, I wish I were a mountain. If it stops too long, it can't leave the way it came. The mountains bleed their cloud away and it becomes soiled. But what beautiful punishment . . . it can escape out of the inside of an aspen tree to get back into the air . . . but only a little at a time. That's what it costs to be too tired. Maybe though, it could . . .

"Kari!"

Damn you! It was silent, but she thought it. Aloud, she said, "Yes, Mr. Clyde?"

"Have you solved the problem yet?"

"Oh, . . . no; I'll need more time."

The teacher's voice rang with bitterness, "You're the only one who needs more time. Have it here by 8 in the morning."

IF YOU SAW her running between classes with too many books in her arms and a little bit late, you would never notice that she was different. When she sat in class engrossed in the patterns the window light made on the floor, she seemed commonly inattentive. But once you got to know her, you fully realized that she was different. She flushed with a kind of awareness. Kari was handicapped. But her handicap wasn't a limp or a distorted speech pattern. Her handicap was creativity.

What is creativity? Sometimes creative connection is done in a manner unique to mankind, but most often such connections bring a spark of "newness" to the connector only. In our society those who have the "duty" of determining what is creative and what is not are the critics. They are armed with peculiar kinds of subjective authority focused upon those who attempt to create. The prejudices they bring to their decision-making are erudite and usually are not in the realm of the commonplace.

Teachers and other adults who must work with younger people are shadowed by the awareness of the critics' role. As a result, there is often the tendency to use the societal definitions of uniqueness when viewing the creative efforts of individual children. Few realize that both effective surprise and connecting the unconnected are *firstly* individual and *secondly* societal. A child whose perception is acute enough to see the road as a "ribbon of moonlight" cannot be punished because Alfred Noyes saw it first. Yet in many instances they are.

Teachers are instruments of society,

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and, in an awkward way, they are the judicial branch of society's government. The term in court called the school year is served by each child. The child is sentenced to these years of examination and indoctrination by a society bent on self-perpetuation. In this environment Kari is a misfit. Her teachers have been spawned by a society that has provided them with a host of clichés that guide their perception. They go into rooms full of thirty children with the knowledge that "each child has his own personality" and "each child is an individual" and that "the individual should respect the rights of others." In their implementing of these clichés pervasive concepts of democratic behavior and underdog worship cloud the teachers' analysis of class needs. Protectivism and conformity are built into Kari's school walls.

Kari has too many classmates. But the high numbers are only one excuse for the response of the teachers. Actually, if there were only ten students in each class, Kari would still be mistreated. The school reflects the society from which Kari comes. The school's compartmental treatment of intellectualism is a microcosm of society's patterns. Words, numbers, and activities are separated by fences labeled LANGUAGE, MATH, and GYM.

Kari tries to synthesize all the elements of her world into relevance. In doing so, *she* makes the choices—an act which gives her the plague mark of individuality. She sees an algebraic solution as symbolic poetry that rhymes in the symmetry of logic. The logic doesn't matter, but the meter she perceives does. Her teacher is disgusted by her lack of effort to please him. He makes his requirements clear and is piqued by her apparently intentional effort to ignore *his* needs.

The mathematician Jules Henri Poincaré once described the way he solved a knotty group of problems in the following manner:

> For fifteen days I strove to prove that there could not be any functions like those I have since called Fuchsian functions. I was then very ignorant; every day I seated myself at my work table, stayed an hour or two, tried a great number of combinations and reached no results. One evening, contrary to my custom, I drank black coffee and could not sleep. Ideas rose in crowds; I felt them collide until pairs interlocked, so to speak, making a stable combination. By the next morning I had established the existence of a class of Fuchsian functions. . . . I had only to write out the results. . . .

This suggests something that has been known by psychologists for a long time —more than one mode of thought guides our approach to solving problems. The substantive and internally consistent mode is the "logical, clear-thinking" one that is most admired and accepted by society. More metaphoric and intuitive kinds of thought are regarded suspiciously and only a small segment of society is permitted license to perform them. Regardless of the breadth of society's approval, the capabilities for both modes exist in each of us.

IN addition to these two, Lawrence Kubie cites the kind of thought whose source lies within the unconscious realm. Substantive thought is born of the conscious realm, and the intuitive is the product of the preconscious realm. Noncreative people, when solving problems and patterning their world, draw heavily upon conscious or substantive modes of thought. Creative people, on the other hand, are dependent upon their use of the preconscious or intuitive. Thoughts and behavior resulting from the interference of these two modes from the unconscious realm inhibit both logic and creativity. Thought in the unconscious realm is the kind over which the individual has no control. When this kind of thought predominates, the individual is "sick."

Schools are most dedicated to rewarding substantive thought. Thus, they are effective mirrors of society's rules, and operationally they force the position of the student toward the logical and chronological. The substantive is identified with our professional life while the intuitive dominates our personal lives. At the same time that an awareness that the leisure segment of our lives is increasing, the schools perpetrate the substantive reward patterns. What this means is that while claiming to be attendant to developing the individual to lead a better life, the schools yet serve the institutions recognized by the group. The professional and societal aspects of the role of the individual are stressed by deed and innuendo. The micro-society of the school is modeled after the industrial patterns which pervade the "real world." This means that the clichés prevail while in deed Kari and her ken are discriminated against. The teachers *say* they will serve the individual, but in action they homogenize individuals into anonymous, ineffective groups. This efficiency overwhelms effectiveness.

Kari begins to learn that society expects her, as a female, to act in an intuitive fashion. The adjectives society uses, however, are "emotional" and "irrational." She learns early that upon the male image is bestowed "logical" and "rational" expectations. The fetish of efficiency is superimposed upon the expected behavior of Kari and her classmates. The goals society has set must be reached almost ritualistically and this is what so offends this girl. She does not want to *have* to be a bright mother of two. Nor is she interested in becoming "man-like" and "rational" so that career success will be hers. Kari is just interested in being honest and free.

When the school bells ring, Kari is required to cast an experience full of the brilliant orange of paint and the smell of linseed into a new form. This new image form is called civics. Here she learns to be "civil" by memorizing other new rules structured into a language so formalized that it brings tears to her throat as she reads them. She learns that laws are written by individuals and interpreted by groups. She learns that when she respects her own

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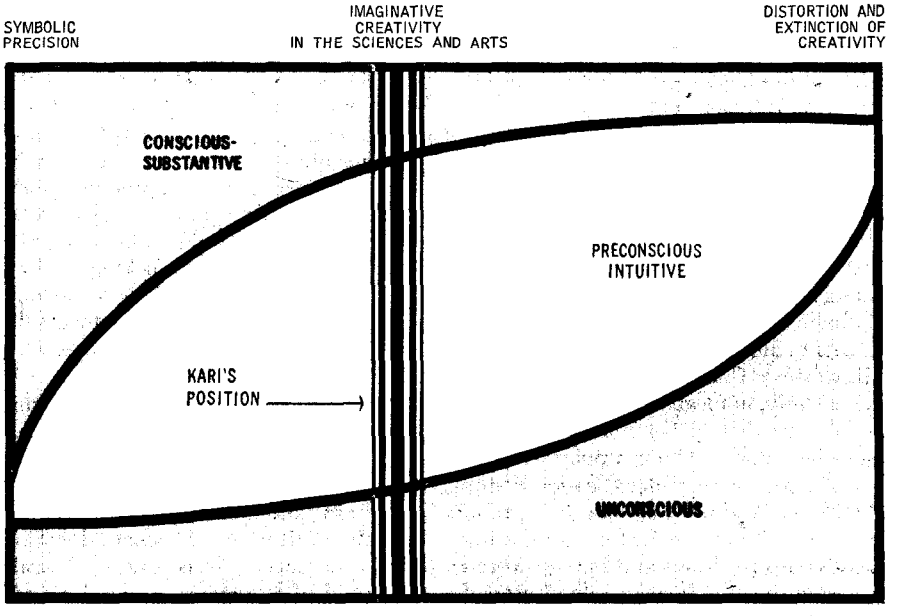

—Drawing after Kubie.

"Substantive thought is born of the conscious realm and the intuitive is the product of the preconscious realm. The capabilities for both modes exist in each of us."

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—*Webster College.*

The Real World of Jacqueline Grennan

"By any standard of measurement, she possesses multiple talents."

By PATRICIA JANSEN DOYLE, *education editor, Kansas City Star.*

LAST JANUARY the most publicized nun in America announced that she had asked to be relieved of her religious vows. Jacqueline Grennan, the president of Webster College, was changing her status from Sister Jacqueline to Miss Grennan. She wanted to try her wings in what she calls the "Real World." Being a nun gave her an initial weapon of surprise, she candidly concedes. "People expect so little of a nun," she said recently. "If you show 10 per cent of intelligence, outsiders multiply it out to 100 per cent. I wanted to be judged on objective general criteria."

By any standard of measurement, she possesses multiple talents. At forty, she is a charismatic person with a facile mind, a dramatic sense of timing, and a drive to be on the cutting edge of change, be it in curriculum reform or Catholic ecumenism. She has used her talents to mold Webster College, a small Midwestern Catholic women's college, into a lively, innovative institution. Some people say that in her hurry she sometimes lacks tack. "She is a politician, not a diplomat," said student leader Peggy McMahon. And her audacity in tapping millionaire hotelman Hilton and the big foundations for funds and high-powered academicians for faculty talent proved irresistible in a nun's habit. But it may have slipped from an asset to a debit when she shed her veil.

Certainly, among Websterites who know her best, Jacqueline Grennan's decision to leave the sisterhood came as no surprise. Her psyche demanded it, said a close sister friend. She was more sensitive than others to the rebuffs and confinements that come from wearing a habit. She was tense in black and white at cocktail parties, but relaxed a couple of years ago on a packed beach in Israel. Anonymous among 10,000 bathers, she recalls: "That was the most sanctuary I had known in sixteen years."

But the big mystery about Jacqueline Grennan is why she chose to announce that she was leaving the convent at the same time that she revealed that Webster College was taking a pace-setting step in higher education. After fifty years of operating this predominantly women's college (now nearly 1,000 women and eighty men students), the Sisters of Loretto were seeking ecclesiastical permission to transfer ownership and control of the institution to a self-perpetuating lay board of trustees.

Many Protestant colleges have cut church ties in the last 100 years, but this was the first time for a Catholic institution. Since the January 11th announcement, Notre Dame, Fordham, St. Louis University, and more than a dozen other Catholic institutions of higher education have announced shifts toward boards composed of laymen or a blend of laymen and clergy. But only Webster is seeking to disassociate itself fully from Catholic with a capital C.

Because Miss Grennan chose to place her personal decision in the same spotlight with that of the college, she has linked, perhaps irretrievably, the fate of Webster to how the public responds personally to her. There is little doubt now that the personal decision of the woman is overshadowing the far more significant decision of the college.

On the campus in Webster Groves, Missouri, a St. Louis suburb shaded by mature trees, there is a Grennan mystique. Students and faculty chorus, "We are terribly proud of Jacqueline." And almost everyone uses a word not usually heard as a description of one's college president—"love." Yet, in TRW (as the students have dubbed "The Real World" Jacqueline talks so much about), Miss Grennan has plunged into a whirlwind of controversy. Some alumnae reacted with outrage and disappointment. They don't want to see the college change from what they remember back in 1938. Some nuns across the country felt that Miss Grennan had called them obsolete in her announcement speech when, in describing dedicated women in the public forum, she said: "It seems inevitable and appropriate that some of us who function in this role were, in another time, the women religious who sought to make a total Christian commitment the only way we knew possible. We joined religious orders."

"If she is right, then we are fools," reacted a nun who is president of another Catholic women's college. "I praise

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Nathan Hales, not Benedict Arnolds," said Bishop Fulton J. Sheen to a TV reporter. And one Catholic newspaper labeled Jacqueline Grennan a "gimmick," which particularly pricked the woman who had built a reputation as an innovator in education.

Others, mostly outside the church, have heralded her as courageous and brilliant. In a recent article, Christopher Jencks and David Riesman wrote: "The Webster board, led by an extraordinary woman with enormous faith in the potential of the laity, even includes non-Catholics. While Webster today is unique in American Catholic higher education, we suspect that other Catholic colleges will move in the same direction."

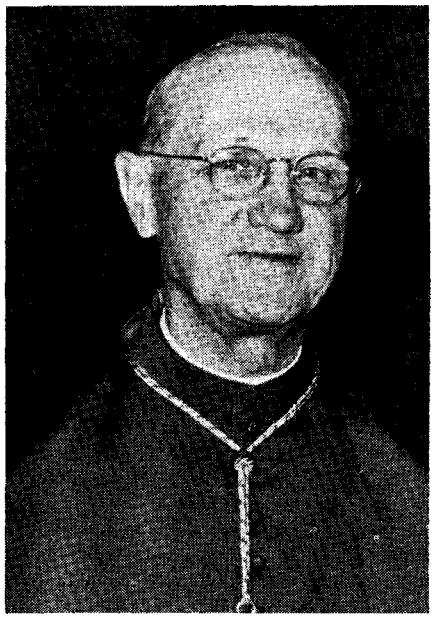
The coupling of the two announcements has raised many questions. Was the act of the woman necessitated by the move of the college? Was it a direct result of a power tug-of-war between the forty-year-old nun and St. Louis's seventy-four-year-old Cardinal, the late Joseph Ritter? Was it designed to put pressure on the Vatican, which ultimately must decide whether to cut Webster loose? Or was it that she had long ago ceased temperamentally to be a nun?

One can find yes and no answers to all these questions, but it now seems apparent that Miss Grennan would have left the sisterhood in any event. While still committed to a life of Catholicism and service, she had some time ago ceased to be a nun in the traditional stereotype of the gentle, quiet, obedient sister cast through the centuries. When one tries to find the answers from Miss Grennan herself, however, it becomes a game of trying to put together a jigsaw puzzle with some of the pieces missing. Whether in a public speech or a private interview, her mind and words move rapidly from one idea to another.

Interviewed in her simple office in Webster's aging red-brick administration building recently, she gave all the appearances of the harassed, successful businesswoman, surrounded by simple contemporary furniture and pictures of her (in habit) with Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. She walked fast, the skirt of her light-brown dress swinging. She talked fast, making strong jabbing gestures with the forefinger of her large, strong hand. She interspersed long-distance telephone calls with alternate ducking and plunging into questions about herself and her school. She was a woman in motion like the jacket on a Webster catalogue a couple of years back entitled *Webster College in Motion.*

Her first job, she said, was to build a Webster College that is "legally a secular institution in which the power of Christian presence is an important force." No, she did not intend it to be a lifetime task. Whatever contribution she had to give should be imparted within ten years. "An intense, creative person needs to move," she said, adding that, of course, she had no intention of using Webster as a stepping-stone to another college. "I would probably want to work in government next, perhaps run for public office."

Some people had told her that it would be much more difficult out of the habit —that one's eyes are not so large or attractive framed with brown hair rather than white coif and black veil. "Now she has to make it on her own," observed William Irving, a theology instructor. "A rough period is ahead in the male circles in which she has traveled."



—*Wide World.*

The late Joseph Cardinal Ritter of St. Louis—"Was there a power tug-of-war?"

—*Wide World.*

Jacqueline Grennan, when she was Sister Jacqueline, with President Johnson—"a woman in motion."

IF being a nun gave Sister Jacqueline an initial weapon of surprise, it certainly didn't sustain her staying power. She was invited back again and again to conclaves involving some of the leaders in curriculum reform. She was named by President Kennedy as the only woman on his Advisory Panel on Research and Development in Education, by Sargent Shriver to the Project Head Start steering committee, and has served as a consultant to the Science Curriculum Improvement Study at the University of California at Berkeley, as a member of the Rockefeller Brothers Fund Committee for the Study of Women's Colleges, and as first board chairman of the Central Midwestern Regional Educational Laboratory, Inc.

During her rising years, *Time* quoted Jerrold Zacharias as saying "she may well turn out to be the Joan of Arc of education," and *Life,* in a four-page picture spread, called her brilliant, versatile, burning with ambition and energy, "a woman who could run U.S. Steel as easily as a college."

Jacqueline Grennan was born near Sterling, Illinois, on August 2, 1926, the youngest of four children. Christened Jean Marie, she grew up an inquiring youngster in a world centering around the family, the 250-acre farm, and the Catholic church and its schools. Her mother, who had never gone beyond the eighth grade, and her father, who never finished high school, gave her the security of love without possessiveness. Miss Grennan recalls that when she was very young her mother once said, "I would rather have you 1,000 miles away from home and happy than next door and unhappy." Now, when other Illinois farmers have oodles of grandchildren running in and out, the Grennans must content themselves with long-distance telephone calls and only occasional visits.

The Grennans scrimped to give their

(*Continued on page* 70)

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Engaging Art in Dialogue

By EDMUND B. FELDMAN, *professor of art, University of Georgia.*

TEACHING IMPLIES learning just as performance implies an audience. Both are dialogic in form. What is said or made or taught is conditioned by what is replied, accepted, or understood. Learning is contingent upon a dialogue in which we feel ourselves addressed and answered, especially in the arts. How do the "voices of silence" develop the capacity for dialogue?

In one sense, dialogue is conversation; it is an *exchange* of views. A good deal of teaching unfortunately is in the form of monologue. It involves no exchange of views because many assume that students have little of value to contribute about something so technical, so recondite, as art. Consequently, preparation for teaching often consists of preparing monologues – thoughtful advice about how to organize information into packages. We spend much of our time getting students ready to take part in dialogues about art. Someday, but not while they are in school, they may be able to participate actively. As yet, they do not possess the cognitive equipment; they do not know enough. They have had considerable experience as members of human communities, but that does not meet the requirements for dialogue!

Another notion of dialogue is that it is a type of dramatic recitation. An actor recites dialogue—lines in a role. His art seems to consist of interpreting these lines and finding concrete expression for them by skillfully employing his voice, his body, and his gestures. But the dialogue he recites has been established in advance of his performance. He may elaborate and extemporize on his role; essentially, however, he makes manifest those meanings which existed in another symbolic form—in the playwright's book. The dialogue of visual art, however, is of a different order; it relies on an unspoken but nevertheless quite real communion between man and visual form.

It should be understood that art is created as a *result* of dialogue: The artist, like anyone else, is engaged in a continuous series of transactions with the world. His transactions with materials, ideas, styles, and themes have dialogic form; they involve questions or assertions, and replies. The artist talks to himself as he works and also to his colleagues, his models and competitors —all are implicated in an imaginative but nevertheless real conversation. We know it is real because of the palpable art object which results, just as we know that love is real because of the child which is born as the consequence of a prior dialogue of the flesh and the spirit. To regard any art object as a mere collocation of forms, as a type of distant stimulus which initiates the events culminating in perception, is not only an impoverished idea of art from a humanistic standpoint but an untrue one as well. Anyone who has had serious experience with the creation of art knows how intensely he has questioned himself in the course of making the decisions which result in the forms the world sees. So this questioning—of himself and of others—is implicit in the artist's work. Whatever else art is, it is also a record of the artist's dialogue with the world.

Dialogue also occurs when we look at what the artist has created. No one believes any longer that looking at art is an optical operation alone or that understanding what is seen is a passive process—passive in the sense that a photographic plate records light impressions. On the contrary, we recognize the participation of the total organism in acts of esthetic perception. Once perceptual processes have passed beyond our sensing organs, all of our systems are brought into operation. The events which constitute this involvement do not occur with the speed of events in a modern computer, but they occur fast enough for us to be virtually unaware of a time lapse between their successive explosions. That is why visual art requires shaped space in order to govern

—Paintings on these pages on extended loan from the artist to the Museum of Modern Art, New York.

"We can talk with Picasso's *Guernica* in terms of what currently worries us, and the painting says something that makes sense and is relevant to existence now."

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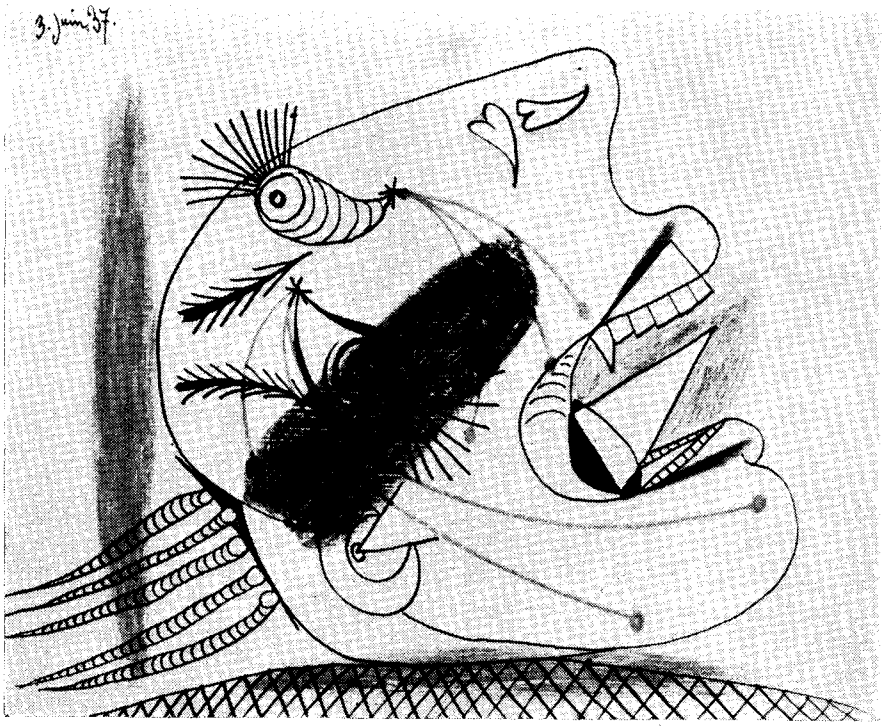
essentially temporal sequences of excitation in the cells of a person viewing a work of art. By dialogue in the perception of art, therefore, we also mean the neural and physiological responses of an organism to shaped spatial events.

Dialogue occurs in the way visual forms "speak" to their observers. The humanistic tradition of looking at and studying the arts has taught us to regard forms as vehicles of potential meaning. These are not meanings we as viewers project on the forms. They are meanings we can apprehend because of the way visual elements have been organized in an art object. Through research in linguistics, esthetics, and psychology we are growing in our ability to understand formal and symbolic configurations; they do speak; form does constitute a language. And mastery of that language can be gained, both from the standpoint of using it as a mode of expression and reading it as a mode of communication. While the humanities have been traditionally concerned with reading the language of art, however, art education for a good many years has been concerned only with personal expression through that language.

Now reading a work of art means being able to understand its language, and language always occurs in a social context, a context of dialogue. Therefore, reading art means knowing how a work responds to the questions the artist has asked in the course of creating it. It means knowing what questions the artist asked the world as he went about his business of discovering adequate form. Finally, it means addressing the work oneself—asking and getting answers. In this sort of enterprise mere exposure to art objects is not very helpful, nor is the recitation of authoritative interpretations and judgments about art. From the standpoint of reading, that is, of dialogue, such discourse is largely irrelevant and even evasive. Often it is an unwitting effort to sustain attention to art in the absence of anything better.

Let me illustrate the "human dialogue of art" by examining a familiar twentieth-century masterpiece, Picasso's *Guernica*. Everyone knows it was painted as a protest against the Nazi bombing of the Basque town of Guernica during the Spanish Civil War. A reasonably informed teacher can identify the figures and objects in the mural, sketch in the historical background of the work, offer a formal analysis of the visual elements, and allude to the symbolic meaning of the bull, the horse, the fallen statue, and so on. The iconography of the *Guernica* has been thoroughly analyzed by the experts and widely disseminated by the Museum of Modern Art. But for this work to enter into humanistic dialogue it must be perceived as the answer to a series of questions the artist asked. Now it does not matter whether Picasso did, in fact, ask the questions answered in his painting. It is necessary only that the objective visual evidence sustain the questions we see raised in it. They seem to be the following: How can a calamity be portrayed so that we perceive, simultaneously: 1) the bombing of a town; 2) the agony of the bombing's victims; 3) the communication of the event by news media; 4) the comparison of military terror to a bullfight; 5) the meaning of the bombing in the history of war; and 6) the impact of destruction on classical notions of reason and order?



Study for *Guernica*—"The work portrays agony . . . but it also tells us what happens when a catastrophe is converted into the impersonal gray of newsprint."

ANYONE can point to the work as an example of Picasso's resentment of Franco and his Nazi allies, or as a protest against the inhumanity of war, or as an example of the capacity of art to express anguish. But an act of creative criticism is required to connect the forms one sees with the specific meanings or answers the total work seems to support. These questions are a device, then, for calling attention to the answers which the formal syntax, the symbols, the drawing, the color, and the pictorial organization of the *Guernica* provide. The last thing one cares about in connection with a discussion of this mural is a definition of Cubism or a disquisition on the principles of design embodied in it.

What are some of the humanistic answers the *Guernica* seems to make? In the context of the whole, it asserts that personal heroism, in war or in peace, is obsolete. It says that God sees all, including carnage, and is indifferent. It raises the current theological question: Is God dead? Was God dead in 1937? Picasso implies that He lives but doesn't care. What do I think, especially if I am a young man who might serve in Vietnam? The *Guernica* maintains that the bombing of civilians is wrong; do I believe that the purpose for which civilians are bombed transcends the meaning of mutilated flesh? Should one permit such questions to be raised now by a painting which was executed, after all, thirty years ago? Would it be better to focus on Picasso's patriotic emotions, his feelings as a Spaniard who sympathized with the Loyalists? Incidentally, does historical explication save one the embarrassment of being personally addressed by Picasso's forms? The work portrays agony, to be sure, but it also tells us what happens when a catastrophe is converted into the monotonous and impersonal gray of newsprint. While he felt anger, Picasso was also fascinated by man's ability to transform terror into tolerable ideas through the agency of the news media, that is, the black, white, and gray of newspapers and motion picture newsreels.

A prominent feature of the *Guernica* is a terrified, classically drawn woman holding out a type of bedroom lamp. Its light is shed on the central portion of the scene. But the total work seems to say, "Isn't light an absurd symbol of reason in this context?" One wants to ask, "Does light clarify human dilemmas or does it merely illuminate human atrocities committed according to the dictates of someone's reason and abetted by the impersonal application of scientific knowledge?"

(*Continued on page* 73)

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Anthropologist Elmer Harp, Jr., of Dartmouth College, at the site of an ancient Eskimo house pit, is studying the Cape Dorset Eskimos of Northern Canada.

John E. Hall, associate professor of classics and humanities at the University of Miami, is leading an underwater expedition off Greece to find the lost city of Areopolis.

AMERICAN SCHOLARSHIP

A Global Affair

THE AMERICAN college campus has assumed world-wide proportions. State Department statistics show that last summer 59,000 students and 18,550 teachers went abroad, and indications are that the figures will climb this year. Many scholars have abandoned the traditional academic locales of the library and museum for such diverse activities as the study of migratory birds in Iceland, work on the insect problem affecting Kenyan tea plantations, a biological expedition up the Amazon River, a study of urbanization and regional development in Soviet Russia, the establishment of a public health center in Argentina, work on the genetics and evolution of Hawaiian flies, and, in a return visit by a Chicago biochemist, study of the Loch Ness Monster.

Professor Herbert Harvey of the University of Wisconsin scrambles out of a cave that forms the mouth of a Mexican rain deity.

Studying the evolution of human behavior, Richard Lee, associate professor of social relations and anthropology at Harvard, questions a Bechuanaland Bushman.

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Schools Make News

Commencing with Caution

GRADUATION EXERCISES lacked the spectacle of last year when a number of senior classes staged walkouts protesting the war in Vietnam. This year, Administration spokesmen stayed off-campus for the most part—Dean Rusk, Secretary McNamara, and President Johnson accepted no offers to deliver addresses.

Other Administration members—like Robert Weaver, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development; John Gardner, Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare; and Sargent Shriver, head of the Office of Economic Opportunity—called the students back to older battlegrounds: the war on poverty, civil rights, urban renewal.

In general, commencement speakers upheld the right to dissent but cautioned students away from strident criticism and called for "responsible action" in a "complex world." Few discussed at any length that far-away part of the "complex world" where many June graduates will find themselves a few months hence.

Season for Protest

COMMENCEMENT SPEECHES notwithstanding, the Vietnam war is claiming the energies this summer of several thousand students from campuses across the nation. The aim and hope is to make Vietnam Summer as effective as Freedom Summer in 1961, when thousands of students went South to work in the civil rights movement. Vietnam Summer was launched by Martin Luther King, Jr., Benjamin Spock, James Bevel, and other movers behind the Spring Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam.

The general plan is grassroots education and political action to activate moderates who oppose the war but have remained silent. Tactics will include disseminating leaflets, organizing local discussion groups, petitioning local Congressmen to hold open hearings on the war, and supporting peace candidates.

Vietnam Summer organizers are encouraged by increased vociferousness from young moderates, including college student-body presidents, medical students, and the 5,000 students, teachers, and administrators at Columbia University who recently signed a petition opposing the war.

Gain for the Plain People

FOR GENERATIONS the Amish people have stood their ground against the threat of public education. Now, in Iowa, there is a chance of victory. The Iowa State Senate has passed a bill exempting Amish schools from state standards.

The Amish contend their religious freedom and nineteenth-century way of life are violated if they are forced to send their children to public schools where they are taught by non-Amish teachers and compelled to go beyond the eighth grade.

Two years ago Iowa officials made national news as they chased Amish children through the cornfields to drag them off to school.

It remains now for the Iowa House of Representatives to act on the bill. Opposition there is reported strong and the outcome uncertain.

Head Start on Violence

VIOLENCE began early this year in the nation's ghettoes before the cities could launch their myriad of stopgap summer programs designed to cool the tensions of the streets. A record number of projects have been aimed at inner-city youth, most supported at least partially by the federal government, which otherwise has been cutting back on the war on poverty. Recreation, education, and jobs are the three main categories of action shared by police departments, boards of education, and other city agencies.

Summer programs—Youth Corps in Pittsburgh sponsors summer training for city youths.

—Pittsburgh Press.

In Los Angeles, the "Mayor's Summer Council," comprised of businessmen and representatives of city agencies, aims to find full-time summer jobs for 3,000 youths and a host of part-time jobs, as well as to offer training in various skills. Recreation plans include a deep-sea fishing trip, model racing-car contests, modeling and good-grooming lessons for girls, and mobile museums and zoos traveling through low-income neighborhoods.

Pittsburgh is expanding its "tot-lot" program, in which vacant lots are turned into pocket playgrounds, and is developing community action projects to create more recreational facilities—at the same time opening up extra jobs for those who build them.

In Chicago and Detroit, the police departments are emphasizing community relations with everything from "Officer Friendly" coloring books to hiring Negro youths as assistants to policemen.

New York has a PAL (Police Athletic League)-Vista program to organize community programs on about forty of the hottest blocks in the city. And the Board of Education has budgeted $22,000,000 ($13,000,000 from Uncle Sam) for summer instruction and recreation programs, including day camps, swimming pools, preschool centers, makeup classes, and basic adult education.

But for all the money and vigor invested in the summer, the year-round problems remain. Chester Lewis, head of the Wichita, Kansas, NAACP, declared, "Unemployment is our big gripe. Although the power structure throws us a bone in the form of some new program when we start making noise, we're really just like monkeys in a cage." He regards summer programs as "a bunch of bull" and stressed, "These people need *jobs*, full-time jobs."

Foundations Shift Focus

EDUCATION still heads the list of categories for foundation spending, but competitors are moving up fast, reports a study by the Russell Sage Foundation. In 1966, American foundation grants totaled $1.2 billion; $572 million went for education and related projects, slightly less than the amount shown in a similar survey three years ago. The greatest increase in spending was in international activities; the sharpest decline was in the physical sciences.

Last month the *Wall Street Journal* reported a marked shift in policy in the nation's largest foundations—Ford,

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Rockefeller, and the Carnegie Corporation—from traditional studies and scholarships to action projects spurring social change. For example, instead of backing studies of laws affecting the poor, the Ford Foundation gave $1,000,000 to the NAACP to enable poor people to bring test cases to court. The Rockefeller Foundation plans a major effort to combat air, water, and soil pollution. Carnegie has backed heavily the drive for public television.

School Grants for Migrants

CLASSES for migrant children have been set up in a number of states, using federal antipoverty money. Sometimes they reach the youngsters, sometimes not.

Most migrant families come from the Southwest—Mexican-Americans who speak broken English. Starting in early spring, they follow the crops northward, taking their children with them. As a result several months of schooling are missed each year.

The federal government is now offering grants to school systems along the migrants' routes to provide special remedial instruction, food, clothing, and school supplies to the children. In Hickman and Carlisle counties in Kentucky, the program seems to be meeting with success. Although attendance is optional, enrollment has been high, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* reports.

In Iowa, however, things are more dismal. The Des Moines *Register* reports that migrant parents are taking their children to the fields as soon as the compulsory school year ends. The need for money seems to be greater to them than the need for education, and the families apparently feel they have no choice.

In New York, the State University College at Geneseo is conducting a Workshop for Teachers of Migrant Children, where participants visit migrant camps, learn to organize and run a summer program, and apply special teaching methods and materials.

Beginning in the fall, California schools will be allowed to teach Mexican-American youngsters in Spanish, with English taught as a second language until the third or fourth grade. This is expected not only to help the children to understand the subject matter better, but to remove the psychological stigma of being made to feel their own language is "bad."

Notes

THE FEDERAL government should establish rewards of funds for school systems demonstrating integration progress, and a group of schools throughout the nation should be operated by private enterprise, on the model of the Job Corps, to develop pilot integration programs. These proposals came from Warren H. Bacon, one of two Negro members of the Chicago Board of Education, speaking at a conference on integrated education. . . .

Virginia still offers tuition grants to subsidize education in private schools—to the tune of $2,700,000 for nearly 11,000 children this past year. The grant program was begun a decade ago in an effort to resist integration. Today grants are offered to all children—Negro and white—some of whom use them to attend integrated schools. But the NAACP is considering a new court attack on the constitutionality of the tuition grants law, believing that in general it helps perpetuate segregation. . . . The Louisiana Senate passed a similar bill, under the prodding of Plaquemines boss Leander Perez, providing "alternate grants-in-aid" for needy children attending private schools. The bill (which returns to the House for approval of Senate amendments) is opposed by the state PTA, the New Orleans school superintendent, and organized labor, as harmful to public education and too expensive for the state to bear. . . .

Peace Corps volunteers circulating a petition for an end to the war in Vietnam have been told to drop the plea. Director Jack Vaughn told ninety-two PCV's in Chile that they are free to express their opposition "as individuals" but must "completely avoid public identification of your Peace Corps connection, or the danger of such identification." Dean Rusk and Ralph Dungan, until recently American Ambassador to Chile, were reported to have stressed that the petition is inconsistent with the nonpolitical nature of the organization. . . .

The NAACP has started a drive to educate Negroes on their legal rights. Called the Division of Legal Information and Community Service, the project will tell Negroes in simple terms what is legally available in education, housing, employment, unemployment benefits, health, government services, and other areas affected by court decisions and new legislation. . . . Arkansas's "monkey law," forbidding the teaching of evolution in the schools, has been declared constitutional by the state supreme court. Arkansas and Mississippi are the last anti-evolution strongholds. Tennessee repealed its law last May. . . . A federal court has upheld the constitutionality of New York State's law requiring teachers to swear to uphold the state and federal constitutions. . . .

The South has "a vital stake" in the development of multiversities, says James L. Miller, Jr., director of the University of Michigan's Center for the Study of Higher Education. "The university," he says, "is the most important single social institution in this new urban, post-industrial society." If the South wants to live modern, it must start learning modern. . . .

Nine million young people turn twenty-one next year, according to the U.S. Census. The unusually high percentage of unemployed teen-agers of the past six years will now flow into the adult years, for many Negro and poor youngsters are already chronically unemployable, warns the National Economic Research Associates. The next few years will also see more marriages, a greater demand for housing, and a new baby boom, NERA predicts. . . .

Stanford University has abolished undergraduate class ranking. This makes it

—*Wide World.*

Leander Perez, boss of Plaquemines, Louisiana—promoting grants-in-aid.

Warren H. Bacon, of the Chicago Board of Education—rewards for integration.

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the second major institution to do so. Columbia ended class rank this spring. . . . Case Institute of Technology plans a "pass-fail" grading system for all freshmen this fall, "to break the pattern of 'grades for the sake of grades' instilled during high school," said James R. Hooper, dean of undergraduate studies. Upperclassmen may elect one pass-fail course each semester. While about fifteen other institutions offer the pass-fail alternative to letter grades, Case's plan is the most comprehensive so far.

They Said It

McGeorge Bundy, Ford Foundation president, urging colleges and universities to try new investment patterns and use their money more profitably: "We have the preliminary impression that over the long run caution has cost our colleges and universities much more than imprudence or excessive risk-taking."

John W. Gardner, Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, regarding the recent shift of civil rights enforcement to his office: "We are still operating under Title VI of the Civil Rights Act, and Title VI still means what it says."

The Courts Take the Initiative

A FEDERAL JUDGE in Washington has opened a new phase in the judicial battle against school segregation with a decision that orders sweeping reforms in the District of Columbia public school system. If it is upheld by the Supreme Court, the decision could be as great a thunderbolt to the North as the 1954 desegregation opinion was to the South.

In his opinion, U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals Judge J. Skelly Wright, sitting as a District Court judge, set major precedents in the heretofore gray area of de facto segregation—segregation reflecting housing patterns rather than that established by law.

Wright's decree does not declare de facto segregation to be unlawful but says it is "of very shaky status, morally, socially, and constitutionally." Citing recent studies by the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights and the U.S. Office of Education, he finds: "Racially and socially homogeneous schools damage the minds and spirit of all children who attend them—the Negro, the white, the poor, and the affluent—and block the attainment of the broader goals of democratic education, whether the segregation occurs by law or by fact. . . .

"The scholastic achievement of the disadvantaged child, Negro and white, is strongly related to the racial and socioeconomic composition of the student body of his school."

The decision, handed down eighteen months after suit was brought by Washington civil rights leader Julius Hobson, puts a stamp of judicial approval on the arguments advanced by many civil rights leaders in the North. In effect, the ruling tells school officials that they cannot absolve themselves of responsibility for overcoming segregated schooling simply because it reflects discriminatory housing patterns. Rather, in the face of mounting evidence of the harmful effects of even unintended segregation, school officials must become zealous advocates of policies

—*Wide World.*

Federal Judge J. Skelly Wright.

that will bring about the maximum possible amount of integration.

Wright concludes that teacher assignment practices are one of the "malignancies" of the neighborhood school system which school officials have been prone to overlook and which drives "de facto pupil segregation that much closer to unconstitutionality."

To remedy it, Wright ordered Washington to integrate all its faculties next fall, pointing out that the racial composition of school staffs there has generally tended to coincide with the racial composition of the schools. The decree orders the school system to bus Negro pupils from overcrowded slum schools to undercapacity white schools in affluent sections of the city. It also abolishes so-called optional attendance zones, which, it says, allowed affluent white children "'trapped' in a Negro school to 'escape' to a white school."

In a strong attack on economic discrimination, the Court upbraided the school system for allowing a $100 difference to develop between the median expenditure per pupil in predominantly white schools and pupils in predominantly Negro schools. And in what may be an unprecedented intervention, the judge ordered the school system to abolish a rigid curricular tracking system on the grounds that it unfairly relegates poor and Negro students to "blue collar" programs where they are undereducated and eventually denied white collar jobs.

Because enrollment in Washington's public schools is now 91 per cent Negro and the teaching staff is 78 per cent nonwhite, the decision may have less impact there than in other cities. Nonetheless, the decree orders the school system to file by October 2 a plan to bring about more citywide integration. Judge Wright also suggests—but admits the court has no power to demand—plans that would include the cooperation of suburban school districts.

Though Hobson's suit asked redress of the imbalance between city and suburbs, Judge Wright backed off from that issue. "The court need not here even remotely consider what the provisions ought to be of any metropolitan school alliance; indeed, the court disavows any power to dictate those terms, or even compel the suburbs to come to the conference table."

Realizing that many Washington schools will remain segregated, Wright insists that "the court will require that the [city's] plan include compensatory education sufficient at least to overcome the detriment of segregation and thus provide as nearly as possible, equal educational opportunity to all children."

But there is quite an argument whether such "compensatory" education can ever close the gap as long as children remain segregated in the ghetto, as Judge Wright himself notes earlier in his opinion. Even if it were theoretically possible to establish equality among all Washington's schools, the city as a whole would fall woefully short of parity with the suburbs. —Gerald Grant.

Gerald Grant is education writer for the Washington *Post*.

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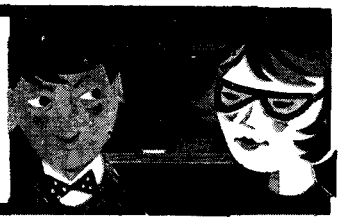
Voices in the Classroom



Summer Shorts

NOW THAT the last commencement orator has put his clichés back in mothballs, all neatly folded and ready for next year, the silly season is full upon us. On campuses that are hotbeds of sobriety and decorum during the regular academic year, summertime produces a shirtsleeve democracy that places teachers and students on a footing of personal equality that is rarely seen during the colder months. There must be for many students something refreshing about the reminder that professors sweat just like everybody else.

On most campuses the tone of the summer program is far more civilized than it is the rest of the year. Sophomores who are treated as children in May become adults in July, and formalities that were inviolable during the winter are ignored when the temperature reaches 70. Presumably anyone who appears in a summer course is there because he wants to be, not because of requirements. Of course, this is a myth, since many students are there to pick up extra credits or to make up deficiencies, but the atmosphere persists. College courses in summer school seem to be rooted in the adult world, not in presumptions of adolescence and immaturity. Perhaps it's just that all the deans are on vacation.

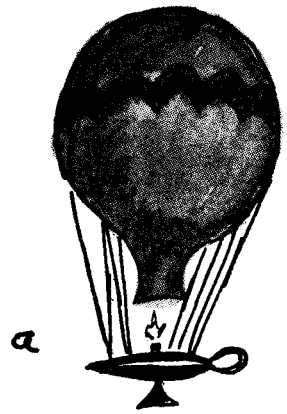
The virtue of summer study and research is that it appears to conflict with nothing (except rest and recreation). An advanced student of science can devote all of July and August to the pursuit of a single microbe without the competition of assignments in other courses; a professor can devote full time to his writing and research without the pressure of regular class meetings. It would be interesting to lengthen the summer—to have vacations run from April to October, for example—to see what would happen to academic performance in colleges and universities. A change in the calendar might well allow people to learn more and to feel less guilty while they're about it.

Summer, of course, isn't what it used to be. There was a time when a professorial trip abroad was something of an event on the local campus. But the airplane and the grant have put so many people in exotic places that a man coming back from Katmandu or Pago Pago or Zanzibar is now often greeted by his academic colleagues with the query, "You been away?"

* * * * * *

A NATIONAL MAGAZINE recently discovered that people with brains are helping to run the country. It calls them the "action intellectuals," making them sound like a spinoff from the Pepsi generation. The action intellectuals, as one might guess, are the deep thinkers who, as consultants or part-time employees of the government, are helping to formulate domestic economic policy, international strategy, and other major decisions on national questions.

What is most significant about this development is not so much that large organizations, including the government and corporations, are buying brains and ideas, but that there is a growing tendency toward the collectivization of knowledge and information. For generations there has been concern about the individual as against the power of large organizations, but until recently



this power existed primarily in the form of political or economic strength, not in the form of usable information and ideas. The significance of the so-called knowledge explosion is not that there exists more information than ever before, but that such information can be managed only by large organizations. One of the real challenges for education and for social policy generally is to give individuals access to the best thought and ideas and to enable them to make optimal use of what is known.

* * * * * *

IN THE LARGE no-man's-land between formal school and the easy living that we used to associate with summertime lies a huge area of education that has been largely overlooked. "For years we have called ourselves a school of education," said a member of the staff at the Harvard Graduate School of Education recently, "but all we've really been interested in is schools."

All of the recent major studies of school performance indicate that success is determined more by social and economic background than by the customary indices of school quality—libraries, teacher-student ratios, number of books, or age of buildings. What we don't know is what and how people learn outside of school. What are the consequences of all those thousands of hours of television that children watch even before they begin the first grade? In what way is a big city a huge but badly used teaching device? In what way is involvement in community activities or civil rights work an educational experience which is virtually unique and which certainly cannot be duplicated in any classroom? We know that students who have spent time with Crossroads Africa or in a Southern voter registration drive or as block workers in a Northern ghetto return to the campus with a high degree of sophistication and with an impatience toward the pallidness of normal academic fare. The educational consequences of all of these experiences are clearly worthy of further study and of more recognition than we have yet given them.

* * * * * *

IN THE CONCERN for solving our major educational problems, and especially the problems related to those we call the disadvantaged, we often forget that a large sector of American education is not undergoing any crisis and that, in a thousand communities across the country, schools are functioning well and parents and teachers are equally pleased with the things that are going on. Behind the commencement clichés and the Norman Rockwell figures of small-city America, one can discern young men and women of good cheer and confidence who are more sophisticated than their parents were at the same age and who are probably as diverse in their abilities and attitudes as Americans have always been. If they are sometimes apathetic or relatively unpolitical, there are also many among them who are responsibly concerned about their world (and that world is often global rather than local) and about the way they will live in the future.

It would be difficult to imagine how we could sustain the current level of educational and political dissent outside a society where the vast majority are committed to the existing institutions and are willing to maintain them in sufficient order and harmony so that dissent can operate without tearing the society apart.

—PETER SCHRAG.

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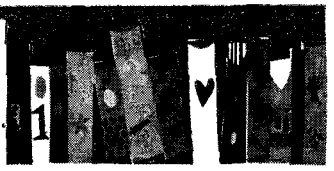
the Editor's Bookshelf



A CURRICULUM, in common parlance, is a sequence of courses leading to a diploma or a degree. But many professional educators use the term more broadly to include all the planned activities or experiences provided by an educational institution, including those not academic in nature which do not yield credit toward a degree. A generation ago, progressive educators objected to the term "extracurricular" and insisted that since all experiences are in some sense educative, all the activities carried on under the auspices of the school should be considered a part of the curriculum.

The progressives coined the term "experience curriculum" to emphasize the fact that they were concerned more with the child and his experiences than with the traditional subject matter taught in formal educational institutions. It might be argued, however, that any curriculum is an experience curriculum since it provides the experiences through which a student will learn.

The history of education records many battles between those who would place the emphasis on intellectual learning and those who give greater importance to social adaptation or emotional development. During the Twenties, Thirties, and Forties, many of the critics of progressivism in education thought the schools were going too far in their de-emphasis of the academic aspects of schooling. Since 1950 or 1955 there has been a renewed stress on intellectual development in most schools, but now a considerable number of both educators and parents feel that academic pressures have become excessive. The current interest in the Summerhill School is evidence that many now are again willing to sacrifice academic rigor in order to give children an opportunity to live more carefree lives.

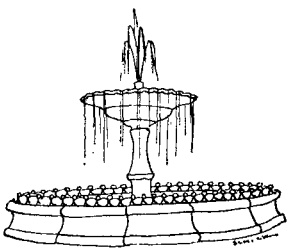
Those educators who prefer to steer clear of both extremes believe that a sound curriculum can provide all the academic and intellectual experiences that a child needs and still make the school a happy place. And they are convinced that this can be done without any sacrifice of intellectual rigor. Two new books by experienced professional educators offer proposals for developing such a curriculum.

The Curriculum and the Disciplines of Knowledge, by Arthur R. King, Jr. and John A. Brownell (John Wiley & Sons, 221 pp., $5.95), is a carefully reasoned book proposing a theory of curriculum practice which defines the curriculum as a planned series of encounters between a neophyte and the communities of symbolic discourse. The student is the neophyte, the teacher is a veteran discourser, and the school is a composite company of discoursers with a mission. The authors propose a set of subtheories as a basis for selecting disciplines for the curriculum, for staffing the school, and for the nurture of the curriculum dialogue within the school. They argue that the vital revision and innovation of the curriculum which keep it closely in harmony with the changing conditions of the contemporary world of knowledge must come from this dialogue.

Though it is inevitable that many educators will look upon this as a proposal for a return to a subject-centered curriculum, it is worth noting that throughout the book the authors assert the worth and importance of the individual learner and see the development of the individual as the goal of education. They emphasize the necessity for the active involvement of children in the communities of discourse. But they hold that liberal education, traditionally considered suitable only for the elite of a society, belongs to all. They believe that the schools can give the same kind of educational opportunities to all students, provided that the amount of time and the techniques used are varied to suit the individuals.

This is an intellectually sophisticated book which will appeal to those who are willing to think deeply about the philosophical problems underlying curriculum planning.

School Curriculum and the Individual, by John I. Goodlad (Blaisdell Publishing Co., 259 pp., $6.50), is a collection of papers written over a period of years by one of the nation's best known and most widely respected educators. Though he is now a university professor, Goodlad knows the lower schools at first hand and has devoted much of his professional career to the improvement of elementary and secondary education. He says, "The central aim of education . . . is to develop rational men who do not sin against themselves and their kind." Intellectual development, though essential, is not enough. "The intellectual man standing disdainfully uncommitted, the educated man standing impeccably uninvolved, these are the living symbols of imperfection in education and in schooling."



The kind of rational man that Goodlad hopes to develop through his curriculum is "not only committed to the rich fruits of inquiry but also is prepared to act and, indeed, acts upon insight rendered compelling by commitment. He knows, as perhaps the most vital ingredient of his rationality, that only through action following understanding and commitment does man forge the links in the chains of his own humanity and of mankind's immortality. He senses his place in time and space and his individual responsibility to that place, time, and space."

The educational procedures designed to produce such rational men must be adapted to the known facts of individual differences in maturation rates and learning capacity. Consequently, in this book, as in his previous publications, Goodlad urges an abandonment of the ladder system in education, which requires each child to advance a grade a year, and proposes a nongraded system which will allow each child to advance at his own best rate.

In building his curriculum, Goodlad would not de-emphasize the intellectual content or neglect the academic disciplines, but he would stress unifying principles rather than specific bits and pieces of knowledge. By establishing goals appropriate to the capacity of each individual he would reduce pressures of the kind that can be harmful to a child's emotional health. He says, "pressure to succeed in school, increasing the world over, encourages behavior that is antithetical to goals of rational self-transcendence. Children steal answer booklets, copy each other's work, and falsify records in order to appear to have attained minimum standards set by the system. Education, the individual, and mankind are corrupted. Little wonder, then, that we have much-schooled men devoid of self-understanding and good will toward humanity."

Though neither of these books seems to have been written with either the general reader or the average teacher in mind, it would be unfortunate if they were read only by curriculum directors and education specialists, for they deal in depth with problems that are of concern to all those involved in educational planning. —PAUL WOODRING.

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Measuring Academic Productivity

International Study of Achievement in Mathematics, *Vols. I and II, edited by Torsten Husén (John Wiley and Sons, 304 pp. and 368 pp., $19.95 for the set), is a comparative study of mathematics instruction in public schools in twelve countries. The reviewer is the director of the University of Illinois Committee on School Mathematics.*

By MAX BEBERMAN

EDUCATION PLAYS an important role in promoting the social and economic development of a country. How efficient are the school systems of the world in educating the young? The study reported in these two volumes represents a first step in developing procedures for assessing the efficiency or productivity of a school system. The outcome of such a study could be of immense practical importance both to a developing country facing the problem of establishing a school system almost from scratch, and to a fully developed country which is dissatisfied with the results of its present program.

Unfortunately, the present study has not produced a *formula* which relates output (i.e., mathematical achievement and attitude) to input (per-pupil expenditure, class size, teaching method, socio-economic status, etc.). Instead, what has emerged are a few tenable hypotheses relating output to some aspects of input, some clear calls for further investigations in the teaching and learning of mathematics, and a wealth of experience which should enable the researchers to achieve greater efficiency in carrying out other kinds of cross-national studies. (The same organization is now at work assessing education in the sciences, reading comprehension and literature, French and English as foreign languages, and civics.)

The study involved almost 133,000 students and more than 13,000 teachers in more than 5,300 schools in twelve countries. The investigators were concerned with the mathematical achievement and attitudes of students in the following groups:

POPULATION 1A—Thirteen-year-olds.

POPULATION 1B—The grade group containing the largest fraction of thirteen-year-olds (grade eight in the United States).

POPULATION 3A—Mathematics students in the final year of secondary education.

POPULATION 3B — Nonmathematics students in the final year of secondary education.

Populations 1 and 3 represent "two major terminal points in each country; namely, the last point where approximately 100 per cent of an age group was still in full-time schooling and . . . the preuniversity year." The need for two subdivisions for population 1 arises from the fact that although all thirteen-year-olds are at the same chronological point, they are not at the same level in the educational structure. The fraction of thirteen-year-olds who are not in the normal grade for thirteen-year-olds ranges from 1 per cent in one country to 29 per cent in another.

To measure the mathematical achievement of these populations the researchers devised four batteries of multiple-choice or short-answer tests. Each cooperating national center rated topics to be tested for each of the two population levels. Population 1 was to be tested on arithmetic, algebra, and geometry. Of the total of forty-one topics, the United States center rated twenty-four of them as *universal*—that is, "taught or assumed in all types of schools at this level"; seven as *experimental*—that is, as "not normally taught in any part of the system up to this level, but [occurring] sporadically in an experimental program"; four as *restricted*—that is, as "taught only in certain types of schools or courses, e.g., in academic secondary schools"; five as *nil*—that is, as "not taught at all in the educational system at this level, and . . . not assumed as known from previous teaching." One topic was not judged. The national center in Japan rated thirty-seven of these topics as *universal* and four as *nil*.

Population 3 was to be tested on sets, relations, and functions—arithmetic, algebra, elements of analysis [calculus], geometry, probability and statistics, logic, and history of mathematics. Thirty-seven topics were proposed for testing. The United States center rated thirty-four of them as *restricted* and three as *nil*. The Japanese center rated each topic for both its "old" program and its "new" program. For the old program, eleven topics were rated as *universal*, seventeen as *restricted*, and nine as *nil*; for the new program, thirty were rated as *universal*, one as *restricted*, and six as *nil*.

The tests were administered between January and June of 1964. The means (averages) are shown in Table 1. It is at once clear that Japan's output is relatively high and that of the United States is relatively low. In fact, an above-average eighth grader in the United States might be regarded as mathematically backward among his age-mates in Japan. But national comparisons of output are of "minor significance for the project." In the words of Professor Robert L. Thorndike, one of the associate editors of the report, "the tests were not devised primarily in order to make total score comparisons between countries possible and certainly not as yardsticks for an 'international contest.'

"The mere fact that algebra and geometry items were included in the tests for the thirteen-year level in spite of the fact that these topics were not dealt with in some countries should discourage national comparisons." In the test

Table 1

	Population			
	1a	1b	3a	3b
Australia	20	19	22	
Belgium	28	30	35	24
England	19	24	35	21
Finland	24	26	25	23
France	18	21	33	26
Germany		25	29	28
Israel		32	36	
Japan	31	31	31	25
The Netherlands	24	21	32	25
Scotland	19	22	26	21
Sweden	16	15	27	13
United States	16	18	14	8
Possible score	70	70	69	58

battery for population 1 (thirteen-year-olds and eighth graders), I counted twenty-five questions out of seventy which deal with subject matter *traditionally* taught in grades nine or ten in United States schools. As the "new mathematics" becomes more widespread and better taught in the United States more of this traditional ninth and tenth grade subject matter will become accessible to our eighth graders.

In the concluding chapter Professor Husén points out:

> Neither the "productivity" of an educational system of a country, nor the effect of the instruction given, can be assessed from national means. The age of school entry varies between countries, and the grade placement of mathematics topics varies considerably. In a dual system with early transfer of the more adept students to the academic secondary school there is a tendency to introduce advanced mathematics topics earlier whereas in countries with a comprehensive system one

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seeks to introduce them later. Furthermore, the high "retentivity" of the comprehensive systems has the effect that within the terminal mathematics group one can, in spite of the low average, identify an elite comparable both in quality (average) and quantity (proportion of age group) with the entire terminal group in a country with a low retentivity and a high average. Neither the national average at a level where schooling is still compulsory nor the average at a major terminal point would suffice to evaluate the "efficiency" of a whole school system.

Of major interest to the researchers was the fate of the hypotheses they advanced at the outset of the study, hypotheses about the relation between mathematical achievement and attitude and characteristics of the school systems such as school organization, curriculum and instructional procedures, and socioeconomic factors.

Most of the issues related to school organization were aspects of the general issue of "selective versus comprehensive education" or of the related issue of retentivity. The twelve countries in the study represent a broad range of possible organizations. Schools in the United States tend to be comprehensive, while European schools tend to differentiate pupils at an early age into separate schools and courses. The twelve countries vary widely in retention of students —only 8 per cent of the age group in the Netherlands are enrolled in the last secondary school grade while Japan enrolls 57 per cent and the United States enrolls 70 per cent.

As it turned out, the researchers could not determine the effects of comprehensive and selective schools upon performances of high- and low-ability pupils within a country because of differences between these schools in social class composition and facilities. But data was available to determine the extent to which it is possible to educate an elite within a comprehensive and retentive system. The data showed that "it is possible to have a high overall yield and an undiminished elite yield." Highly retentive systems such as those in the United States, Japan, and Sweden produced topnotch students and did more for the average student than did systems with low retentivity such as those in France and Germany.

Other school organization findings included the discoveries that, for thirteen-year-olds, larger classes (forty-one pupils per class in Japan) tended to achieve higher scores, and schools of more than 800 enrollment performed better than smaller schools. It was also found that in countries which emphasize comprehensive education there is greater interest in mathematics.

The researchers hypothesized that instructional procedures based on "discovery" approaches as contrasted with drill or rote methods would be accompanied by better performance on the mathematics tests. This hypothesis proved to be tenable for the lower level, but a negative correlation existed for the preuniversity population. A positive correlation between discovery approaches and interest in mathematics also existed for the thirteen-year-old levels. "In countries with high scores in mathematics, students tend to consider mathematics an important subject for society and at the same time as a 'closed' system and a difficult subject, whereas the opposite is the case in countries with low achievement."

One part of the study of considerable importance to people responsible for selecting or developing a mathematics program deals with the question of "new mathematics." The researchers decided that a student had been exposed to new mathematics if—and only if—his teacher stated that he had had an opportunity to deal with the subject matter of certain crucial test items. "At all levels, the students who have had 'New Mathematics' had a significantly higher mean score on the total tests, even though the results at the preuniversity level were not entirely conclusive." This does not tell us all we need to know. For example, it leaves open the question of whether such students were of high ability in the first place. The editors of the report promise that national reports are forthcoming; it is to be hoped that the report for the United States will deal in detail with issues centered around new mathematics.

What are the effects of social and economic factors on attitude toward and achievement in mathematics? "Performance . . . was consistently related to father's and mother's education and father's occupation. . . ." But, children of lower-class families in some countries did better on the average than children of upper-class families in other countries. It was also found that differences in achievement between high-status and low-status students were related to the social-class variability of the school population.

THE pattern of the data suggests that a low-status student will profit more from instruction in a school whose population is heterogeneous with respect to socioeconomic background than from instruction in a more homogeneous school. Finally, it turned out that only in the United States and Japan did urban students perform significantly better than rural students. In the rest of the countries under study, the place of parents' residence either made no difference or the rural students did better than the urban ones.

Does sex difference affect achievement and interest? The evidence collected in this study is that boys do better in mathematics than girls. The smallest differences were found in the United States and Sweden. In all of the populations studied, boys showed more interest in mathematics than girls.

The report of the *International Study of Achievement in Mathematics* is worth the careful study of educational policy makers and curriculum specialists. It is heavy with statistics and light on hard-and-fast conclusions. The researchers had to solve many difficult procedural problems and they are to be congratulated on their accomplishments. Not the least of their problems was the development of a uniform international code into which to convert questionnaire responses. Thanks to the work of some inexperienced coding clerks, it appeared at first that there were nine different sexes in Sweden!

"I make a motion we put it all on Lady Belle in the fifth, tomorrow."

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The Real World

Continued from page 59

children the education they never had, and Miss Grennan was sent to Webster College, where she was graduated *cum laude* with a double major in mathematics and English. As commencement neared, the president of Webster indicated Miss Grennan might be able to secure a fellowship to Radcliffe, but she decided to become a nun instead. A critical turning point came the night a group of college couples went dancing at the Chase Club at the Park-Chase-Plaza Hotel in St. Louis. As she watched the regular customers, she thought they were awfully bored people working awfully hard to have a good time. Through the near-sleepless night that followed, she contemplated that the really important thing was to make her life productive for as many people as possible. Some of the Sisters of Loretto she knew symbolized such a life.

When she entered the religious community, she selected the name of Jacqueline in memory of her only brother, Jack, who died at the age of twenty-one. Early in her religious career, the order sent her to the University of Notre Dame to obtain her master's degree in English. This was a bold move at a time when most religious orders were educating their own. It was Jacqueline Grennan's first taste of pushing out of a protective cocoon.

In her undergraduate days at Webster, she had been recognized as a bright student who occasionally spoke out at student government meetings but without making any memorable impact on the student body, recalls a Loretto nun who was a year behind Miss Grennan at college. It was not until Sister Jacqueline began teaching high school that her magnetism in attracting a devoted following of teen-age girls first showed its force.

AT a high school in El Paso, Texas, she also attracted the attention of an older nun, Sister Francetta Barberis, who soon became president of Webster. She brought Sister Jacqueline along in 1959, first as her assistant, then as vice president for development, and, finally, as executive vice president. A nonconformist nun in her own right, Sister Francetta retired as president in June 1965 to become full-time coordinator of the Women's Job Corps in Washington. She left Sister Jacqueline behind as her hand-picked successor.

While vice president, Sister Jacqueline first tested her wings by impressing the Ford Foundation with a teacher-training proposal which since has brought a flood of foundation and federal grants to her small liberal arts campus. The first grant was to develop a new thirty-four-hour curriculum in French, science, and mathematics. The program has expanded and now goes under the umbrella of WIMSA —Webster Institute of Mathematics, Science, and the Arts.

By serendipity, she became one of four women, the only nun, to attend a meeting at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at which high-powered brains delved into the reform of social sciences and humanities curricula. The men had groaned at the prospect of spending two weeks with a nun, she learned later. But she broke the ice that first day. The third time a University of Chicago professor, after uttering "hell" or "damn," bowed with "Excuse me, Sister," Sister Jacqueline said: "May I please announce to this assembled gathering that I grew up in a family."

She was an engaging woman, her black and white habit framing marvelous wide eyes that swept from one end of the conference table to the other. It was no wonder that the Harvard and MIT males found her attractive—and sharp. Her mind quickly caught their lingo, and she soon was accepted as a friend and colleague. "I was catapulted from a very circumscribed life into all the publics I now know," she said. "Rather than being frightened, I was liberated."

SHE was lucky, she believes, that she was exposed initially to the kind of men who would let a woman express her intellectual and creative abilities without accusing her of being driving. "I was with people who didn't feel threatened," she said. "If a woman sits at a table where her mind moves faster than the men, she must be cautious. But this was a group who said, 'Go, girl, go.'" The experience created a backdraft back home in St. Louis, however, where the Cardinal, the chancery officials, and the Jesuits at St. Louis University made her slow down. "Women have always been the servants of the church," Miss Grennan said, explaining that priests can deal more directly with the hierarchy.

The rebuff of rebuffs came last December when, according to the Webster version, Sister Jacqueline was summoned to appear in the office of the late Cardinal Ritter wearing her habit and accompanied by another nun wearing her habit. Sisters had been driving cars around the city and flying planes around the world alone for several years, and some religious on the Webster faculty had been teaching in civilian clothes all fall. Some interpreted the December encounter to mean that Cardinal Ritter might reverse his previous recommendation that the Vatican permit the Sisters of Loretto to turn over their college to a lay board of trustees. Consequently, the public announcement in January that the college was seeking to become legally secular may have been

"Mr. and Mrs. Harrington are in Europe. This is the maid."

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a tactical move to put the church on the griddle in the full light of the public. Webster received word in late May that the canonical permission had been given with no objection from the Cardinal.

"The timing was so beautiful," observed student Peggy McMahon. "The December meeting showed a little hang-up. Jacqueline knows how to use the power of the press. She carefully pre-informed *The New York Times,* the St. Louis papers, and invited only CBS, knowing the other TV networks would clamor to catch up." To inquiring reporters, Sister Jacqueline responded confidently that canonical permission would be given for the transfer of the property. In an aside to a friend, she added: "If Rome vetoes it now, it will make St. John's look like it never happened."

Some felt that if permission were denied it would have demonstrated that the hierarchy has a veto power over what goes on in Catholic institutions of higher learning and might thus jeopardize federal aid. It is perfectly clear that many Catholic colleges are scrambling to put laymen on their policy-making boards in view of the Maryland Supreme Court's stiff definition of church-relatedness.

In announcing the Webster move, Sister Jacqueline emphasized the conflict between serving the public interest and the church interest in higher education. "It is my personal conviction that the very nature of higher education is opposed to juridical control by the church," she said. "The academic freedom which must characterize a college or university would provide continuing embarrassment for the church if the hierarchy were forced into endorsing or negating the action of the college or the university."

MISS Grennan long has been obsessed with the stickiness of the vow of obedience taken by members of religious orders. Before she became president of Webster she had been interviewed for the position of director of the Human Development Corporation, the St. Louis antipoverty agency. She was asked if she could vote for the distribution of birth control information without having to consult someone in her religious order or in the church. "When I was a young nun, I once thought that the vow of obedience meant that you gave up a freedom," she reflects now. "But I came to understand that they meant also that you gave up a responsibility."

The freedom conflict was fresh in her memory when she was offered the helm of Webster. She told Sister Mary Luke Tobin, superior general of the Sisters of Loretto, that "if the order had closed the door to the idea of making the college a legally secular school then I could not take the job as president."

In the years Miss Grennan has been associated with the school, Webster has been the scene of constant ferment and development not found in most Midwestern women's colleges, let alone Catholic institutions. Webster moved rapidly into curriculum research and development from preschool through the college level, opened a laboratory school, took on equity status for its dramatic troupe—which performs in the new $2,000,000 Loretto-Hilton Center for the Performing Arts—and has moved classes out into the slums, mental hospitals, and county political activities. One young faculty member spearheads Alinsky-style community organization among multi-ethnic groups in a poverty neighborhood; students tutor children in low-rent housing areas; and the college has operated an Upward Bound program. The college even permits students to take a full term off to work on an approved project. Madonna McGrath of Toledo, Ohio, earned fifteen hours credit as a campaign aide for Lawrence K. Roos in his successful bid for election to county supervisor, the top government post in St. Louis County.

The college also has wiped away virtually all degree requirements, permitting students to structure their own academic program beyond the traditional limits of their major fields. Even theology no longer is a must. Some Webster students love the freedom. Others find themselves overwhelmed with extracurricular activities.

The possibility that curriculum reorganization at Webster has leaped beyond the talents of Webster students causes people like admissions director Patricia Barrett to state that the college must come to grips with the issue of whether it wishes to continue to seek girls with the potential "to catch fire," or instead to become more intellectually selective. In the last four years the median Scholastic Aptitude Test scores of entering freshmen have risen from 490 to 530 in verbal ability and from 470 to 510 in mathematical ability. That is respectable but not first-rate.

In pushing away from what she regards as a Catholic ghetto mentality into the openness ushered in by Pope John and Vatican II, Miss Grennan has built a faculty of twenty-four nuns and seventy-five laymen, half of whom are not Catholics. A Missouri Synod Lutheran teaches theology, and an ordained minister of the Disciples of Christ church heads the increasingly popular social sciences department. It is a young faculty. Many are recruited for their liveliness rather than academic credentials. They stay, one explained, because Webster is an exciting place where faculty members are free to design their own programs and where discussions between faculty and students bubble from early morning till long after the last class has dispersed. Conversations are sprinkled with Grennan phrases such as "the responsibility of freedom," "responsible decision-making," and "the real world."

In recent months, Miss Grennan's speeches have been woven around a new theme—that of "generation"—and one senses her obsession with giving birth to a new college. Using parabolic symbolism, she talks of the seed that must go into the ground and die in order to bring forth new fruit. She prepared the student body for changes at Webster in a Founder's Day address last November when she said: "An institution is indeed vital when it gives birth to a daughter corporation and nurtures that corporation. It may be most vital of all when it releases the daughter corporation in its own maturity to its own life." Apart from her public statement that Webster will seek to be a legally secular institution with a Christian presence, she shies from discussing concrete details about the college's future. "Every kid would reject and, I hope, scream bloody murder if I gave a scripted ten-year plan of Christian presence," she said in an interview for *The Star,* the newer student paper on this two-newspaper campus.

Miss Grennan wants Webster to pro-

WIT TWISTER #16

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. A sample, well known among lovers of anagrams:

Good landlord, fill the flowing — — — —
Until their — — — — run over!
Tonight, we'll — — — — upon this — — — —;
Tomorrow, — — — — for Dover!

(Answers: *pots, tops, stop, spot, post.*)

•

Now try this Wit Twister:
Young — — — — mainly pleases with his dart,
Although the wound is — — — — from day to day.
Long-buried — — — —, new found, gleam in the heart,
And love springs like a — — — — from thawing clay.

(*Answer on page* 74)

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vide the opportunity for its students to build the power to mature. But she does not want to turn out a product that can be identified in years afterward as a "Webster girl." She wants her graduates to become "anonymous" in their collegiate derivation, she said; Webster should "speak to the larger world," and it should come to grips with what she terms the "three great drives of this century": internationalism, integration, and ecumenism. "Unless students are concerned with the larger issues, the aching issues, they are really being exploited," she said. Ironically, this writer found that the present Webster coeds are unaware of any particular emphasis on two of the three issues. They believe Webster has focused on ecumenism. Webster students seem to be caught up more than anything else in the search for identity, even to a greater degree than on the typical college campus.

"The first step here is self-discovery," said Betsy McNamara, twenty, a senior in English from Valhalla, New York. "I think I know who I am now. I have reached the point where I would like to be productive, to accomplish something. I think I would like to teach, but in five years I may not be content with those accomplishments."

"I am terribly encouraged by the next generation," Miss Grennan said. "They are asking questions at twenty that I never even thought about."

The probing questions came late to Jacqueline Grennan. In her early thirties she was introduced to men like physicists Jerrold Zacharias and Jerome Wiesner at MIT and psychologist Jerome Bruner at Harvard, who widened her horizons to an evolutionary view of the world, including an evolutionary view of religion. "I never really had a close friend who was not a Catholic until I was thirty-four years old," she recalled. "It was shattering to me to discover the people I regarded as nontheists were deeply spiritual. The excessive legalism within the church began to look to me more and more like real mechanistic materialism." To this cultural shock, she added the experience of reading Teilhard de Chardin and later Harvey Cox, from whom she has borrowed bits and pieces for her own outlook on life.

Philosophically, Jacqueline Grennan now is a blend of humanism, existentialism, and Grennanism. When asked what she believes in, she responded simply: "I believe in the one human family." Pressed further, she said that the three great drives of internationalism, integration, and ecumenism are manifestations of man's attempting to break down old tribal barriers. Man first got his identification from the group, but now, in an urban society, the anonymity of the tribe is giving him back his individuality.

"We all live in groups," she said, "but I see each man as the center of the universe. I am responding to a number of worlds. One of my worlds is Webster College, another of my worlds is labor union people, another of my worlds is my family, another of my worlds is civic leaders, another of my worlds is a few old friends. I see myself responding to but not dominated by any."

She has an extraordinary radar mind with antennae that pick up ideas everywhere; she flashes the words back but, perhaps, without fully comprehending their meaning. On the speaker's podium her ideas come across like an atom exploding in a million directions at the same time.

It is too soon to know whether the real world will respond with enthusiasm for either the new Webster College or the new Jacqueline Grennan. Both will be seeking an identity together. And the search means a troubled—and exciting—time ahead for both.

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Dien Bien Phu

Continued from page 55

ised to farmers were not built because the shooting war diverted resources.

While our "other war" dollar spending remained about the same, hot-war dollars rose dramatically. Consequently, the percentage of American aid funds for schools and hospitals decreased. Purchasing power of this aid was further reduced because of the inflation caused by tremendous amounts of hot-war dollars coming into the country.

The pacification program has now been put under the military, a decision many consider a psychological boner compounded by the granting to Robert W. Komer, the civilian deputy for pacification to Gen. William C. Westmoreland, of a rank equivalent to a three-star general. The move may strengthen communications and eliminate some failures that result from lack of coordination among American and Vietnamese agencies. But many think more will be lost than gained, pointing out that for peasants, civilian aid is more palatable than military aid. The importance of keeping "other war" soldiers separate from shooting war soldiers is shown by what happens in Saigon classrooms: American advisers may observe instruction if they are in civilian clothes. If they enter in uniform, students almost always stand and silently file out of the school.

Our dilemma in South Vietnam is that while we want to help the Vietnamese people build a strongly indigenous school system, we must work with a Saigon government that sometimes talks a good game but is hopelessly alienated from the people in the countryside. The school system should be decentralized and the national examination system abolished. A new curriculum based on the needs and interests of the people of the countryside should be developed. The vast majority of the families of Vietnam are engaged in agriculture, but this is not reflected in the present curriculum. There should be an integration of education and agriculture.

These new approaches must be given social and economic support, but they are unlikely to get the backing of the Ky regime. In its eighth semiannual report on a program to improve and expand elementary teacher training, a Southern Illinois University team blamed "the intransigence of the Government of Vietnam" and the "monolithic and archaic organizational structure" of the Government of Vietnam and its Ministry of Education for lack of progress.

Our efforts to date in education in South Vietnam have been well intentioned, I believe, but pathetically lacking force and vision, and they have been handicapped by an almost totally unresponsive Saigon Government. We found that we had to intervene and take direct charge of the hot war. We must do the same with the "other war." If we started building schools as passionately as we built air bases, and training teachers as thoroughly as we train pilots, we might bring something worthwhile to Vietnam. If we do not, our defeat will be as profound as that suffered by the French at Dien Bien Phu.

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Art in Dialogue

Continued from page 61

We are all familiar with the biblical assertion that light is the symbol of the divine. And Picasso has used an eye, presumably the divine eye, to act as a surrogate spectator for humanity. But this divine eye has a light bulb for a pupil. Does the eye receive light, like most eyes, or does it radiate light in some special sense? Here we should recall Dewey's critique of classical theory of knowledge as being founded largely on an optical analogy. That is, classical thought conceived of knowing as a passive act similar to the passive act of receiving light radiation through one's organ of sight. But Dewey and philosophers of science in general conceive of knowing as an active process, a process of interfering with phenomena one wishes to know about. And, of course, modern theories of perception—notably Gestalt—conceive of vision as acting upon what is seen. Accordingly, the Greeks would be wrong, both in their theory of knowledge so far as it was analogous to optics and also in their understanding of perception.

But it is doubtful that Picasso knew formal Greek thought or Dewey's critique of it. One is aware, nevertheless, of a terrible irony in his portrayal of a handsome, classical woman holding a lamp like a beacon over an arena of pitiful slaughter. Somehow the artist has arrived, through his own language, at a critique of classical reason. It is a similar critique to that being currently advanced by the radical theologians, Altizer, Hamilton, Van Buren, and Rubenstein. Was Picasso saying in 1937 what the radical theologians of 1967 are saying—that the old "God language" is dead? Notice that the all-knowing God of Judeo-Christian tradition is symbolized by Picasso as an all-seeing God. But He is essentially a passive observer, in the classical tradition, because seeing and knowing were regarded as passive operations.

Reinhold Niebuhr and the late Paul Tillich would maintain, I believe, that God cannot be contained, cannot be adequately conceptualized, by a particular cultural symbol or formulation; hence the inadequacies of Greek optics, rationalist philosophy, and Judeo-Christian theological formulations are not God's fault. We need better symbols, that is all. The student of art, as opposed to the theologian, can only observe that Picasso has been painfully effective in showing how ironically the old symbols operate. Altizer and company may strike out in their way at the old symbols and the old "God-language" but only art brings them so intimately to bear on our lives.

These musings about a monument of twentieth-century art are not offered as original insights. They are intended to be demonstrations of the sort of dialogue one can have with a significant work of art. As in all conversations, some of the pressing concerns of the participants get into the discussion. The God Is Dead theologians were not around in 1937 when Guernica was bombed; but Freud was not around when Shakespeare explored Hamlet's relationship to his mother. Tchelitchew painted *Hide and Seek* before modern biologists felt they had erased the line between organic and inorganic substances. In other words, important works of art are capable of sustaining a contemporary dialogue, not because of the resourcefulness or imagination of art critics, but because the languages of the humanities are not time-bound as ordinary language is. The languages of the humanities may lack the precision of the languages of science, but they are less prone to obsolescence. We can talk with Picasso's *Guernica* in terms of what currently worries us and the painting "has something to say," something that makes sense and is relevant to existence now.

Here we might distinguish between historical inquiry and humanistic dialogue. History, particularly scientific history, would appear to be concerned with "what happened," and, aside from getting the record straight, this concern is undergirded by an assumption that "what happened" will happen again. But the humanist always asks of phenomena, "How does 'what happened' affect me now—in terms of my present concerns and dilemmas?" The youngster in class asks: "Why are you taking my time to show me the so-called monuments of art when I would rather talk about the Beatles?" The historian seems to have essentially one answer to this question: "Everything that concerns you now is a recurrence of something that happened before. So far as art is concerned, it constitutes a recurrence of earlier art which reappears to us in forms merely altered by recent technology. Today's art cannot really be understood except in terms of the recurrent forms and ideas it embodies." There may be some truth in this view—a partial truth at best—but the emphasis on historical explanation of contemporary art is nevertheless far too heavy in our educational practice. Students are not indifferent to history; they just resent old-fashioned explanations of what they know is uniquely new.

Can we derive any curricular implications from the dialogic idea of art? One is that the chronological organization of art studies is often unfeasible because it is too lengthy, frequently misleading in its underlying assumptions about the recurrence of esthetic phenomena, and occasionally irrelevant because of its focus on art sequences rather than art objects. Furthermore, it may impose a false conception of time on students: Consider that today's cosmopolitan cities have populations of seven or eight million. Did ancient Athens hold as many as 20,000 souls? Did Renaissance Florence have 40,000 inhabitants? How large was Rome in Raphael's day? If one's definition of art includes everything that man designs (as it should), think of what is being created in megalopolitan centers like New York and Paris today! Museums contain only selections, not necessarily intelligent selections, of art. Their holdings may imply a definition of art and of time which is indifferent to the output of imaginative energy in contemporary civilization.

In teaching, the chronological presentation of slides—from the cave man to Rauschenberg—giving each work an identical budget of time, reconstructing time in terms of equal, separate events called slide projections, is misleading even in terms of its own goals—the com-

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prehensive presentation of man's art. Almost all the scientists who ever lived are alive today. Should one teach a course in the history of science by giving Daedalus, who invented wax wings, as much attention as Isaac Newton, who developed the laws of the conservation of energy? This, in effect, is what is done in many historical surveys. Perhaps, therefore, we should study art by beginning with the present and working back into antiquity.

WE might consider anthropology as a source of useful curricular categories. It studies the tools and rituals man uses to satisfy his persistent needs. They are classified according to the cultural and biological crises he must pass through: conception, birth, puberty, marriage, nurture of the young, aging, death, burial, rebirth. These crises have their associated art objects; industrial man has even developed some new ones—ennui, anomie, alienation, and mass hysteria. Such crises, too, have their associated art forms; it is instructive for students to encounter them in the work of Munch, Soutine, Kokoschka, and Bacon. These are the artistic tools and rituals we use to confront ourselves; they are part of our survival equipment.

If the visual arts are ever to join in cooperative relations with the other arts in education, curricular categories drawn from the social sciences will have to be employed along with the period and stylistic divisions, the media classifications, and the geopolitical and ethnic labels we have been using. Humanities courses should not consist of conventional efforts to teach the histories of three or four arts instead of one. That would only compound our pedagogical difficulties. In planning instruction in the humanities we should start with life as it is felt and as we see it lived. Then we can proceed to find out how organized knowledge and the vast body of created art illuminate life. Our blind spots, enthusiasms, and capacities for feeling are also tools of the teaching trade. Personal reactions to paint, line, enclosed space, color, clay, or the emotion of metal surfaces may be worth, pedagogically speaking, several tons of *Art Through the Ages* or the entire McGraw-Hill *Encyclopaedia of World Art*.

We ought to remember that artistic form is a language which documents merely echo; for those who are initiated materials speak. The materials shaped by our hands, or by the tools our hands and minds devise, always testify to a human dialogue between man-the-maker and the world he discovered but did not make, the world not quite to his liking. The humanities ought to be an account of the world we try to change through that agency of real and symbolic action called art.

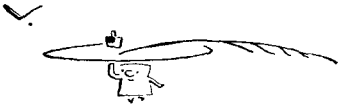
Kari's Handicap

Continued from page 57

rights, the chances are she infringes on another's.

Kari obviously has begun to reject elements of the role that she has inherited. She watches fads drift like culture clouds across the scene. She sees paisley print blouses give way to ragged tennis shoes. None of these elements of controlled change apply, for they are not relevant to her. She appears strange to the conformity-cloistered society around her, for it sees her respond to herself rather than to its collective voice. She creates a guilt in the cliché-makers which they transform to resentment for their own self-preservation. They decide that she is the element of abnormality and ply her toward the norm. Her resistance is interpreted as immaturity and stubbornness that must be overcome.

SHE and those like her are called immoral and they are often admonished by phrases like, "These kids are getting worse every day." The difference between Kari and the voices of rebellion around her is that Kari's questions will continue. Her *why* will not be relinquished when she graduates or marries or has children. Kari is not a victim of



her youth. Rather, youth, in asking similar questions and bathing in uninhibited perception, is a victim of a state of mind that is too temporary. With Kari a question is a beginning, an answer, a challenge. Kari somehow resents the giving of an answer. It makes things too pat, and its precision is immediately subject to mistrust.

Kari was the one student in the class who defended the heroine in Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter* for having the courage to be apart from the society. At the same time Kari damned her for her dishonesty to herself. The teacher was angry because virtue wasn't winning out in the analysis. Kari said virtue was in doing what *had* to be done, rather than "obeying like a starved rat the corridors of a maze somebody else built." The teacher was so frightened by Kari's argument that he gave her a "D" for her participation.

Kari's uniqueness is only in part due to her creativity, for most children exhibit high creative potential in their youth. Kari's main mark of difference is her courage. It requires courage to ignore the matrix defined by others. She is aware of society's rules of order as surely as she is alert to the way that F=Ma in physics. Her courage is expressed in the way that she behaves. She knows that the subjectivity of society's rule, "Thou shall not," is very different from science's rule, F=Ma. In the first case, man's subjectivity is highly influential in guiding the interpretation, while in the second, subjectivity is far less relevant.

By knowing this, Kari has learned to trust the natural far more than the societal. Her courage is displayed by her acceptance of the responsibility that is attendant with mediation. She mediates her experience and ignores the way society claims the right to influence her conclusions. Because the schools fundamentally speak in a language of mediated clichés, they do not greatly affect Kari. She once expressed her role in society by likening herself to a tree. She claimed that the tree could not want, for a tree could use only what it needed; all else was simply irrelevant.

The creative person is able to convert substance into metaphor. Instead of a natural fact, like F=Ma, being a deductive end to the experience of the scientist who investigates relationship between mass and force, it is an inductive beginning. Kari weaves the substance of formalized experience into her intuition.

Her attendance to nature reflects her rejection of mediated sources of experience. Kari sees within the commonplace elements of the natural world a source of elements that are infinitely repatternable. The realm of the commonplace in the world of society is filled with already mediated devices. She is not content with the reassembling of other people's ideas or products. She instead prefers to deal with the source—nature.

In a line of poetry she once wrote, Kari claimed that "Before you can love you must know how to walk in the snow leaving no tracks." She knew the thrill of dashing chaotically through a virgin field of snow. In addition, she knew the excited fulfillment of willing abstinence. Both of these ideas were synthesized into the beautiful statement that applied to all love.

KARI is sixteen and growing up. She and her generation will soon be ours. The structured constraints of society are becoming real to these young people, and we must accept the responsibility to guarantee the nature of their course. Are they to preserve the structure or alter it? It would be foolish to claim that the structure will remain the same, so it *will* evolve. We need the Karis, all of them, but how can they be saved? The simplicity of the answer is as frightening as it is demanding: We must be more like Kari.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 71: Eros, sore, ores, rose.

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(Continued from page 75)

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COLORFUL, REFRESHING VERMONT. All-electric chalet. After September 7th. Partial. Box C-817.

HOUSE TO SHARE

VACATIONING OR RETIRED WOMAN share air-conditioned home with Florida Atlantic University staffer, Boca Raton. SR Box C-825.

APARTMENT WANTED

Unfurnished

EAST SIDE MANHATTAN. SR staff member, spouse and books seek 3-5 room apartment in quiet, well-run (preferably older) building. Now or Fall. Box B-702.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

NOVA SCOTIA—Presenting Ecum Secum Shores. 1 to 3 acre oceanfront retreats on the beautiful Atlantic Ocean. Famous sailing waters and nearby Atlantic salmon streams. Picturesque harbors, magnificent views, fragrant spruce trees and your own "private beach." Unusual opportunity for investment or summer homesite—not distant but different! $2,500 per retreat. Terms. For tourist information on Nova Scotia write Nova Scotia Travel Bureau, Halifax, Nova Scotia. For free brochure on vacation retreats write: Maritime Enterprises, Ltd., "Canada's Ocean Playground," P.O. Box 283, Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia.

HISTORIC ACREAGE (140), Virginia's northern neck. Creekfront, woods, fields, island. $60,000. Possibilities unlimited. Box C-721.

WOODED ACREAGE—$25 per acre and up—old farms—inland shore property—cottages—cabins in the woods—lake frontage—retirement homes—business opportunities. Franklin Realty Co. (Mr. Barrows), Farmington, Maine. Tel: 207-778-2852.

WESTON AREA. Colonial with 4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. 90 acres, view, two brooks. Harold W. Ross, Bondville, Vermont. 802-824-6000.

BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS of Virginia—Magnificent 8 room ranch, 3 baths, on 143 rolling wooded acres. Seclusion plus convenience. Quietude although 20 minutes from airport. $50,000. Coleman-Mastin & Glasgow Realty (Mr. Humphreys), Roanoke, Virginia. 703-342-8996.

ONE ACRE LOTS IN HAWAII. Finest investment opportunity. Easy driving jet airport. On coast. Beautiful year round climate. 7,000 parcels sold worldwide. Last increment now available. Write for full particulars. Not available to California residents. Write SR Box C-819.

FOUR SEASON MOUNTAINTOP LIVING. Tyrol, Jackson, N.H. We erect authentic Alpine chalets on magnificent lots (average elevation 2000') with panoramic views of entire Presidential Range. Heated Olympic pool, major ski area. Bank financing. Color brochure. SR-67, Tyrol, Jackson, N.H. 03846.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

ADIRONDACK LAKEFRONT, 100' by 350', $1,700. Clean air. Water sports. Established community. SR Box C-703.

EXPO VISITORS: Explore Northern Vermont's splendor for vacation homesites, timberland for investment. Free brochure. Write Box C-120.

1,000 ACRES MOUNTAIN LAND Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania. Well wooded and watered. Would divide. Write Box 572, Berwyn, Pennsylvania.

FREE LISTS of Berkshires and Upstate New York Properties. ISGOOD, Pittsfield, Massachusetts 01201.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

26 ROOM HOTEL with 175 acres in prime recreational area. Write Box 555, Camden, Maine 04843.

CAMPS

INTENSIVE TALENT DEVELOPMENT plus full camp program. International, democratic, integrated. Coed 6-16. Apply Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 26, New Jersey 08318.

FAMILY CAMPING

STOP . . . to and fro EXPO! Write: Recompence Shore Campsites, Freeport, Maine.

RETIREMENT LIVING

ALL YOUR RETIREMENT NEEDS in one place! Crestview Club Apartments . . . most complete apartment-type building in the eastern United States. Located in suburban, residential Toledo, Ohio. Good companions, good food, good surroundings, good health care . . . near shopping . . . public transportation. Attractively landscaped, 80 acres, 9-hole golf course, gardens. Come and go as you please. And now . . . Lake Park Nursing Care Center, providing extensive health care for the convalescent patient. Life lease and monthly fee plans available. For complete information, write Director, Crestview Club Apartments, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

WASHINGTON'S LEADING RESIDENCE for Senior Citizens, the Roosevelt Apartment Hotel offers pleasant living with a minimum of responsibility for only $200 a month and up. Cheerful, carpeted private rooms, breakfast and dinner in the dining room, air-conditioning, barber, beauty salon, weekly room maid service, elevators, phone in room, switchboard, social events, field trips and tours, courses in French, Spanish, millinery, arts, crafts, movies, bingo; and congenial companionship. Doctors on premises; prescriptions filled; nurse on duty 24 hours. Conveniently located: public transportation at door. For literature write Mrs. Haig: Roosevelt, 2101 16th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.

THREE MILES FROM THE BLUE PACIFIC in Long Beach, California. Bixby Knolls Towers, a new Life Care Facility sponsored by Retirement Housing Foundation, member of the Health and Welfare Council of United Church of Christ. Every effort to preserve dignity, personal wishes and comfort within the security of a fireproof building that provides fourteen floors of spacious living quarters. Personal health supervision and medical coverage included. Delicious meals in picture-window dining room surrounded by lovely gardens and patios. Nonsectarian. Write for Brochure: Bixby Knolls Towers, 3737 Atlantic Avenue, Long Beach, California 90807.

VACATIONS

LOVE HAWAII BUT HATE HOTELS? Rent by month a 1-, 2-, 3-bedroom cottage that combines luxurious decor and convenience with simple housekeeping. Private beach property in breathtaking landscape on lovely Maui Island; near golf and shopping. Details, photos: Victor Martin, 1301 Harper, Detroit, Michigan 48211.

PROSPECT HOUSE HOTEL-Motel-Golf Club. On the EXPO '67 route! Reasonable rates. Panoramic, cool lakeside setting near Rutland (opposite Alexander Woollcott's Island). Pleasurable dining, unique cocktail lounge. GOLF, fishing, safe beach, boating. Riding, tennis, dancing, movies, antiquing, special events. $65-$100 weekly. The Charles Bakers, Hosts. Reservations suggested. Write: FOLDER. Box 90-G, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont.

(Continued on page 78)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 77)

GLYNDEBOURNE OPERA-GOERS: Enhance your operatic evening by enjoying Sussex country house hospitality. Double bedroom, dressing room, bathroom, breakfast, $20 per night per person. Trip to Glyndebourne with picnic $10 additional. Write or phone Mrs. Gage, Chalvington House, near Hailsham, Sussex, England, or write SR Box C-23.

GREEN SHADOWS INN—Old Lyme, Connecticut. Good country living. One housekeeping cottage.

HILLCREST HOTEL. Chebeague Island, Maine (Casco Bay). $12.50-$16.00 American Plan. Golf. Brochure.

THE HAYLOFT LODGE and Restaurant: Finest in French and American Cuisine. Extensive wine cellar. Comfortable, clean accommodations. Spacious barn, wood paneled rooms. Close to Marlboro Music Festival. Coldbrook Road, Wilmington, Vermont 05363. Tel. 802-464-3710.

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME . . . For two weeks or a year enjoy hobbyist, professional painting, crafts, Spanish; writing, history; MFA program. Theater, field trips, fiestas, sunshine. Room, bath, board from $4. Prospectus? Stirling Dickinson, Director, Instituto Allende, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

HOLIDAY HILL—Quiet comfort—Beautiful setting—Excellent food—Midpoint EXPO '67. Brochure, Salisbury, Vermont 05769.

NEPTUNE APARTMENTS in Naples, Florida . . . offers wonderful vacation package. Golf, dining in fine restaurants and fishing. Quiet, air-conditioned apartments just two blocks from Florida's finest beaches. Write: Harvey Ford, Neptune Apartments, 651 Third Street South, Box 1556-S, Naples, Florida 33940.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Summer rates. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

IN VERMONT—The Beckoning Country—The Brandon Inn: Beauty, history, covered bridges, mountains, lakes, boating, auctions, antiques. Most charming, immaculate, well-maintained inn. Elevator, sprinkler, swimming pool chip and putt greens. Exceptional food, beverages, air-conditioning. Less than three hours to EXPO '67. Tel. 802-247-5766. Write Box 75, Brandon Inn, A Vermont Resort, Brandon, Vermont 05766.

RECREATE AT RAINBOW LODGE, Mt. Tremper, N.Y. Near Woodstock. Private Baths, Filtered Pool, Delectable Food. Trails, Trout Streams, Tranquillity. 914-688-7761.

LAKE MICHIGAN FAMILY VACATION RETREAT. Untamed sand beach, tennis pro, children's program, chamber and folk music, films, chalets and apartments in unspoiled verdant setting. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan 49090.

PEACE-REJUVENATION. Beautiful hill country. Intimate, charming "Pension." NO TV. Near Cooperstown. Hill House, Worcester, N.Y.

CARIBBEAN ISLAND place with charm and attractions of nature and local color which draw and hold interesting people. Tasty food, friendly service, simple accommodations. Beach, reef fish, boats, birds, bar. Skin diving equipment. Moderate rates. Flamingo Beach Club, Bonaire 2, Netherlands Antilles.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 2038, Islamorada, Florida.

SERENE OUTER ISLAND, small quiet inn. The Golden Gull, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852. June-October.

THE YODLER, Stowe, Vermont. Play or relax en route to EXPO.

FLORIDA KEYS — ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Charming Victorian hostelry in middle of historic Mystic, 1 mile from famous Mystic Seaport restoration. Doubles $12-$14. E. P. Write or phone 203-536-1506.

TANGLEWOOD, JACOBS PILLOW—Shadowood Inn, The Rosenbergs, Lenox, Massachusetts. Phone 413-637-9737. Congenial, literate, informal atmosphere. Jewish-American cuisine. Rates reasonable. Brochure and rates upon request.

VACATIONS

VERMONT LODGE—Three apartments, studio to 4 bedrooms, Thermopane vacation headquarters, near Mt. Snow and everything. Box C-603.

VACATION. Cliff House and Motels. Spectacular location atop Bald Head Cliff. Quiet, informal. Dining Room. Cocktails. Heated Pool. Golf. May 26th-October 16th. Ogunquit 5, Maine 03907.

"A SOUTHERN VERMONT VACATION GUIDE." Write for free summer, fall booklet to: Valley of the Inns, Box E, Wilmington, Vermont 05363.

MEXICO! ONE MONTH $149 per person, double occupancy. HOTEL SPA PENAFIEL, Tehuacan, Puebla. Includes breakfast and dinner daily—free golf—swimming—tennis—other sports. Only 3 hours from Mexico City. Shorter stays available at equally low rates. Transportation not included. For details write Hoteles Mexicanos Dubin, Genova 56, Mexico 6, D. F.

SAND BEACH FARM. Stonington, Maine. John Marin scenery. Beach private. Food, heavenly. Cool, quiet, comfortable. 207-367-2205.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. New year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

VACATION PLUS . . . Combine recreation, fellowship with congenial people and stimulating discussions on world issues at our 300-acre forest-lake-mountain estate. Swimming, fishing, boating, folk dancing, excursions. Generous family-style meals. Room and board $6 to $9 daily. For full information address WORLD FELLOWSHIP, Conway, New Hampshire 03818.

INFORMAL MODERN HIDEAWAY for delightful, talented creative guests. Day Camp. All sports. Chaits, Accord 5, N.Y. 12404.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at **WHEATLEIGH** in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

PEACEFUL PEOPLE with pampered palates who like woodland seclusion, brook, lake, shady lawns, charming hospitality, educated wines, civilized plumbing, in rustic surroundings see Hide-Away Lodge, New London, N.H. 603-526-7861.

RELAX BY-THE-SEA at the superb Maine resort two hours from Boston. Fine cuisine, cocktail lounge, pool. Gay color folder. The Lookout, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

CONNECTICUT'S CHARMING SHORELINE. Cultural attractions. Cool, restful surroundings. Delectable food. Weekly, $69 to $79, meals included. Brochure. Elm Terrace Lodge, West Haven, Connecticut 06516.

INCREASE AWARENESS, GAIN PERSPECTIVE, rest, recuperate. Beautiful estate facilities: lodging, nutritious meals, pool. Program: Relax-Rebound, Art Exploration, Counseling, Meditation. Evarts Loomis, M.D., "Meadowlark," Fairview, Hemet, California 92343.

RESORT LUXURY in North Woods. Swimming pool, golf, archery. Excellent food, cocktails. Private airstrip. Two miles north of Jackman. Sky Lodge, Moose River, Maine.

WYOMING MOUNTAIN RETREAT. Quiet, friendly, comfortable. Fishing. Horses. Library. Ring Lake Ranch, Dubois, Wyoming 82513.

WINDHAM HILL FARM—Quiet country inn—good food. Folder. West Townshend, Vermont 05359.

SWISS RESORT, AAA. Nature, Peace, Beauty. Modern comfort; sports, Swiss cuisine, excellent library. Snowvillage Lodge, Snowville, N.H. 03877. Telephone Conway 603-447-2818.

UNIQUE HIDEAWAY RESORT in deep woods directly on a sparkling lake. Ideal vacation spot for lovers of water and other sports, hiking, fine food, Hi-Fi music, true relaxation. Rustic lodge, cottages and honeymoon cabins. Near Tanglewood. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $60 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

PHOENIX, ARIZONA'S beautiful Casa Saguaro resort apartments. Large pool, refrigerated. Request rates, brochure. 333 West Medlock.

VACATIONS

SOUTHERN VERMONT—Take a country lane up our picturebook hill and discover The North Wind, serene, secluded, hilltop-high. Superior accommodations, imaginative cuisine, relaxed atmosphere. Pool and lake swimming, tennis, riding, golf, archery, summer theater, Marlboro Music Festival. And—a restful, rustic view from a cool and quiet terrace. From $70 weekly American. Family Plans. Rental chalet. Illustrated brochure. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont. 802-464-5416.

HEART OF BERKSHIRES—secluded cottages, new motel, pool, restaurant. Fales Motel, Williamstown, Massachusetts.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

PAINTING IN THE MOUNTAINS. Top instruction. Excellent food. Breathtaking location. Brochure: Blue Ridge Art Studio, Route 7, Roanoke, Virginia 24018.

TRAVEL

SAIL TO THE ISLANDS of Maine on Gloucester Schooner, "ADVENTURE." An unusual, informal, fun filled vacation, $125 weekly, all inclusive. Brochure. Capt. Jim Sharp, Box 696-G, Camden, Maine 04843.

CHARTER FLIGHT HANDBOOK. 1,100 organizations named. Particulars free. TJB, P.O. Box 105s, Kings Park, N.Y. 11754.

SEE THE WORLD for $14 a day and less! Only modern, air-conditioned Nedlloyd Lines Dutch passenger-freighters offer Eastern Mediterranean, Red Sea, Persian Gulf, East/South Africa, Near East, Middle East, Pakistan, India, Malaysia, Central America, Gulf of Mexico and Great Lakes services. Members of The Interchange Lines. Regular sailings from New York, Montreal, Los Angeles and San Francisco. See your travel agent or write for detailed information to NEDLLOYD LINES, Holland-America Line, Dutch World Services, Pier 40, North River, New York, N.Y. 10014. Offices in principal cities. All ships under Netherlands registry.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE—$1.25. Rates—Schedules—700 Passenger Carrying Freighters. Inexpensive—nevertheless First Class. Voyages vary from 7 days to around the world. TravLtips, 40-21ZZ Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

BACHELOR PARTY®—Worldwide cruises and tours for single people. Free 36 page catalogue. Dept. SR, Bachelor Party Tours, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

GOING ABROAD? Store your car safely in New York. Indoors, insured, inexpensive. Newbold Garage, 2000 Westchester Avenue, Bronx 62, N.Y. TAlmadge 2-9336.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

SAIL AWAY ON SHENANDOAH. 5 glorious days of romantic adventure along the warm southern New England coast. Good food, comfortable accommodations on new 108-foot topsail schooner. COASTWISE PACKET, Dept. 29, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

BASKETVILLE—World's Largest Basket Stores. In Vermont—Putney (Rt. 5), Manchester (Rt. 7), Venice, Florida (Rt. 41). Browse among our outstanding selection of baskets, bucketware, woodenware. Beautiful artificial flowers, foliage. Imported and domestic. So vast, unusual you'll tell your friends! Folder.

TUDOR HOTEL, 304 East 42nd Street, New York 10017. On N.Y.'s fashionable East Side. One block from U.N. All transportation, churches, shops, theaters only steps away. All newly decorated accommodations have private bath, television and direct dial telephones. Old English lounge and restaurant is N.Y.'s favorite rendezvous. Singles from $8; doubles from $11 daily. Special family rooms featuring 2 baths and special rates for extended stays. Write for new brochure. 212-YU 6-8800.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1736

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Last few lines of a sonnet.	6 65 85 139 116 69
B. Lady of a few years back, "with the mostest on the ball".	129 119 152 81 71 24 187
C. Give experiential knowledge (of).	145 178 3 18 31 90 59 123
D. Colloquial language of China, as disting. from WORD K (comp.)	30 41 147 70 4 157
E. Proper heir.	42 179 60 133 7 100 132
F. Lunchroom.	94 183 109 68 173 161
G. Make to appear less old.	112 74 1 164 79 185 35
H. Specific technique used by string players to add warmth and beauty to the tone.	21 75 12 93 66 144 122
I. Jaques' comment on the world, in paraphrase, in *As You Like It*. (3 wds.)	58 181 47 137 200 37 130 73 25
J. Whatever is cast out from a body.	128 40 105 138 184 80
K. See WORD D (comp.)	61 142 151 13 34
L. Followed by WORD V, what you do first in learning the points of the compass (2 wds.)	166 197 52 136 78 124 84
M. Made less smooth.	155 165 98 77 62 5 32 22 186
N. Regard one's own thinking too highly.	114 131 50 99 153 103 159 2
O. Flattering term applied to every male orchestra player or chorus singer, by Laurence McKinnon (3 wds.)	169 43 89 176 196 10 192 55 111
P. "One who loves the labor of his art".	189 171 11 97 28 83 67
Q. Move away; extract by distillation (2 wds.)	108 199 53 101 162 193 117
R. One thing Dr. Johnson said the death of Garrick did to the public stock of harmless pleasure.	87 115 92 9 148 154 118 20 27 102
S. Casting no shadow.	51 175 198 125 135 14 86 45 113
T. Transgressor dangerous to government economy (2 wds.)	141 48 29 106 56 160 8 177 82 163 39 19 134
U. Instrument for measuring electric current	150 95 158 170 146 63 57
V. See WORD L.	76 168 104 188 38
W. What the *au fait* know to do, at all times (2 wds.)	126 16 191 54 110 107 180 36
X. Slight, piecemeal knowledge.	167 120 194 15 190 149 182
Y. Anyone switched to a new job; or who receives anything in a transaction.	121 64 140 156 91 195 46 49 17 174
Z. Anatomist's word for the brain and spinal cord.	96 44 26 88 143
Z¹. One who engages in noisy quarrels.	23 172 127 33 72

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

						1 G	2 N	3 C	4 D	5 M	6 A	7 E	8 T	9 R	10 O	11 P	12 H
13 K	14 S		15 X	16 W	17 Y		18 C	19 T	20 R	21 H	22 M	23 Z¹	24 B	25 I		26 Z	27 R
	28 P	29 T	30 D	31 C	32 M	33 Z¹	34 K	35 G	36 W		37 I	38 V	39 T		40 J	41 D	42 E
43 O	44 Z	45 S	46 Y	47 I		48 T	49 Y	50 N		51 S	52 L	53 Q	54 W	55 O	56 T	57 U	58 I
59 C	60 E		61 K	62 M	63 U	64 Y	65 A		66 H	67 P	68 F		69 A	70 D	71 B	72 Z¹	
73 I	74 G	75 H	76 V	77 M		78 L	79 G	80 J	81 B		82 T	83 P	84 L	85 A	86 S	87 R	88 Z
89 O		90 C	91 Y		92 R	93 H	94 F	95 U	96 Z	97 P	98 M	99 N	100 E		101 Q	102 R	103 N
104 V	105 J		106 T	107 W	108 Q		109 F	110 W	111 O	112 G		113 S	114 N	115 R	116 A		117 Q
118 R	119 B	120 X		121 Y	122 H		123 C	124 L	125 S	126 W		127 Z¹	128 J		129 B	130 I	131 N
132 E		133 E	134 T		135 S	136 L	137 I	138 J	139 A		140 Y		141 T	142 K	143 Z	144 H	145 C
146 U	147 D	148 R	149 X		150 U	151 K	152 B	153 N	154 R	155 M		156 Y	157 D	158 U	159 N	160 T	161 F
	162 Q	163 T	164 G		165 M	166 L		167 X	168 V	169 O	170 U		171 P	172 Z¹	173 F	174 Y	
175 S	176 O	177 T	178 C	179 E	180 W	181 I	182 X	183 F	184 J	185 G	186 M		187 B	188 V	189 P	190 X	191 W
	192 O	193 Q		194 X	195 Y	196 O	197 L	198 S	199 Q	200 I							

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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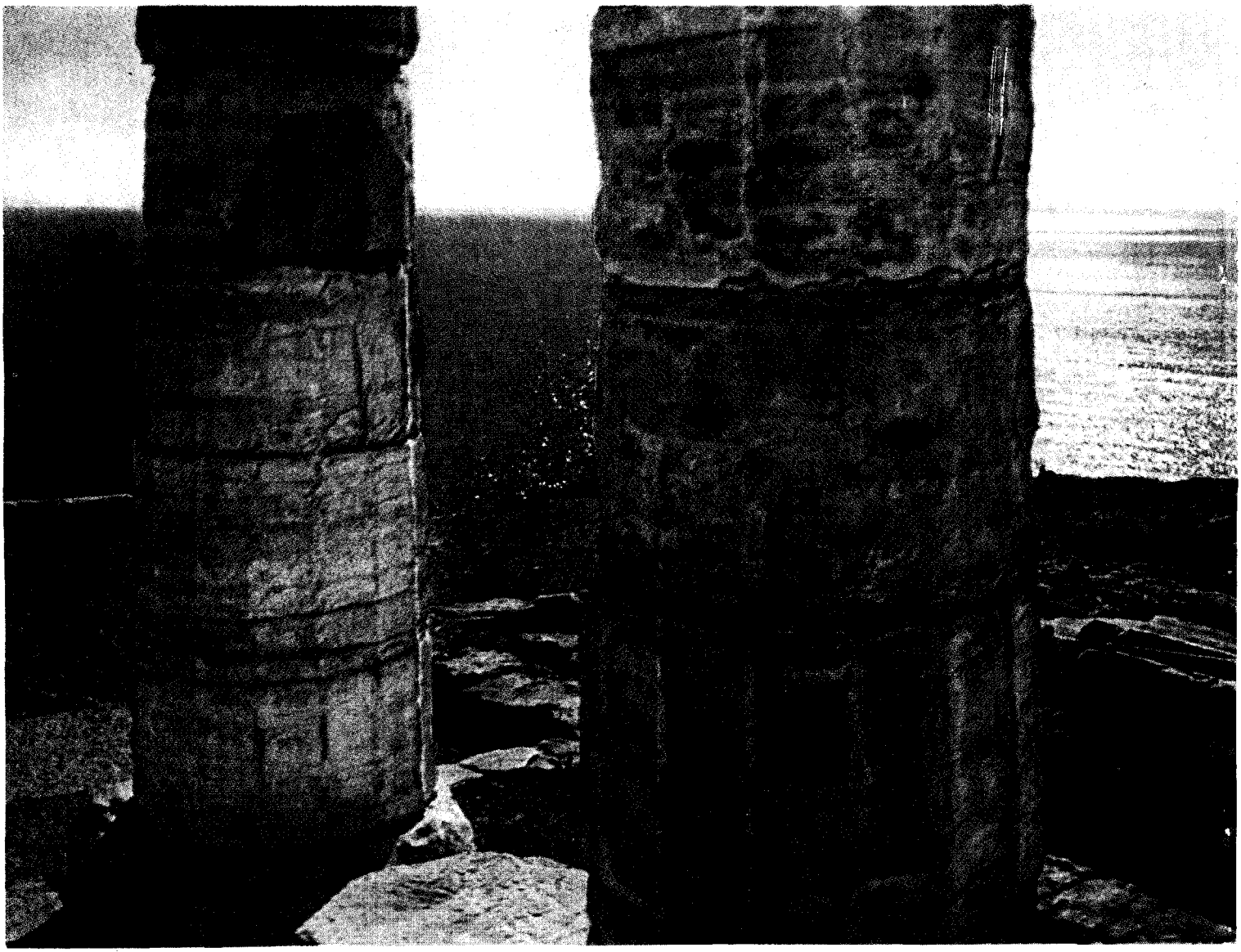
Months of Sun Days ahead...



September, October, November.

Greece knows the sun. Almost right through the year. September, October, November—all months of Sun Days. Just another thing that's different about Greece.

So *be* different. Holiday a little later this year. Have room to move. Room to relax. Room to drive. To sail. To live. Soak up the sun. Drink in the glorious past.

Sip ouzo at a friendly taverna. Follow the routes of legend, trace the birth of your civilization, drama, music, architecture, art.

There's so much to Greece. And it's all awaiting you. All you could wish for—under the sun.

SR-15

NATIONAL TOURIST ORGANIZATION OF GREECE
601 5th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

Please send free information on travel in Greece.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Greece has been selected by the Amer Society of Travel Agents (ASTA) as site of their convention in October,

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